

February 19, 1964

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Will
you
wear
it?

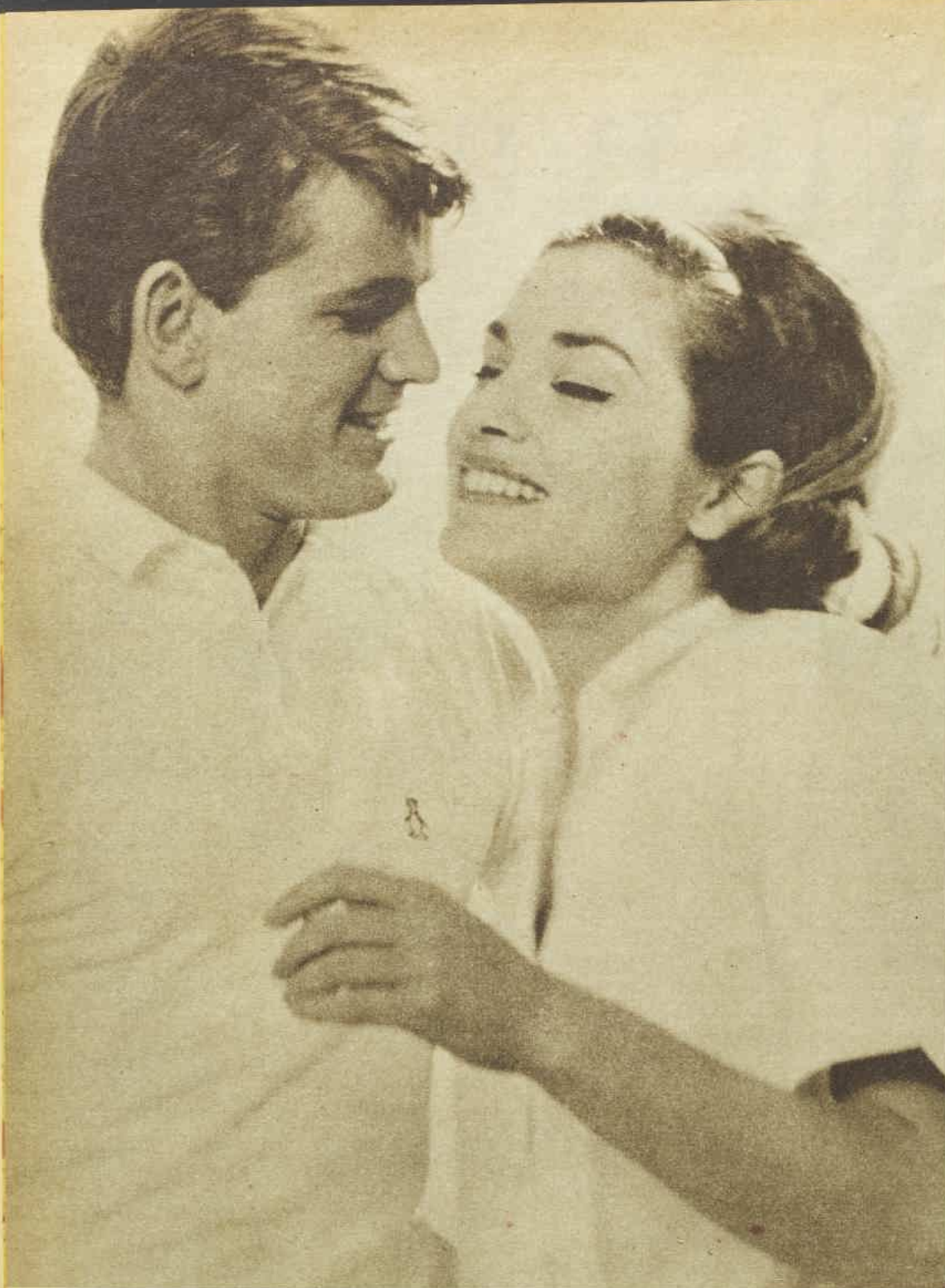
NEW
YORK'S
BEATLE
HAIRCUT

SEE PAGE 5



page pull-out: **AUTUMN PATTERN PREVIEW**

7 page feature: **CHINESE PARTY FOOD**



Mum takes the worry out of being close

Helps keep you dry—stops perspiration odour for 24 hours

When you're alone with him . . . Or in a crowd . . . Or close to your closest friends. Wherever you are Mum takes the worry out of being close. Mum protection lasts . . . and lasts . . . helps keep underarms dry . . . actually checks perspiration for hours. Mum is so gentle to normal skin . . . yet one application of Mum stops perspiration odour through till tomorrow morning's shower.

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Safe for the
most sensitive
skin.

MUM
Cologne Stick
. . . Cool,
perfumed.

MUM
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So easy to
apply.



MUM TAKES THE WORRY OUT OF BEING CLOSE—FOR YOU!

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● "When the Queen Mother heard the diagnosis of her emergency operation, her first reaction was distress at the cancellation of her Australian trip," our London office cabled late last week.

EARLIER Anne Matheson had sent us a much more light-hearted story about the Queen Mother's "fab gear" tour wardrobe.

The story appeared in last week's paper, the final copies of which were coming off the presses when the tour cancellation was announced.

"Neither her family nor her friends were surprised at the way the Queen Mother simply took appendicitis in her stride," the London message continued.

"The Queen Mother drove to the King Edward VII Hospital for Officers on Monday night and walked in like any other patient.

"The hospital (usually known as 'Sister Agnes', after its founder, Agnes Keyser) is independent of the National Health Service and is only for ex-officers.

"The Queen Mother qualified because she is Colonel-in-Chief of several regiments, including the Australian Army Medical Corps.

"At 8 a.m. on Tuesday the team of doctors started arriving; at 9 a.m. surgeon Sir Ralph Marnham began the operation.

"Two minutes later a post-office van drew up to install a private phone in the Queen Mother's small pastel-colored room—for which

Our Cover

- New York model Valma Valle shows off her new Beatle Cut—it's the latest hair fashion (see page 5).

she pays £15/15/- a week, exactly half the cost of a fashionable London clinic.

"At 9.30 a.m. the operation was over, and reassuring phone calls went through to the Royal Family.

"Plans for the Queen Mother's convalescence have not been decided yet, but she is expected to be out of the hospital next week."

★ ★ ★
WE often receive letters telling us of well-read Weeklies—like this one from Miss J. Fenwick, of Newcastle, N.S.W.

"Firstly my mother receives it, and then I get it. After I've read the paper I extract Teenagers' Weekly and send it to my Japanese penfriend.

"The Weekly itself goes to my grandmother, then to my aunt, and finally to her next-door neighbor, who has six school-age children.

"They use the pictures for school projects.

"You may well have guessed by now that my family is Scottish-born, and certainly this is regarded as a shilling well spent!"

The rector's cow once grazed beside... ST. JAMES'



ST. JAMES' CHURCH, seen from the top of King Street, Sydney. Far right is the Supreme Court building, which is to be demolished.

By PATRICIA KENT

- The classical church of St. James, Sydney, designed by convict architect Francis Greenway, this month celebrates the 140th anniversary of its consecration.

THOSE 140 years are a bridge between the turbulent days of early colonisation under Governor Macquarie and the dynamic 20th century city which now closes in round the church.

A special service was arranged for February 9 to mark the anniversary of the church's consecration by the Rev. Samuel Marsden on February 11, 1824.

When Governor Macquarie—"The Builder"—took office in 1810 he decided that Sydney Town should have a new Anglican church.

He made plans for an elaborate cathedral (St. Andrew's), but the Commissioner of Inquiry into the State of the Colony of New South Wales, J. T. Bigge, forced him to amend his plans.

Bigge insisted that the law courts, which had been started at the top of King Street, should be converted into a small church—St. James'—and that a school next door be changed into law courts.

Greenway protested that the buildings

would be too close together, but he finally began work on the new church.

By 1822, at the end of Macquarie's term, the exterior of the church was completed. The first service was held on January 6, 1822.

"But the church hadn't been consecrated," said Mr. K. McRae, present warden of St. James'. "The service, with a congregation mainly of convicts, was held without the sanction of the new Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane."

"... a more orderly, respectful, and attentive audience was never seen in New South Wales. Such occasional intelligence, we flatter ourselves, will render Australia increasingly beloved and respected by her ever-kindly, considerate parent, Great Britain" ... ran one contemporary report.

It was two years before the church was consecrated.

As the years passed St. James' became Sydney's most fashionable church, with parishioners from the then elegant Woolloomooloo and private mansions in Macquarie and Elizabeth Streets.

Continued on page 4

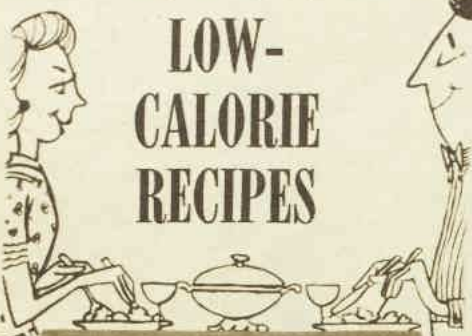
DWARFED by Sydney's rising skyscrapers, St. James' is seen at the end of Phillip Street, Sydney. Architect Francis Greenway designed the church.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 19, 1964



NEXT WEEK:

★ Is it hard for you to stay slim? Well, then, try our . . .



With our cookery experts' two 500-calorie dinners, even your slimmest guests won't know you're dieting! They'll be devouring dishes like Creole Burgers and Cheesecake Chiffon without a thought of calories (and you'll be eating with a clear conscience).

Still on a slender theme, there are color pictures and a story about . . .

★ Australia's slimmer swimmers

The girls are slimming down, and the streamlined look is in—as demonstrated by well-known swimmers like the record-shattering Dawn Fraser, Margueritha Ruygrok, Gillian de Greenlaw.

★ For gardeners:

Thirteen pages for your gardening book

There are pages of information about the best plants for your patio, about colorful shrubs, about flowers to sow in the autumn, and about planning vegetables for winter.

"A road smash ends it all"

● Famous Paris cover girl Bettina concludes the story of her life with Prince Aly Khan.

She was with the Prince in the tragic road accident in May, 1960—the accident in which Bettina was injured, the Prince was killed.

★ Smash hits from the Paris autumn collections

"Paris has done it again," says fashion editor Betty Keep. "In autumn fashion there is so much excitement in so many directions that every woman has the chance to find some new addition to her wardrobe."

And our color pictures show:

- The "bathrobe" coat
- The fur boom
- The news in hats
- And lots more!



ST. JAMES' CHURCH last century, with the Supreme Court building beside it.

St. James' Church

(continued from page 3)

"Fashionable" St. James' existed right up until 1910, when top-hatted gentlemen and elegant women attended church each Sunday.

As people began to move out of the city into the suburbs, the number of parishioners grew smaller, and St. James' became the church for visiting country people and tourists and a group of regular churchgoers who travelled in each week from outlying suburbs.

There have been only 11 rectors in St. James' 140 years. One rector, the Reverend Robert Allwood, remained there from 1840 to 1884—a record term.

Another rector, Canon William Carr-Smith, who came to St. James' in 1896, believed that the church had a social duty as well as a religious one. In fact, St. James' has a history of social service going back to its early days, when a parish school was set up and lasted for 60 years.

In 1899, the Sister Freda Mission (named after a member of The Sisters of the Church at Saint Gabriel's, Waverley) was started, and still continues.

Each Sunday a meal is served, at first in the Darlinghurst district, now in the crypt of the church, to needy men in the city. A special

Christmas dinner with all the trimmings is provided every year for nearly 400 people.

Perhaps the most famous of the rectors was the Reverend Edwin John Davidson, who came to St. James' in 1938. He was a vivid personality, and his brilliant sermons, broadcasts, and speeches made him a popular figure in the city. He, too, believed in the social role the church had to play and campaigned vigorously for more funds to continue the work.

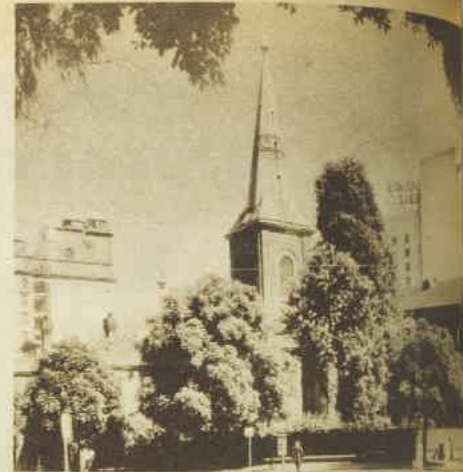
Hostel

During the war St. James' set up a hostel in the crypt for servicemen of all nations, and more than 30,000 men stayed there.

When St. James' was first built it was surrounded by parkland, and the rector's cow grazed peacefully in what is now busy Queen's Square. Gradually the city closed in round the church, until its graceful architecture was almost lost in the tall buildings and crowded streets.

But there are plans now to restore the open space round the church. The Supreme Court building, jammed up against St. James', will be demolished to give the church its own park.

It's fascinating to wander round inside St. James'. Tablets on the walls commemor-



THE SAME VIEW of the church today. The have been 11 rectors in 140 years.

ate many well-known figures in Australian history—ornithologist John Gilbert, speared by natives on the Leichhardt expedition of 1845; explorer Edmund Kennedy, killed at Cape York Peninsula in 1848, with a reference to the faithful Jackey Jackey; and Dr. Robert Wardell, lawyer, journalist, and patriot, whose tablet, written in Latin, refers to his murder by a "wandering robber."

The communion vessels of solid silver were given to the church by King William IV.

Downstairs in the crypt is the Muniments Room, where the church records are kept. The registers of births, marriages, and deaths go back to the early days of the colony.

"We think that many convicts were married here," said Mr. McRae. "They couldn't write, so the registers are signed with a cross, their mark."

In one of the registers there is reference to a grave beneath the church, but it has never been found.

The church of St. James' has not remained tied to its past. Its organisation is vigorous and geared to the needs of a major city.

Recently the church built an ultra-modern office block on a historic site in Phillip Street.

The old St. James' Grammar School, which later became the Sydney Church of England Grammar School (Shore), formerly stood on



ARTIST'S IMPRESSION of how St. James' will look when the Supreme Court building has been demolished.

the site. In 1904 St. James' Hall—which was the site of the well-known old Phillip Street Theatre—was built on the site. This, and other buildings, were demolished to make way for a new office block, containing a church hall, a theatre, and a number of assembly rooms.

VOGUE PATTERN MATERIALS

Below are the prices for the materials mentioned in the 16-page Vogue Pattern Preview in this issue.

MATERIALS to be displayed at the Vogue Parade at Farmer's, Sydney, are:—

Pattern 1251, suit in 54in. wool tweed, 49/11 yd.; blouse in sheer wool crepe, 54in. wide, at 59/11 yd.

Pattern 5996, coat in 54in. boucle tweed, 69/6 yd.

Pattern 6040, suit in 54in. wool tweed, 45/- yd.

Pattern 1269, evening dress and matching coat in 54in. wool georgette, 65/- yd.

Pattern 5995, tunic dress of wool and mohair tweed, 54in. wide, 69/6 yd. Blouse

in double-knit wool jersey, 64in. wide; 55/- yd.

Pattern 6042, suit in 54in. wool, 49/11 yd.

Pattern 6032, cape coat in 54in. wool hopsack tweed, 49/11 yd.

Pattern 6050, dress in ribbed double-knit wool jersey; 66in. wide, 59/11 yd.

Pattern 6023, hostess tunic in wool hopsack tweed, 54in. wide, 49/11 yd.

Pattern 1276, coat and matching two-piece suit in 54in. wool hopsack tweed, 45/- yd.

Pattern 6045, cape in 54in. wool hopsack, 49/11 yd.

Slacks in plain weave double-knit wool jersey, 64in. wide, 55/- yd.

Pattern 6026, dress in 54in. worsted wool hopsack, 59/11 yd.

Pattern 1277, suit in 66in. ribbed double-knit wool jersey, 59/11 yd.

★ ★ ★
MATERIALS in designs to be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, are:—

Pattern 1261, coat in 54in. wool, 49/6 yd. Dress in double-knit wool jersey, 54in. wide, 49/11 yd.

Pattern 1266, suit in 54in. textured wool, 49/11 yd.

Pattern 1270, suit in 54in. wool tweed, 49/11 yd. Blouse of pure silk chiffon, 43in. wide, 22/6 yd.

Pattern 1278, suit of 54in.

wool mohair boucle, 69/6 yd.

Pattern 1280, dress in matching jacket in 54in. wool mohair viscose-texture fabric, 45/- yd.

Pattern 1281, two-piece suit in wool mohair, 54in. wide, 49/11 yd.

Pattern 5904, poncho 54in. wool mohair with coating, £5/19/6 yd. Dress in double-knit wool jersey, width 54in., 49/11 yd.

Pattern 6001, two-piece suit in 54in. wool mohair boucle, 55/- yd.

Pattern 6003, dress in 54in. wool Donegal tweed, 59/11 yd.

Pattern 6016, dress 54in. wool mohair boucle, 42/- yd.

Pattern 6062, coat 54in. wool tweed, 55/- yd.

Pattern 6069, dress 54in. wool Donegal tweed, 45/- yd.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 19, 1961

THE BEATLE HAIRDO

Will YOU wear it?

JUST about the time the Beatles' song "I Want To Hold Your Hand" hit the top of the charts in America, the Beatle Cut hit the fashion industry.

And a hit it is. The large picture at right shows model Valma Valle getting a Beatle Clip in New York. The essence of the style is bangs that hang in the eyes, and scraggly sideburns.

In the chair Valma looked like a Beatle. But the finished cut has been getting "Oohs" and "Aahs" of delight from her colleagues.

New York, like Sydney, London, and anywhere else, is being flooded with Beatle wigs—but the Beatle Cut is the real thing, a style being picked up by New York models for their own hair.

Now with stylists filling their appointment books with Beatle-look customers, New York is going for it in a wave of Beatlemania.

POSTSCRIPT

● We asked a cross-section of hairdressers, and a snap poll reveals that long hair is still regarded as the man-catcher among hairdos.

"YOU can't get a man with a gun," one stylist said, "but you probably can snare your heart's desire with a bun — of hair, that is."

No one can explain just why men love long hair on women—they just do.

And hairdressers always have some clients whose husbands want their hair set the way it was when they first met.

Moreover, it's not unusual for a man to ring his wife's hairdresser and ask for her hair to be set the same way as his secretary's!

● This is how certain famous faces would look with the Beatle hairstyle:



HAYLEY MILLS



PRINCESS GRACE



GRETA GARBO



PRINCESS MARGARET



LIZ TAYLOR



BRIGITTE BARDOT



BEFORE ...

AFTER ...

ADAPTATION of the Beatle style done by John Taylor, of Carita Salon, Edgecliff, N.S.W. Model is Jacqueline Marny, of Bondi, N.S.W.

HAIRSTYIST Richard Keith, of New York, gives a Beatle Clip to model Valma Valle. Her friends liked it when they saw her.

New **Le Gay** Hair Spray

holds for hours...

brushes out in seconds



Hairstyle by Peter Hanlon



Le Gay hair spray is truly a hair spray with a touch of genius! Le Gay hair spray highlights the natural loveliness of your hair. Whether your hair is easy-to-manage or hard-to-hold, Le Gay hair spray will gently hold it just the way you like it. Le Gay hair spray keeps your hair style as poised and perfect as it is when you leave your mirror!

There is no risk of filmy build-up no matter how often you re-spray and re-style your hair with Le Gay. When you brush out Le Gay hair spray you will find your hair shining clean and beautifully conditioned.

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST.

Page 6



The New
**Holding
Hair Spray**
with the
Brush-away
Formula

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 19, 1955

Tricks of the "stately homes trade"

By MARY COLES

● In the "stately homes trade," Lord and Lady Montagu, now visiting Australia, find it pays to put a crest ON what they want to sell to tourists at "Beaulieu," their ancestral seat in Hampshire.

● And it is equally advisable to keep their coat-of-arms OFF the things they want to keep from the clutches of souvenir hunters.

CONSEQUENTLY, tables, chairs, cloths, crockery, cutlery, and ashtrays used by the public in the restaurant and cafeteria of their former 13th-century abbey are strictly utilitarian items.

But there is a department-store-like range of mementoes for sale with Montagu motifs.

Tastes of tourists are anticipated with all kinds of notions — from pure silk scarves and decorative tea-towels designed by Lady Montagu (who was Belinda Crowley, a young professional artist, before her marriage) to souvenir ballpoint pens, cufflinks, Crown Stafford china, glassware, writing compendiums, table mats, and ashtrays.

And there's a wide assortment of colorful picture postcards featuring shots of the 37-year-old peer and his wife at the driving wheel of vintage cars in the Montagu Museum at "Beaulieu."

Lord Montagu founded the museum as a tribute to his father, a pioneer British motorist and the first parliamentary champion of motorists' rights.

Drawcard

The museum is a superb collection of vintage and veteran vehicles, and features a National Transport Library. It is also a great drawcard in attracting 450,000 customers at 3/- a head to the estate each year.

Lord Montagu succeeded to the title when he was three, but he didn't come of age to inherit "Beaulieu" until he was 25 in 1951.

He says he then had to make up his mind whether to sacrifice personal privacy and open "Beaulieu" to the public or hand over its running to the Government — preserved "as a Coal Board headquarters or some kind of asylum."

"I knew if I didn't do something I would be lucky

PALACE HOUSE at "Beaulieu," from the west. The windows on the first floor in the centre section indicate the Montagus' flat.

to see £500 a year," he explains.

The venture has gone like a bomb.

Although running costs amount to £40,000 a year, already £100,000 in profits has been sown back in the modernisation of dairy farms on the 8500-acre estate.

The original ancient vineyard has been replanted and wine is once again produced at "Beaulieu," as in monastic times.

And a nursery, growing trees from seed, has also been established as a paying sideline.

From a handful of cars in 1951, the motor museum has grown to more than 350 vintage and veteran vehicles valued at £100,000.

Spin for King

"Samples" from the museum brought to Australia by the Montagus include two huge wooden suitcases containing their £10,000 fleet of hand-made scale models of famous racing cars, which they are exhibiting in capital cities during their six weeks' stay here.

Valued at £300 each, they were made by an English craftsman, Rex Hays.

"They were going to the New York Museum of Model Art when I stepped in and bought them," said Lord Montagu.

Among the models is a replica of the 12 horse-power Daimler in which Lord Montagu's father took Edward VII for his first spin in a motor car.

"The King was accompanied by two women friends, and he is supposed to have commented after the ride, 'Now cars have come, ladies will have to have a new form of headdress' — prophesying the wearing of motoring veils," Lord Montagu said.

His father, who was M.P. for Hants from 1892 to 1905, also made history by taking his car into the House of Commons yard.

"There was a great fuss and the police tried to restrain him, but he invoked an ancient rule that Members of the House must be free to come and go without impediment," said Lord Montagu.

"My father was born with a mechanical bent and wanted to study engineering.

"But there wasn't such a course at Oxford, so he apprenticed himself to the London South-West Railways and learned his trade in their workshops during vacations.

"He became a fully qualified engineer, and last drove express trains during the general strikes of 1920 and 1926.

"Often he dashed off a train and met my mother for lunch at an hotel wearing his overalls.

"She was very chic. It used to raise comments from other diners like, 'What attractive women these mechanics have!'"

Lord Montagu leaves the maintenance side of his cars to a team of experts staffing



LORD AND LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU (pronounced Muntagu of Bewley) with a 1963 Lotus and a 1906 Renault in the collection of 36 model racing cars they are exhibiting here from their museum. The car-printed scarf was brought out as a gift.

his garage and workshop at "Beaulieu." But he carries on the tradition of writing about them (his father founded and edited "The Car" and other motoring journals and was also "The Times" motoring correspondent for many years).

Works in cafe

The sale of motoring publications he edits and his books about cars (which he autographs for shoppers at "Beaulieu") add to Montagu revenue.

Lord and Lady Montagu say their biggest problem in

running their many enterprises is having enough staff.

"Particularly domestic staff," said Lady Montagu.

"We employ every employable person in our own and neighboring villages and run a bus which covers a hundred miles a day transporting staff during peak tourist months, when we have to cater for 120,000 people in August alone."

When help is short she works in the restaurant and cafeteria herself.

The Montagus live in an eight-bedroomed flat in the 100-roomed Palace House,

originally the Great Gate House of the Abbey.

They manage with a cook and a butler — when they can get them — and a nanny for their three-year-old son, the Hon. Ralph Douglas-Scott-Montagu.

The commercial world even crowds in on their private apartments, as Lord Montagu usually entertains at business luncheons in his own dining-room three times a week.

When they haven't got a cook Lady Montagu copes.

"I learned how to do it by trial and error and a freezer," she says.

Beach house

The pay-off for sharing their heritage seven days a week with teeming masses ("sometimes 600 school children at once," says Lady Montagu) is being able to afford a streamlined, glossy and glassy beach house.

It was designed for them by noted British architect Sir Hugh Casson, and is built on the coastline of their estate overlooking Cowes.

And so, whenever they want to shut out the 13th century and all that, they just pile into a non-vintage baby car and drive five miles to relax in an ultra-modern setting — just like the Joneses.



Amateurs

● Dozens of well-known Australians have contributed their own "masterpieces" to a unique exhibition of painting.

THERE'S something really different about a three-day art show which opens in Sydney at the end of this month—the artists are all amateurs.

Prominent people have donated their artistic efforts—good or bad—to a novel auction and exhibition.

Some of them have never before put brush to paint, and many, surprised at their results, have now started painting in earnest.

And one woman, determined to make a good showing, started painting lessons a couple of days after she was asked to exhibit!

The exhibition includes some amusing "pop art" pieces made from copper filings, bottle tops, and old screws.

Among the 70 oils and watercolors are pieces by Dame Pattie Menzies, Googie Withers, Sir Charles Moses, Mrs. Frank Clune, Ted Moloney, Laurence Le Guay, and Barry Stern.

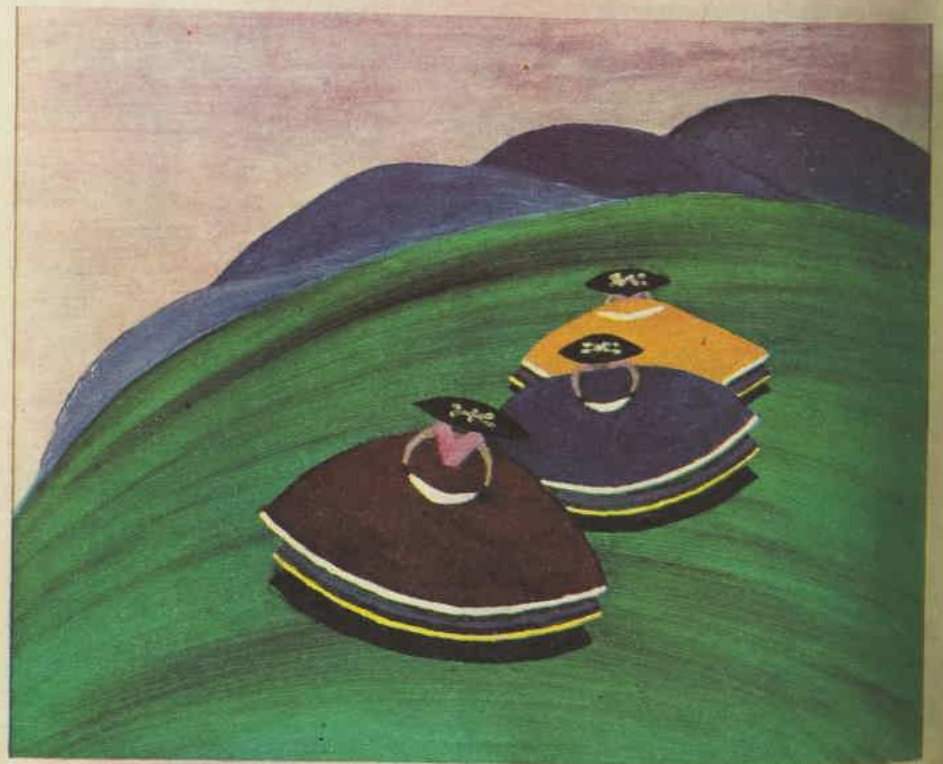
The Amateurs in Art Exhibition at the Clune Galleries at Port Phillip will be open to the public from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on February 29 and March 2 and 3, when all paintings not sold at the auction (which is by invitation only) can be purchased. Admission is 2/- and proceeds will go toward a new acquisition for the National Art Gallery of N.S.W.



FAMOUS in her own right as Pat Flower, author of popular whodunits, Mrs. Cedric Flower earned praise from her artist-husband for her first attempt at painting, "Fred in a Garden" (above). Fred, now deceased, was their pet cat who, Mrs. Flower says, still "haunts" them.



VOLATILE TV personality Bobby Limb used vivid poster colors for his painting, "My Friend Freda," inspired, he says, by a nightmare he had. Bobby did a course in freehand drawing at technical school, but most of his work goes into the wastepaper basket. "Debby, my eight-year-old, is so good that I take one look at her efforts and I toss mine out," he says.



SOUTH AMERICAN style of painting inspired Sir Percy Spender's colorful "Dawn In the Andes" (above). Sir Percy, who has several works by Peruvian artists in his collection, painted this in Holland at the end of last year before coming home to Australia on leave from his post as Judge at the International Court at The Hague.



"BRIDGE NEAR KYOTO" (above) was sketched roughly by Rear-Admiral A. W. R. McNicoll, Fourth Naval Member, in Japan, then finished at sea. He began painting four years ago; it's now a favorite hobby. He uses oils and paints what he sees. "Abstracts are far too difficult," he said.



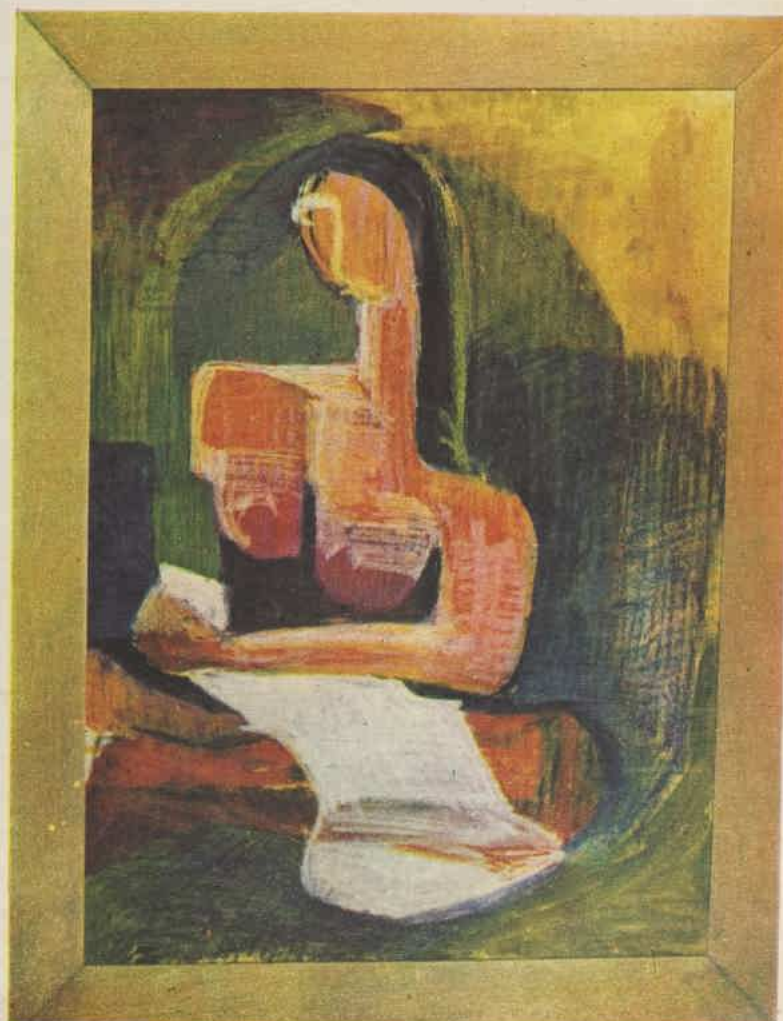
"ELECTRA" is the name given by Mr. Justice Gordon Wallace to his striking impressionistic portrait (left). A pupil of Stanislaus Rapotec for the past three years, he favors highly colored landscapes in a semi-abstract style. He is a keen amateur and finds painting relaxing.



FLOWERS picked from the lovely gardens of Lady Hoskins' home, "Cardrona," at Moss Vale, make a splash of color in her painting, "Purple, Gold, and Ivory" (above). Lady Hoskins is a traditionalist.



SHEENA BANCKS, youthful daughter of the late Jimmy Bancks, creator of Ginger Meggs, produced her exciting semi-abstract "Sara" (right) in one afternoon. Sheena studied art in London last year.



One of the greatest
of all opportunities
in an
honoured profession



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ROYAL AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING CORPS

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Army Headquarters in your capital city.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

THERE'S an interesting history attached to the beautiful robe and shawl which Mr. and Mrs. Simon Heath's two-month-old daughter, Emma Louise, will wear for her christening at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point on March 1.

They are made from the heirloom lace and tulle used for the wedding gown and veil of Mr. Heath's grandmother, the late Lady Reading, and are being sent out from England by his sister, Mrs. Michael Hawkins, whose husband is private secretary to the Duke of Gloucester.

The robe which was originally made for the Hawkins' daughter, Sarah, 14 years ago, was also sent out here for the christening of Mr. and Mrs. Heath's son, Hugo, in 1961.

Sharing the honors as god-mothers will be the Hon. Catherine Sidney, daughter of the Governor-General, and the baby's aunt, Mrs. Denis White, of Mudgee.

After the ceremony a reception will be held at the lovely Woollahra home of Mr. Heath's stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Scarisbrick.

A NON-STOP whirl of parties has begun for Americans Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Winslow, who will leave on March 7 for the United States holidaying in the East en route. One of them on February 28 will be a special farewell for Mrs. Winslow. It is being arranged at the Point Piper home of Mrs. L. M. Downie, by the Darling Point Group of the Australian-American Association, of which Mrs. Winslow has been a member since it was formed four years ago. On their return home the Winslows will drive through the various States revisiting their favorite spots and renewing old acquaintances before settling in Florida. Reminders of the 15-year stay here, which they will feature in their new home, are some unusual aboriginal figurines, a few sheepskin rugs, and a boomerang which they bought on a visit to Perth.

AFTER spending the past few months visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, of Woollahra, Mrs. Robin Keeling, is preparing to leave for England on February 22. She plans to stop over in Delhi and Switzerland, but only briefly, as she is looking forward to seeing her poodle, Buttercup, who has been boarding at kennels while she has been away from her home in Chelsea. Several of her Sydney friends will say "au revoir" on February 13 at the party Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes will give for Mrs. Keeling at their Double Bay home.

ADMIRING the lovely sapphire and diamond engagement ring being worn by Jane Thompson, who has just announced her engagement to Tom Martyn. Jane, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bligh Thompson, of Roseville, met her fiancé in Bourke, where she has been working for the past two years as governess to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Ridge's three children, Phillip, Debbie, and Margot, on their property, "Tuncoona." Tom is an overseer on Mr. and Mrs. Bill Penzer's nearby property, "Morton Plains."



AND talking of engagement rings, Dr. Owen James has given Carolyn Barber a dazzling diamond solitaire. Carolyn, who is a nursing sister, is planning a June wedding. Her fiancé, who was in Sydney recently, has returned to Newcastle, where he is a registrar at the Royal Newcastle Hospital.

"AROUND the world in 90 days," in the light-hearted way Mrs. Richard Winslow describes the trip she is taking with her husband on April 1. Their first stop will be Rangoon, where they will stay with her cousin, Mr. Lewis Border, Australian Ambassador to Burma, and Mrs. Border, at the Embassy. Their itinerary after that includes a cruise in the Aegean Sea around the Greek islands, and a trip through the Holy Land, with a temporary stop in Vienna for the 2nd European Ophthalmologist Congress in June. Mrs. Winslow then go on to England, and will travel home via Canada, leaving her husband to follow two months later.

MEMBERS of the Canberra Polo Team have been practising at final matches before leaving on February 12 for a three-week visit to the Far East. Mrs. John Gorman, of "Talesin," Queanbeyan, will be the only woman accompanying the team, whose members include her husband, Captain Gorman, and Hamilton Barber, of "Humewood," Yass, Michael Scott, of "Carwoola," Bungendore, and John Garry, of "Mayfield," Bowring. The first game will be played in Malaya at Ipoh against the 4/8th Hussars, an English cavalry regiment with which Captain Gorman served during the Korean war. The team will then go on to Hong Kong, where they will play several matches against a Hong Kong team which will visit Australia later this year to take part in the Canberra Club's annual tournament. Its captain, Major Christopher Deverell, is a relative of the late Frederick Campbell, who built "Yarralumla," the Canberra residence of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John Cumming, who were married at St. John's Church, Canberra. The bride was Miss Carol MacQuillan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. MacQuillan, of Wingham, Kent, England. The bridegroom is the son of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. J. E. Cumming, of Glenliss, Banffshire, Scotland. The young couple will make their home in Canberra.

AT LEFT: Mr. Bruce Meppem and Miss Sue Robertson, who have announced their engagement in Tasmania. Miss Robertson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Robertson, of Hobart, and her fiancé, who has been living in Hobart for the past fifteen months, is the son of Mrs. J. Meppem, of "Wattle Glen," Garsfield, and of the late Mr. Meppem.



ABOVE: Miss Sally Langdon and Mr. Bill Andreas, who have announced their engagement. Miss Langdon is the daughter of Mrs. N. S. Langdon, of Newport, and of the late Mr. Langdon, and her fiancé is the son of Mrs. W. G. Andreas, of Mosman, and of the late Mr. Andreas.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Strasser at the reception which the Law Society of New South Wales gave at the Chevron Hilton Hotel to mark the opening of the 1964 legal year. The president of the society, Mr. B. J. McDonald, and Mrs. McDonald welcomed more than 600 guests.



ABOVE: Mr. John Lance and his bride, formerly Miss Sandra Gidley King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gidley King, of Woolahra, pictured after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with youthful attendants Lisa and John Maude. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Lance, of Vaucluse. They will live at Elizabeth Bay.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Carl Wilson (right) with West German visitors Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holzer, at the formal dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. Wilson gave in their honor at their Darling Point home. Mr. and Mrs. Holzer have been here for the past week. The Wilsons' cat, Petal, wore a special bow for the party.



COMING-OF-AGE. Miss Sandra Nossiter (left) and Miss Peita Royle with Mr. Steven Nossiter, who was guest of honor at the 21st birthday party which his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Nossiter, gave at their Northwood home. Steven, who is a primary school teacher, helped his parents welcome more than 60 guests.

RESULTS OF THE TONGALA WIN-A-MINI CONTEST

Congratulations to the following
6 entrants who each win a
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MRS. MARGARET CUNNINGHAM
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MRS. MARJORIE A. GALLAGHER
181 GLADSTONE RD.
HIGHGATE HILL, QLD.



MRS. A. BANSON
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MRS. H. LUDRIKS
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When I sip Dubonnet, I think I'm in Paris

Dubonnet

Not too sweet, not too dry, long drinks or short... Dubonnet serves perfectly with soda, Gilbey's Gin, Bond 7 Whisky, Pierre Smirnoff Vodka, or just by itself. Be gay... be like the Parisiennes and try Dubonnet soon. 12/6 per bottle (slightly higher in some States).
MADE IN AUSTRALIA UNDER LICENCE BY DUBONNET PTY. LTD.

WORTH REPORTING

Japanese women have always been regarded as fragile, gentle, and completely feminine.

BUT Miss Nanae Okomoto, a product of the new Japan, has been competing against men for the past seven years in the dangerous sport of speedway racing.

By beating all the women and many of the men, she has worked her way into the top class of a sport not open to Australian women.

"If a woman is capable of doing a man's job she should be permitted to do it without all this fuss and criticism," said Nanae, a star attraction when she raced at recent speedway meetings in Adelaide, Sydney, and Brisbane.

Nanae, who is 27, explained through her Japanese interpreter that she was born with a love and fascination for mechanics, and, as a child, preferred being up to her elbows in motor-bike grease to playing with dolls.

At 20, she found her office job too boring and persuaded a friend to teach her speedway riding.

Three months, four accidents, and 100 bruises later, she was a fully fledged rider. And, in spite of protests from her parents, turned professional within a year.

Although there are a number of professional women speedway riders in Japan, many people still disapprove of Miss Okomoto and tell her she should be a woman and proud of it.

But this has made her something of a rebel, and she finds herself disliking many feminine things.

For example, she only wears lipstick when she feels she has to, and never has her hair set.

She wears a dress or one of her four colorful and ornate kimonos, but prefers slacks and blouses.

But rebellion ends there.

Nanae, amidst blushes and giggles, admitted she was husband-hunting. She hasn't a boy-friend, but her glory-box has been ready for years.

A SPECIAL card now available to all N.S.W. motorists could mean the difference between life and death in an accident or other emergency.

The card is a "Personal Medical Board" supplied by the N.S.W. Department of Public Health. Spaces are provided to record whether the bearer is sensitive to certain drugs or medicines; suffers from epilepsy, diabetes, or is a bleeder; blood group, and the name of the doctor or hospital in possession of his or her medical record.

The cards are obtainable at all N.R.M.A. branches or depots and at council offices.

They go for bric-a-brac

THERE'S not a great deal of difference between the way Americans and Australians furnish their homes, according to Mr. John Macaulay. Except that Americans use much more bric-a-brac.

Mr. Macaulay, a young executive of a Sydney wholesale firm specialising in furnishings, has just made a buying trip to the U.S., Canada, and Great Britain.

"By bric-a-brac I mean things like novelty wall plaques, book-ends, occasional tables," he explained.

"I was visiting the home of a young New York businessman when I realised that stripped of some of these extras the living-room would look like a room in a comfortable Australian home."

Americans use more pictures as well as this rather interesting bric-a-brac. It gives the rooms a more individual, lived-in look."

OVERHEARD in the corner shop: "My telephone's been disconnected all day. I've been at a bit of a loose end."

Copper pots galore

REMEMBER the tongue-twister about a proper copper coffee pot? We couldn't help thinking of it when we visited restaurateur Mrs. Fred Fagel at her home in Edgecliff, Sydney. Because we had never seen so many copper coffee pots at once before.

Not only coffee pots. Beautiful antique copperware of all shapes and sizes.

Mrs. Fagel, a tall, handsome Dutchwoman, started her collection of copperware when she was six years old.

"I had just made my first batch of poffertjes — they're little Dutch pancakes," she told us. "I will never forget how proud I was when I handed them around to the children standing in a circle watching me cook."

"My mother was so pleased with me, she gave me one of her own treasures — a copper pancake cooker."

"I was given other pieces for birthdays, relatives left some to me, and I soon started hunting in antique shops myself."

Fred and Elsa Fagel were a popular husband-and-wife stage team before they left Holland 16 years ago. For some years they starred in a weekly radio variety show.

"It was a comedy show called 'Tuesday Train.' We did sketches, songs, cross-talk," Mrs. Fagel explained.

"Queen Juliana sent us out to entertain the troops in Indonesia, and we decided to continue on to New Zealand — that's how we came to migrate."



NANAE OKOMOTO at Sydney Showground Speedway in one of her "working" outfits.

GET QUICK, POSITIVE RELIEF
FROM THE DISCOMFORT OF
HAEMORRHOIDS
(PILES)

with famous SWISS treatment

Varemoid

You dare not ignore the symptoms or neglect treatment if you wish to avoid damaging effects to your general health and social activities.

EASILY SWALLOWED TABLET
Forget about unpleasant, uncomfortable forms of treatment. Varemoid is simply and easily swallowed during or after meals.

QUICK, POSITIVE RELIEF
You'll feel the difference within a week — pain and inflammation are relieved and haemorrhoids (piles) perceptibly shrink.

VAREMOID IS PROVEN
Contains amazing new Vitamin P4, developed after 10 years in the Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland, and proved in clinical trials.

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Is a quick, positive treatment and costs less in the long run than other forms of periodic relief.

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Easily swallowed tablets
make treatment
pleasant, safe, simple.



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Paris goes back to school

By ANNE MATHESON

● Paris has decreed that for 1964 it's back to school uniforms and back to the 'thirties—panama hats, rugger scarves, modesty vests, and dipping hemlines.

THE fashions of the 'thirties have already swept through Paris. Almost every smart woman looks as though she has been to the hair-dresser for the shorter, flatter haircut with large smooth cheek waves.

The new shoes in soft leather, with T-straps, or sling-back thongs with low-stacked heels, are daintily yet firmly treading the boulevards.

Women who have spurned hats for a decade are longing for a nice upturned cool summer straw sashed in collegiate stripes, or a light felt to replace that old faithful, the weighty fur hat.

The new styles are both widely supported from the hard core of the Paris couture to the smaller houses.

Of the two looks of Paris the crisper and more easily copied is the young and brisk schoolgirl style.

At Dior she is always on the move in free-swinging skirts with inverted pleats, box pleats, or knife pleats.

Jackets are neat, hug the body, and are quite frankly skimpy. Revers open wide, are often in a contrasting color.

For the sporty type the jacket is a blazer, patch pockets and all.

"Little boy" look

Nina Ricci's new designer, Gerard Pipart, was well in step with the schoolgirl crocodile with open-throated hirt-tops and neat little college-girl collars on suit jackets, coats, and even on evening clothes.

He suggested a "little boy" look with trouser skirts bowing pressed front seams down each leg and turn-ups at the hemline. He revived the odd jacket so that the wearer didn't team with skirt and blouse. Capucci did this with burgundy jacket and beige skirt.

At Cardin the schoolgirl did a sailor's hornpipe in navy- and white pinstripes with lanyard-type collars knotting low and a wide sailor's vest. The matelot's epee, perched forward, confirmed she came from the same age group, but a more nautical school.

Hats, when not the schoolgirl panama turning up in front or down, are sailor hats or berets.

Bows for the hair are all sizes, from small to a parrot's flat bow.

Now for the 'thirties—the look which drifted through very salon in a mood of nostalgia.

Necklines, which took the plunge last season at Dior, in spring took such a leader they finished up at the navel at Pierre Cardin. Neckties were equally décol-

lated. The squared-up look of the

schoolgirl gives way to the loose look of whole pleated jumper suits of short flared chiffons, the ballooning sleeves caught into wristbands.

Cardin showed dipping hemlines either with handkerchief points or a dip to one side. On coats the hemline is scalloped.

The aura of the 'thirties was carried through the hairstyles. Dior's models had waves over the cheeks and bows. The smooth top and frizzed-out curls at Cardin



BOWS ARE BACK. At Chanel the hair is tied back with a bow.

and Capucci were wonderful, but didn't capture the look as well as the pleating, the low waistline, the blousy tops and the tennis dress with pinched shoulders, scooped armhole, and neckline.

The "dandy" look of the 'thirties turned up time and time again. Dior's, in navy- and white fancy cotton tweed, had a tailored vest.

Cardin's look was flat-chested, with a flesh-colored vest used as a deceptive cover-up for low-slashed evening dresses, a vest in gay, contrasting colors to show off the open front of a daytime outfit.

In short, straight tunic frocks the vest is striped and has a matching striped scarf. Without a scarf few 'thirties dresses are complete. Scarves are in football colors or guardsman's stripes, always contrasting and simply flipped over the shoulder—never tied.

Young necklines were filled in with large, floppy, romantic bows of double chiffon.

For evening the new length is above the ankle. The daytime length is as you were—except at Courreges, where the knees must be shown.



SHADES OF THE 'THIRTIES—picture hat in pale green silk organdie, by Ferreras.

Dior has gipsy dresses of tiered lace, dresses with full skirts and tops like waistcoats, sometimes in velvet.

Laroche loves beadwork—one fabulous evening suit was covered with sequins in large houndstooth check pattern.

Other fashion pointers: ● Plaid silks for blouse-top suits in every color combination.

● A return to the short evening dress (but always straight and heavily beaded).

● Flowers everywhere—on hair bandeaus, or dotted all over full evening skirts with shirtwaist tops.

● Club-striped silks, for everything from simple, pleated dresses to linings and long scarves.

● Hats that are so simple

and easy to wear that women are longing to put them on again.

● Battledress tops that have drawstrings at the waist.

● The Puritan look for evening, with wide organdie collar and ruffles.

● Balmain's neat ruffled edge to suits and evening dresses (also seen at Courreges).

● Neat coats with even neater belts and trim, squared shoulders.

● Long coats for evening that sweep the floor.

Colors are white and more white (in cotton damask, heavy pique, or flat crepe, with plenty of white chiffon); navy blue, but always with white; then pink and pale blue; and for evening a riot of colors in patterns or flat fabrics.

INVESTMENT GUIDE: The breweries

By MARY BROKER

● We have all heard that Australians are the biggest beer drinkers.

ACTUALLY, this is not quite true, for Australians have never surpassed the sturdy Germans and, in fact, last year I believe slipped back to fourth place in this form of global competition.

Let this should cause any of you to lose faith in the brawny Australian male, let me assure you that being beaten in the race to "drink an extra beer a day" has nothing to do with declining consumption in Australia.

In fact, our beer production has risen from 236.4 million gallons in 1961-62 to 256 million gallons in 1962-63.

This year there are signs of drinking even more, for, in the five months to November, 1963, Australian breweries produced 113.5 million gallons, compared with 109.4 million gallons in the same five months of 1962.

This, of course, augurs well for those companies engaged in the industry, and indicates yet another increase in profits in the current financial year.

That they are already extremely wealthy can be seen from an examination of the accounts of Tooth & Co. Ltd., the big New South Wales brewer.

Everyone knows the Tooth's sign on beer bottles. This giant has been brewing Tooth's beer since

1835. It also produces Resch's, which was bought by Tooth's in 1929.

It has about 680 "tied-house" hotels (i.e., which provide only Tooth's and Resch's beer), and supplies about 70 per cent. of the New South Wales beer market.

As I suggested above, the accounts show great internal financial strength. You all know, of course, that public companies pay tax at the rate of 8/- in the £.

Like most individuals, the bulk of companies try to lower their tax in order to increase their profits—for example, by way of the investment allowance on new plant, which is now operative.

It is very rarely that any company shows an over-provision for taxation of as much as one penny.

But in the case of Tooth's, net profit for the year to March 31, 1963, was £1.91 million and tax provision was more than £18,000 greater at £1.93 million—an over-provision of nearly £400,000, taking earning rate up from 17.7 per cent. to 21.3 per cent.

This indicates, of course, that the company's assets are also understated in value.

Also, remember that the retail price of beer in New South Wales is lower than in other States. Should prices ever be brought into line, we could therefore expect some really outstanding profits from Tooth's.

The £1 shares at around 95/- may look dear, but, reduced to a 5/- size, the price is only 23/9.

I can think of several stocks selling at more than this whose prospects are not nearly as bright. Fifty would cost you about £241, and dividend would be £7 a year at the current 14 per cent. rate.

Moving to another State, I thought some of you may be interested in Castlemaine Perkins Limited, which has had a nice little brewing business going in Queensland since 1887.

Castlemaine Perkins also teaches a lesson in conservative accounts, for in the year to July 31, 1963, tax of £710,000 was paid on net profit of £804,000.

Indicated net profit on the basis of tax at 8/- in the £1 was £909,000, lifting earning rate from 23.7 per cent. to just on 27 per cent. Reserves also showed a big

leap of £1.2 million to £4.4 million, compared with capital of £3.4 million.

There have been two share issues in the last three years, and, judging by these reserves, there seems no reason why directors should not show some generosity to shareholders in the future.

The financial record is extremely sound, as you will see from the following figures:

1960-61: Net profit £579,000, earning rate on ordinary capital 19.3 per cent., dividend 12 per cent.

1961-62: Net profit, £649,000, earning rate 21.6 per cent., dividend 14 per cent.

1962-63: Net profit £804,000, earning rate 23.7 per cent., dividend 14 per cent.

Note that earning rate in all cases is based on the net profit shown by the company, and not adjusted for tax.

When one recalls that prospects of oil have made Queensland one of the major growth States in Australia, the future for Castlemaine Perkins is promising.

The 10/- shares at 57/- should be an addition to the holdings of everyone interested in "blue-chip" stocks. One hundred at this price would cost nearly £290, and the annual dividend cheque would be £14.

I fail to see how anyone could go wrong with either of these.

Blocked up with thick

CATARRH?

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TABLETS

are the answer!



Only a Catarrh victim can appreciate how unpleasant and embarrassing this complaint can be. What a relief to know that Bethal Tablets free Catarrh congestion so quickly! Bethal works through the bloodstream, checking and clearing the formation of obstructing mucus. Many thousands of thankful people have proved Bethal Tablets over many years. Try Bethal Tablets for yourself.



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DAVIS BEAUTY CLINIC



Excess Baggage?

Dear Miss Harper,

As an air hostess I have to keep trim. Lately though I've been putting on weight at an alarming rate. To keep my job I must shed a few pounds fast. But crash diets make me feel terrible. Is my job worth it?

A.S., Toorak.

Answer: I don't know about your job but it's worth losing weight for the sake of your health. But keep your feet on the ground—here's a way to lose that excess baggage and eat well, too!

Just take two teaspoons of Davis Gelatine in half a tumbler of cold fruit juice or soft drink about 30 minutes before meals.

Because Davis Gelatine is high protein, you are satisfied with eating far less food. This method of weight reduction has been proven medically safe. A free booklet containing an easy-to-follow calorie counter, suggested menus and weight charts is available from Davis Gelatine. You'll find the questions and answers section in "Weight Control Companion," as the booklet is called, particularly helpful.

Sincerely, Helen Harper.

But I do suggest you write to Dept. "A," DAVIS GELATINE (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3583, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



Page 13

KILL THAT FLY!



*Protect your family from filthy flies with **Mortein***

Flies spread disease! One fly can carry up to 5,000,000 germs into your home, germs of such dangerous diseases as hepatitis, poliomyelitis and gastro-enteritis. You cannot afford to take risks with the health of your family — so be sure to kill every fly that enters your home with safe, certain MORTEIN

MORTEIN IS DEADLIEST TO FLIES, YET SAFEST TO USE!

Mortein kills flies and all insect pests with such speed that they don't have a chance to harm your family's health. This is because Mortein contains the fastest-killing insecticidal ingredients known to science. Mortein contains costly African Pyrethrum synergized with Piperonyl Butoxide. Mortein isn't only fast . . . it's **SAFE**. Mortein can be sprayed near food, children or pets.

Most imitations of Mortein contain substances which are harmful to humans and many are so hazardous to human health when sprayed in the normal manner that they would not be permitted to be sold in the United States of America.

SPRAY SAFE . . . SPRAY ONLY MORTEIN

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

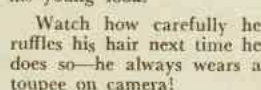


By NAN MUSGROVE

"Project '64" needed this

This reel was returned to

"At first they showed surprise at the noise we made, at our loud speaking voices."



I don't think I'll be with this series too long if "The Lieutenant" doesn't stiffen up and mix a little bile with his niceness, but I think the gentlemen will all march right on with him and the Marines right through to the Halls of Montezuma.

"Gardenia" is also available with pearl-handled knives for only £18.18.0. These popular handles are in the latest overseas styling to match the graceful contours of this pattern.

68

£18 18 0

WITH SHAPED
PEARLEX-HANDLED
KNIVES



AUSTRALIA'S FINEST RANGE OF TABLE SILVER

● Chinese Communist leader Mao Tse-tung in the style followed by most Chinese women.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 19, 1964

NEEDED IN EVERY HOME

Sold by chemists and stores everywhere, 1/6 and 3/6

Curlypet
Makes baby's hair grow curly





Tommy Hanlon

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Momma once said: "I think there is only one thing worse than your husband or wife snoring, and that's talking in their sleep. Those little disjointed words and phrases that you can't make heads or tails of . . . like . . . 'Oh, no you don't.' Accompanied by flailing arms. Or . . . 'harumph, harumph . . . so I told Mabel.' And you try not to listen, then you get interested. And they stop. Or how about the husband that just lies there and grins in his sleep. That's driven quite a few women crazy, I understand." So if you talk in your sleep don't do anything you shouldn't. And read Momma's moral very carefully . . .

Momma's Moral . . . It's all right to mention Grace at the table BUT NEVER IN YOUR SLEEP . . .

DID YOU KNOW?

FOUR plays by Australian authors are among the latest batch bought for Australian television. Two of them are by award-winner Peter Yeldham, both with Aussie backgrounds.

"East of Christmas," with Guy Doleman, is about a pearl-fishing expedition in north-western Australia.

"Stell" is the story of a fading beauty in a small out-back town. Reg Lye and Charles Tingwell lead the male side of the cast, but Stella herself is played by English actress Katharine Blake, of whom Peter Yeldham said, "It's the best performance of any part I've ever written."

Neither of the other two plays is set in Australia. One is Alan Seymour's "Thirty-one Backyards." It is set in London, where a young Australian writer (played by Ray Barrett) works out his love affair with a rich and rebellious English girl.

The fourth play, "Beachhead," by Australian ex-war correspondent George Johnston, is about part of the forgotten army still fighting in Burma in 1945, who provide a strange experience for the Australian war correspondent on the spot (John Meillon).

★ ★ ★
THE B.B.C.'s newest Dickens serial, "Martin Chuzzlewit," which will be offered for sale overseas soon, comes from a largely feminine workshop. The story is adapted by Constance Cox, who did the TV version of "Oliver Twist." It is directed by Joan Craft, who was responsible for "The Old Curiosity Shop" (likely to be shown in Australia later), and designed by Susan Spence. The only male in the team is producer Campbell Logan, who is also in charge of "Dr. Finlay's Casebook."

Television

★ ★ ★
BRITISH members of the Broadway revue "Beyond the Fringe" are preparing a one-hour comedy version of Jules Verne's "A Trip to the Moon" in Columbia's "Chronicle" series. Their space vehicle will contain such fringe benefits as Victorian furniture and a soaring wine cellar.

★ ★ ★
AUSTRALIAN actor Leo McKern has had to shelve plans for his first starring role in a TV series because of stage commitments. The series, specially written for him by Australian Ralph Peterson, was to have gone into production early this year. But at present Leo is too fully tied up at the newly opened Civic Theatre in Nottingham, where he is working with Tyrone Guthrie and Peter Ustinov.

So the scripts have had to be put on the shelf in the hope that Leo will be free to work on them later in the year.

★ ★ ★
WHEN Ed Sullivan filmed "the singing nun," Socur Sowire, singing "Dominique" for his TV show, a cheque offered to a convent charity was declined. The eventual fee: a jeep. The jeep is now on its way to missionaries in the Congo.

★ ★ ★
NEGRO ballad singer Josh White will soon make a "Hootenanny" appearance with son, Josh, jun., and daughter, Beverly. It will be their first time out as a trio.

★ ★ ★
FOR the American Civil War Centennial, it was originally planned the war would be re-fought before the TV camera, but in fact few memorial programmes have been seen. New York's educational TV channel has prepared a two-hour programme, "The Civil War: A People's Tragedy." The programme will use sketches and paintings by Winslow Homer, who was a war correspondent, and special film shots at Appomattox, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and other battle sites.

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MEN AT THE TOP

● No one would ever describe Ernest Borgnine and David Janssen as right together, like bacon and eggs, but they go together in the minds of Australian televisioners—they're just about the two most popular men in their lives.

FOR weeks and weeks now in television's popularity ratings they have jostled one another — Ernie, the man who makes everyone laugh, and David, who makes all viewers' hearts pound a little faster.

Here are the two contenders for popularity honors: On my right, toothy Ernest as Commander McHale of "McHale's Navy," and on my left, below, sombre, sexy David Janssen as Dr. Richard Kimble of "The Fugitive," innocent, yet convicted of wife murder.

Ernest Borgnine is completely in command and at home with that hilarious romp, "McHale's Navy," a series that is a big send-up of the U.S. Navy.

Despite sending the Navy up, the cast still sticks to U.S. Navy procedure.

"We don't need official assistance on this," the producer says. "We already have the best advice coming from a reliable source, a man who

served 10 years in the U.S. Navy: Ernie Borgnine."

That other popular man, David Janssen, has had no private experience to back up his TV role in which, episode after episode, he makes a monkey of the police force.

As Dr. Kimble, who on his way to execution escaped from his escort, Lieut. Gerard (Barry Morse), following a train smash, Janssen, with the help of enraptured women, leads the lieutenant the most ghastly, frustrating chase.

Dr. Kimble is trying to establish his innocence by finding a one-armed man who he believes murdered his wife, but he has such a busy time keeping the women in his life and Lt. Gerard at bay that he has little time.

The popularity of these wildly different heroes is probably, I think, a tribute to the directors who cast the shows. Each man fills his chosen role so admirably.

—Nan Musgrove



ABOVE: Effervescent Ernest Borgnine as Commander McHale of "McHale's Navy" says that when he first read the script of McHale's, it didn't strike him as very funny. After the first few shows he said, "I began to enjoy myself, and I've been doing so ever since." **LEFT:** David Janssen as Dr. Richard Kimble of "The Fugitive," pre-occupied with his ever-present problem of keeping alive and ahead of the police until he ends successfully his search for the one-armed murderer, whose capture will free him.

Television

"McHALE'S NAVY" may be seen on: TCN9 in Sydney, WIN4 in Wollongong, NBN3 in Newcastle on Sundays at 7.30 p.m.; GTV9 in Melbourne on Fridays at 7 p.m.; QTQ9 in Brisbane on Wednesdays at 7 p.m.; NWS9 in Adelaide on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.

"THE FUGITIVE" may be seen on: TCN9 in Sydney, NBN3 in Newcastle, QTQ9 in Brisbane on Mondays at 8.30 p.m., NWS9 in Adelaide on Mondays at 8.30 p.m., starting on March 2, 1964.



there ought to be
a better word
than "*delicious*"....



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

TWO OF A KIND

In spite of fate's tricks Maggy
remained a born optimist
... an appealing short story

BY DOROTHY EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

WAS she the only person in the world to whom life's practical jokes happened?

Her mother had told her that when she was being christened the nervous young curate had held her upside down, and by the time he got her the right way up he was in such a fuss that most of the holy water had gone in her eyes and her wide-open, bawling mouth.

That incident seemed to have set the pattern for her life. Ironically enough, she had been given the kind of face that went with these accidents which sent other people into gales of laughter.

She could never burst into tears, for with her broad cheekbones, her narrow bright eyes (that sparkled of themselves, and not from any amused and happy thoughts their owner was having), and her slightly turned down, deadpan mouth, she would have looked ridiculous in tears. So she laughed, too, at her current contretemps, and everyone said what a wonderful sense of humor old Maggy had.

Anyway, the latest thing was that Bonnie, the girl to whom Maggy had let her flat while she went to the country to nurse Aunt Florence, had rung up to say she was leaving in a couple of days to be married. Could Maggy come up to see to things, and would she be an angel and take over Smith?

Maggy was nothing if not good-natured. She remembered Smith as a cute little ball of fur, and was really cheered to be going back to a flat that wasn't entirely empty. Besides, all this had happened at the right time, for Aunt Florence was almost recovered and now that the heavy nursing was over wanted only the ministrations of her daughter Yvonne, who hadn't been allowed to be distressed by the more sordid details of illness.

Maggy was unwanted again. She was, however, a born optimist, and set out for London quite cheerfully. Something wonderful would happen to her sometime if she kept on hoping.

All that happened on the journey was that the door of the washroom on the train jammed and she had to bang on it for help. The guard, when he found that she wasn't pretty or in tears, said, irritably, that it was her own fault, she had done something extraordinary to the catch.

"Never happened before," he kept muttering, and Maggy, scarlet-faced but grinning bravely, agreed that it probably hadn't.

"Life's a practical joke aimed at me," she said. "You'd think there'd be someone else these things would happen to, wouldn't you? But, oh no, it's only me."

This was even more depressingly obvious when she found the flat, bearing all too clear evidence of Bonnie's hasty departure, in a complete mess. There were empty bottles in the sink, an unmade bed, a cup of tea, cold and stummy, on the mantelpiece, a half empty tube of toothpaste in the bathroom, and Smith having kittens in the linen basket.

"You're supposed to be a boy," Maggy said quite mildly. She was too startled for more emotion, and didn't even blame Bonnie for deceiving her. To give Bonnie her due, she had probably been so busy living on her own cloud that she hadn't noticed Smith's condition.

Smith licked efficiently at her latest born, pausing only to give Maggy a smug and shining look of gratification, before returning to the vital task of producing another slim dark package of life. There were five when Maggy at last decided all was over, and left the basket

to go for milk. Poor Smith needed something after that effort. Living in the moment, Maggy's nursing instincts were uppermost.

No one had told her, either, that Mrs. Farthing, who would trade anything from half a pint of milk upwards for ten minutes' gossip, had left the flat upstairs.

Maggy was considerably surprised when the door was opened by a wild-looking young man with a bony face and haunted eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked abruptly.

Maggy approved of getting to the point without preamble.

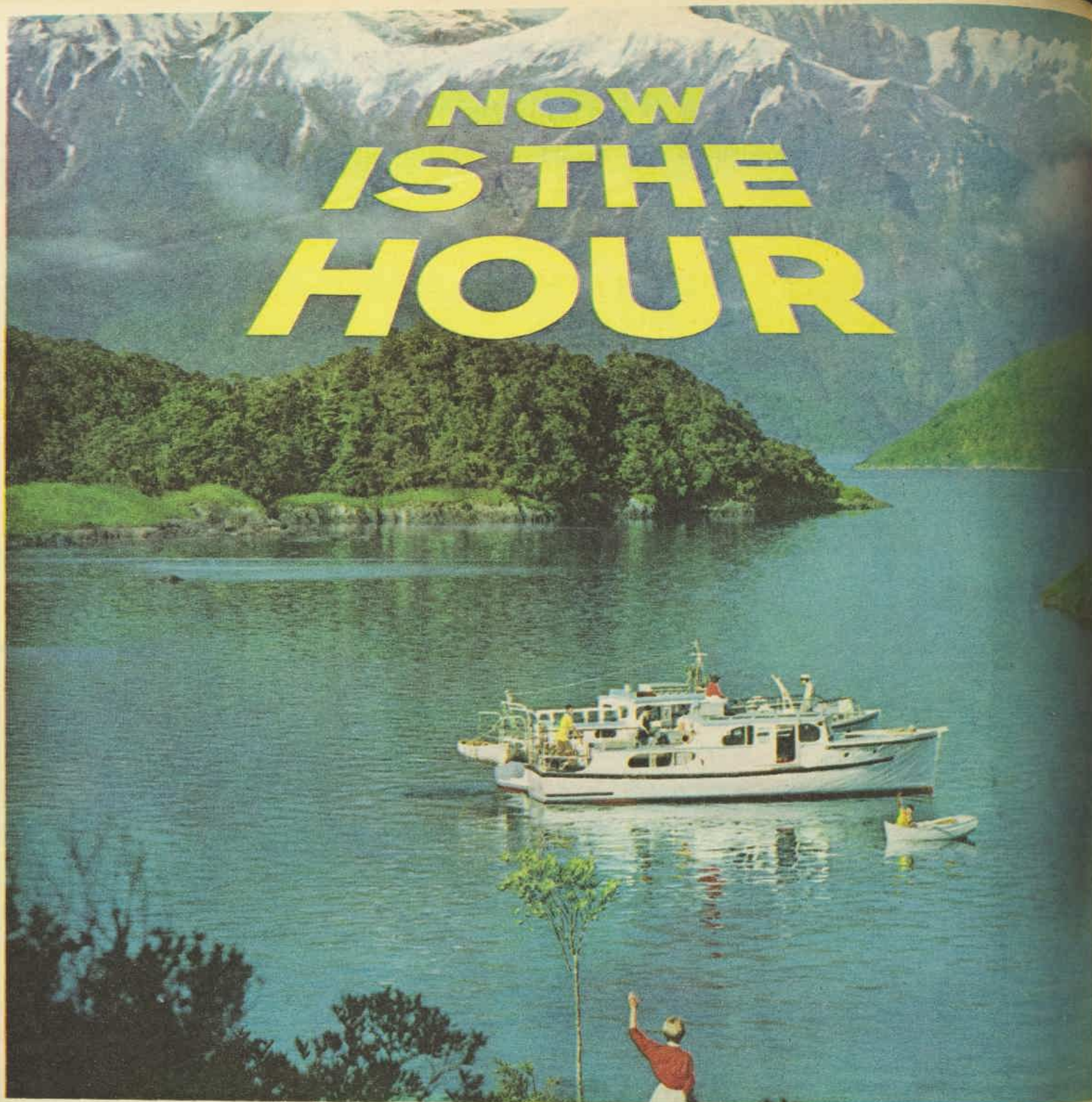
"Milk," she said. "Just a cup if you can

To page 44

"What are you going to do with these kittens?"
Angus asked Maggy.



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*I tried hard to encourage other people to talk,
but always seemed to say the wrong thing.*



The imperfect listener

An amusing short story

By WILL STANTON

I WAS waiting to get a haircut when I came across this article about how to make yourself more popular. Ordinarily I wouldn't have read it, because I don't want to be more popular than I am. The more people like you the more they expect you to do for them. You start getting chummy with everybody in the neighborhood, and the first thing you know you're in charge of the rummage sale to raise money for new band uniforms.

However, one part of the article caught my attention. It was a questionnaire about parties, and wanted to know if I spent more time talking or listening. I said I spent more time talking; after all, I go to a party to enjoy myself.

This is natural enough — in fact, the article admitted it. Good listeners, it said, are always in demand. They are well thought of by everybody else, it said. Besides that, they can increase their own knowledge by listening to the experiences of others. I decided to give it a try.

I didn't intend to start making a lot of new friends indiscriminately. However, I thought, it wouldn't hurt to see how it worked on Ethel and the kids and perhaps a few acquaintances.

As I walked up the block toward the house that evening I spotted Jeannie playing jacks in her friend Norma's front yard. "Well," I said, "what have you two been up to all day?"

Jeannie shrugged. "Nothing special."
"Playing hopscotch, I'll bet," I went on. There were chalked squares all over the sidewalk. The girls didn't answer.

Norma's mother, Mrs. Mizner, came out on the porch. "Was there something you wanted?" she asked me. She is a large, belligerent woman.

"No," I said, "I was just passing the time with the girls." Mrs. Mizner and I had never exactly seen eye to eye.

"Well," I went on, "it's easy to see how you've been spending the afternoon." I was referring to the lines of washing I could see strung out in the back yard. Unfortunately, before I had finished the remark a man stepped out on the porch with a can of beer in his hand. It was not Mr. Mizner.

She looked at him and then at me. Her face got red. "For your information this gentleman happens to be my cousin from Duluth."

"Well," I said, "a lot of nice country around there."

The man turned and went back into the house. Mrs. Mizner gave me a final glare and went inside and slammed the door.

When I arrived home I found Ethel in the kitchen. "Hello," I said, "what kind of a day did you have?"

"Ecstatic," she said. She had her sewing table upside down on the kitchen floor and was drilling holes in the legs to put castors in.

"Here," I said, "I told you I'd do that."

"Yes, I know. Did you remember to call the man about the insurance?"

To page 22

"I'll do it tomorrow first thing. Now, come on, I'll fix a drink and you can tell me all about it."

"What is all this?" she asked, when we were settled in the living-room. "What are you trying to find out?"

"Everything. What you did, what you thought about."

Ethel said, "The garbage man." I waited for her to go on. "Yes, the garbage man came, I see. What else happened?"

"He didn't come."

"Ethel, you don't seem to understand. I'm making every effort to establish some line of communication between us."

She set her glass on the coffee table. "Did you put any vermouth in these?"

I picked up the jug and refilled my glass. "What's happened to us?" I asked. "It seems day by day

Continued from page 21

we're drifting further apart. I ask you a simple question about how you spend your time, and you change the subject."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I had lunch with Rex Harrison. Afterward we had tea with the President's daughter."

"I'm trying to be serious."

"I don't believe it. A big house and three children to look after, and you sit in your air-conditioned office and wonder how I manage to pass the time."

"I was only trying to have a little friendly conversation."

"Well, stop trying," she said. "I'll see about dinner."

She went out and closed the door. In a few minutes the phone in the

hall rang. It was Ethel's mother.

"How are you?" I asked her. "What have you been up to lately?"

She said, "What do you mean?"

"I don't seem to be getting through to you," I said. "Are you taking care of yourself? How are your roses this year?"

"Dear, this is long distance," she said. "Could I speak to Ethel?"

I called Ethel and went back to the living-room. Through the door I could hear the conversation.

"Why, no," Ethel said, "everything's fine. Why should he be trying to cover up something?"

There was a considerable pause.

"No," Ethel said, "just a couple of martinis. Maybe you had a bad connection."

THE IMPERFECT LISTENER

After a little while Sammy came in. He was wearing a sombrero. I hadn't seen it before. "Well," I said, "I see you've got a new hat."

"It's not new," he said.

"It's new to me," I said. "Isn't it?"

Sammy said he didn't know.

"Come on over and talk to me," I said. "It's been a long time since we've had a man-to-man talk. What did you do today?"

"Nothing," he said.

"You must have done something."

"I didn't tip over the table in the kitchen," he said. "Jeannie did it."

"Jeannie did nothing of the kind," I told him. "Your mother did it."

"Gee," Sammy said. "Wait till I tell the other kids."

"Forget it," I told him. "You're not going around the neighborhood telling tales about your mother. You're going to stand there and tell me what you've been doing all day."

He spread his hands helplessly. "But I didn't do anything." His lip trembled.

Ethel came in from the kitchen. "Haven't you anything better to do than bully your child?"

"What is this — some conspiracy of silence? I can't even talk to my own family?"

"It sounds as though you were trying to talk to the whole block," Ethel said.

I gave up. Being a good listener just wasn't in the cards. Not with my family. And the fellow who wrote the article could go back to his head. Dinner was deathly silent.

Afterward I went out for a walk.

I got back around 9.30. Ethel glanced up from her chair as I came in. "What happened?" she asked. "There's a big scratch on your cheek and your lip's puffed up."

Jeannie grabbed my hand. "Daddy, will you have to go to the hospital?"

"Oh, for goodness sake," I said, "you'd think nobody had seen a fat lip before."

SAMMY said, "I bet Daddy knocked out everybody in the whole saloon."

I patted him on the head. "You're a nice boy," I said. "Now get lost."

I lay on the couch, and Ethel got a cloth and started dabbing my face. "You want to tell me about it?"

"Well," I said, "ever since I came home from the office I have been trying to be a good listener."

"A good listener?" she said.

"Yes — to microscopic aural. There was this article I read. It said everybody likes to talk, but good listeners are greatly in demand."

"And you were practicing—"

"Trying to," I said. "But I decided to give it up. Then after I'd left the house I thought about it a little more. Somehow I hated to give up so easily—to admit defeat."

I happened to be passing the Tavern, so I thought I'd go in and try it out.

"Well, I remarked that he seemed to be doing a pretty good business. I said I bet he must be making 400 dollars a week. He wanted to know whose business that was. Well, the way I had it figured, if somebody has a good thing going he likes to talk about it."

"But not Otto?"

"Not at the moment. It seems the Internal Revenue people are going over his return. Somebody gave them a tip that Otto had been holding out on them."

"Surely he doesn't suspect you?"

"He suspects everybody, but now I'm at the top of the list. Anyhow, I decided to change the subject. I mentioned that I hadn't seen Cora lately."

Ethel said, "Cora went back to her mother's a week ago. It's all over town. I'm sure I told you."

"I see. That must have been before I decided to be a good listener. Well, you never saw anybody carry on the way he did. Finally he told me to get out and stay out. I told him I'd never been thrown out of a bar before and I didn't intend to start with a crummy joint like his."

"I guess you were mistaken."

"Yes, Otto really moves fast for a big man."

Ethel started to chuckle. "I'm sorry, but it is funny."

"It's always nice to be able to see the bright side."

"It's the way you tell it. You have a wonderful knack for stories."

I sat up, touching my lip gingerly. "I suppose it does have some humorous aspects."

"Why don't you go to bed," she suggested, "and I'll fix you a hot toddy."

It must have been three in the morning when I woke up. I tapped Ethel's shoulder to see if she was awake. "What is it," she said.

"It's you," I told her. "You're the perfect listener. I just realized it."

Ethel raised herself on one elbow and stared down at me in the darkness. After a minute she lay back with a sigh. "Tell me more," she said.

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● The beautifully decorated 27lb. cake made by a Melbourne housewife for the V.R.C.'s centenary celebrations.

Centenary cake for racing club

A BUSY housewife, Mrs. N. M. Parslow, who has never been to a race meeting and has no interest in racing whatsoever, has baked a giant cake to help the Victoria Racing Club celebrate its 100th birthday at the autumn race carnival at Flemington next month.

She has turned out a superbly designed 27lb. cake in her small home in the Melbourne suburb of Box Hill.

The main cake is 24in. by 12in. by 4in. (the length was obtained by baking two 12in.-square cakes and joining them with almond icing) and is surmounted by an open white-iced "book," also of cake.

Brushed delicately in white on to the blue are figures in the fashions of 1864 and 1964, jockeys riding in 1864 style and in the very different style of 1964, some of

Flemington's trees, and the Members' Stand in 1864 and 1964.

On one open page of the "book" Mrs. Parslow has painted a picture of the first president of the V.R.C., Mr. Henry Creswick, and on the other has piped, in clear Old English print, details of the forming of the club.

The cake is flanked by two pictures made of gum paste, set in tin, one showing Lamb's Inn, Collins Street, where the meeting to form the V.R.C. was held, and the other the Racing Centre in St. Kilda Road, where the club has its offices today.

Mrs. Parslow is completely self-taught, never had an art lesson, and has been interested in cake-decorating for five years.

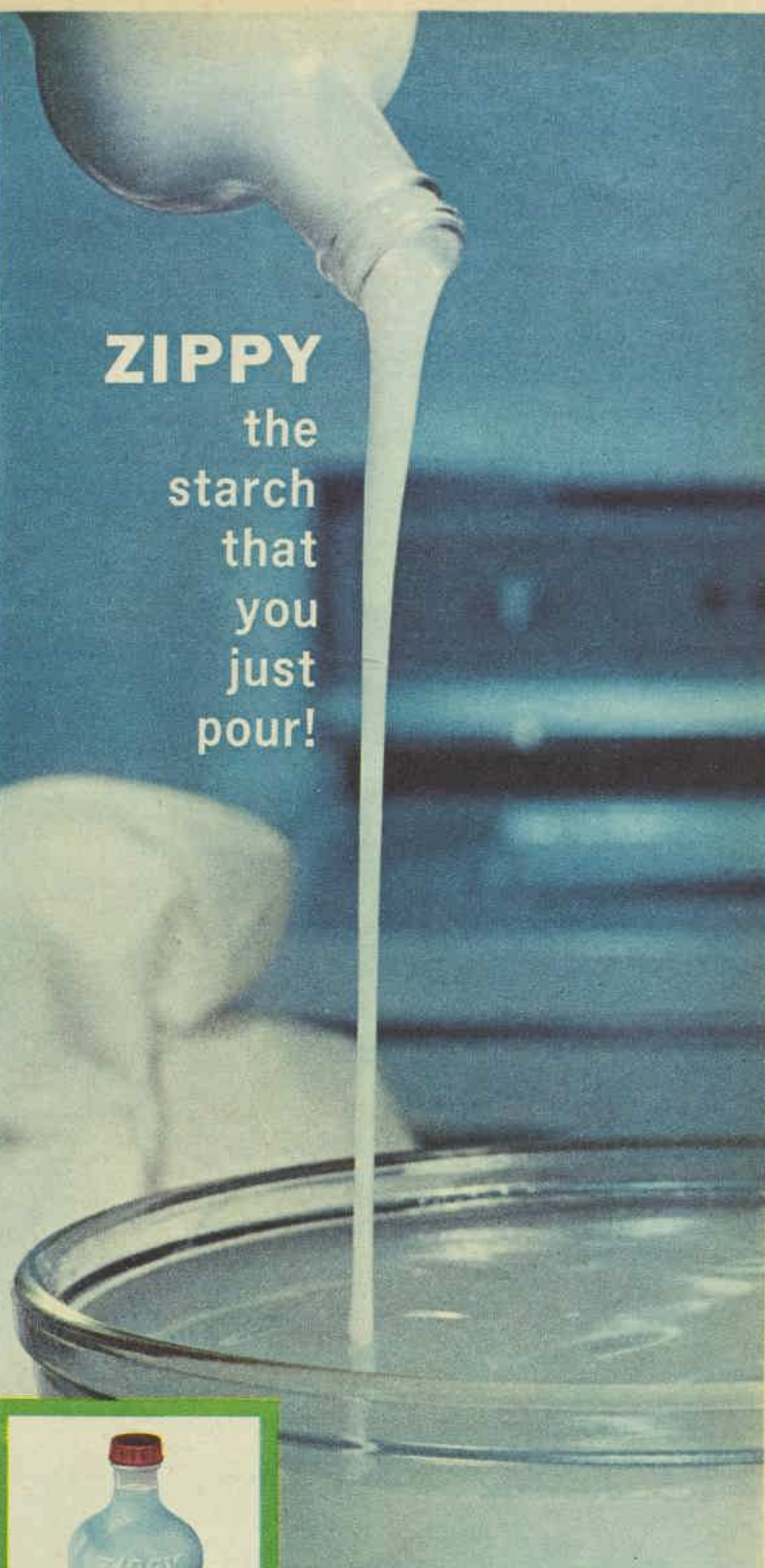
THE RECIPE—overleaf



BACK OF THE CAKE. This close-up shows the finely moulded cluster of briars and roses which Mrs. Parslow used among the decorations. She baked the cake in two 12-inch sections—and later supplied to the club 200lb. of similar cake.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

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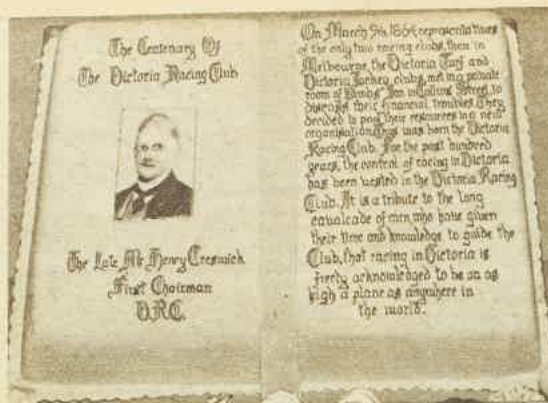
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● The "open book" on Mrs. Parslow's cake.

HOW TO MAKE CENTENARY CAKE

MRS. N. M. Parslow, who made the cake for the Victoria Racing Club's coming centenary (see previous page), is a mother of four and grandmother of one, and has three children still at home to look after as well as her husband.

The decorated cake was not her only task for the V.R.C.'s celebrations.

After the baking of the 27-pounder and the full fortnight she gave to its decoration she had to bake 200lb. of similar cake, slices of which will be given by the V.R.C. caterers, the Dennis Brothers, to racegoers

at lunch or afternoon tea during the autumn meeting.

The decorated cake, also a gift of the caterers, will be the central feature at a lunch to be given by the Victorian country race clubs in the V.R.C. committee rooms on March 8 to celebrate the birthday.

And here are Mrs. Parslow's directions for her Centenary Cake:

INGREDIENTS

(These quantities are for a 12in.-square cake. For a 10in. cake use

1lb. of shortening and reduce the rest of the ingredients accordingly.)

1½lb. butter, 1½lb. light brown sugar, 1 dozen eggs, ½ cup rum, 1lb. seeded raisins, 3lb. sultanas, 1lb. mixed peel, 6oz. cherries, 6oz. almonds, 6oz. glacé pineapple, 1½lb. plain flour, 3 level teaspoons mixed spice, 3 level teaspoons nutmeg, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon baking-powder.

DIRECTIONS

Prepare the fruit the day before the cake is to be made and sprinkle it with the rum. Blanch and chop the almonds.

Line a 12in. cake-tin with two thicknesses of brown paper reaching 1in. above the top.

Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, and continue beating until light and creamy. If using an electric mixer do not over-beat, as this causes the cake to sink in the middle when cooking.

Add the unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, then half the fruit and nuts, and sift in half the flour, salt, spices, and baking-powder. Stir in the remainder of the fruit before adding the rest of the flour.

Bake in a slow oven 7½ to 8 hours.

It is advisable to "ripen" the cake for at least two months before it is iced. It should be wrapped in several thicknesses of greaseproof paper and then brown paper.

ICING

Use 2lb. of packet almond icing. If this is too fresh and sticky, knead soft icing-sugar into it, but not too much or it will crack.

For the decorative icing, 1½lb. of packet fondant icing is needed. Knead this with cornflour sprinkled on board and hands without making it too dry.

Brush the cake with egg-white and then spread the almond icing. Let cake stand six or seven days before applying decorative icing.

After this is done, egg-white the cake again. Roll out the fondant on the board sprinkled with icing-sugar and place it over the cake, making sure there are no fold marks anywhere. Be sure to relieve the weight on the corners straight away, smooth the corners with the hands, and then pat the sides with wooden patters.

Next invert the cake on a smooth board. To do this place the board on top of the cake, place one hand on top of the board and the other under the cake, and turn it. Trim the icing, leave upside down for about five minutes.

For the briars and roses Mrs. Parslow used packet fondant. She brushed on the figures and trees, flooded the "100" and V.R.C. in royal icing, used a No. 6 star pipe for the edging, marked the leaves on the book with a ruler and a knife, and tonged the edges.

To tong the edges, roll a piece of fondant the length required, adhere with egg-white, and then tong it, dipping the tongs constantly in soft icing-sugar to prevent sticking.

The Victoria Racing Club and the Victorian Government Tourist Development Association have arranged for replicas of the centenary cake to be displayed in the Victorian Government Tourist Bureaus in Melbourne and Sydney from February 18 to March 9.

Photographic displays of it will be shown in the tourist bureaus in Adelaide, Brisbane, Ballarat, Bendigo, and Geelong during the same period. — FRED A. IRVING.

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Family on the move

I KNOW how "Wanderer" (N.S.W.) feels in wanting to return to her home State and settle down. But it is her husband who has to support the family, so surely he is entitled to expect them to accompany him on the frequent moves demanded by his work. Children, I find, are the most adaptable creatures on earth, and it will only be a few years before hers are seeking careers of their own, which will perhaps take them away from their home anyway.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Cullen, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

MY husband envies me my large circle of friends made during my first 25 years of life, when I lived among the same people. Of course, they are his friends now, too, but he can't play the delightful game of "Do you remember?" with them, as I can. His lack of close friends is due to the fact that his family were wanderers also.

£1/1/- to "Happy Wife" (name supplied), Hampton, Vic.

IN the first 12 years of my life I moved seven times, and, in my opinion, a happy home life just isn't enough. There is always the dread of facing new schools, making new friends, and leaving loved places. Before long you begin to shy away from even trying to make new friends, feeling "Why bother?" as you'll be moving soon again, anyway.

£1/1/- to "Another Wanderer" (name supplied), Springvale, Vic.

THE most important factor, I think, is that her husband is happy in his job (and for herself, "Wanderer" seems to have no objections to the frequent changes of home). Reared in such a way, the children should be able to make new friends easily, quickly adjusting to the changes in schools, and find their life interesting and educational. To me, the frequent moving sounds like a wonderful experience.

£1/1/- to "Stay Put" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

I SAY stick to your guns and have a permanent home while your children are still at school. In five years I moved 11 times because of my husband's work, and, although we were happy as a family, my children found it hard to settle in at each different school. They tended, too, not to respect their home materially, as to them it was just somewhere to live until the next move.

£1/1/- to "Amanda Jane" (name supplied), Menai, N.S.W.

She's not the boss

WHEN I mentioned to friends that my husband had spent the day working in the garden, they replied, "In other words, he wasn't allowed out"—inferring that I wore the pants. This made my hackles rise because my husband enjoys gardening and working round the house. Must this awful attitude that women are the head of the house persist? Many husbands call their wives "the boss," but women are truly happy and contented only when they take their proper place in the home as feminine and loving homemakers—not "the boss."

£1/1/- to "Homemaker," Holsworthy, N.S.W.

Premonition of a visit

LIVING about 15 miles from my parents, and not having a phone, their visits to me are not always planned. But I always know the day they're coming. To prove it, I put a note on the door a while before I expect them, or, if my husband's home, make a point of telling him. I would like to know if other readers know in advance of such visits, and what they think of my knowledge.

£1/1/- to "Forewarned" (name supplied), Elizabeth, S.A.

Rights of non-smokers

WITH all the publicity about medical findings on smoking, surely it's time for non-smokers to insist on their rights in public transport. After four years travelling by suburban train, I can remember only two occasions when violators of the "No Smoking" sign were asked to put their cigarettes out. Surely it's time we non-smokers put our foot down (both of them).

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. D. M. Dawe, Elizabeth North, S.A.

An aid to letter sorters

LETTER sorters, at point of despatch, are interested only in where one's letters are going, and not to whom they're addressed. Why haven't we the courage to break with tradition and address our correspondence: Sydney, N.S.W., 328 So and So Street, Mr. Joe Blow?

£1/1/- to Muir Burnett, Malvern, Vic.

Rest for weary mothers

IN reply to your correspondent "Slave Girl" (N.S.W.), I advise her to take a rest while her children are having their daily rest. I am 82, and when my children were small, my doctor said to me, "Twenty minutes' rest in the afternoon adds 20 years to a mother's life." I have never had any operation or serious illness, and have followed that old doctor's sound advice.

£1/1/- to "Grandma" (name supplied), Warriewood, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY youngest daughter, Baby Pip, objected because she was told to wear sandals.

"I want to wear my party shoes," she said.

Her party shoes are black and shiny. They do not stand up to wear and tear of non-party life.

"No, your party shoes have got to be kept nice for Wendy's party," her mother told her.

Pip went away grumbling. Her mother said to me: "By the way, Little Nell needs a new pair of party shoes."

It was my turn to complain. The special outfitting for parties adds to expenses.

Each girl needs ordinary shoes plus party shoes, ordinary frocks plus party frocks.

"What's the matter with her gold fun shoes?" I asked.

"The gold has come off," my wife replied.

There was nothing much I could say to that. When gold fun shoes lose their gold, they lose their fun, too.

DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS

I can see the purpose of party shoes, of course, like party hats. They help to make it a festive occasion.

If girls go to a party in ordinary shoes they don't enjoy it so much.

The trouble is they get too fond of their party shoes. They can't wait for a party to wear them.



That was what happened to Little Nell's gold fun shoes. She wore them when skipping, doing peppers, running after the ice-cream cart, climbing trees, and so on.

To stop this sort of thing we made a rule: You can't wear party

shoes every day. But it is hard to enforce.

Baby Pip has got round it by losing her other footwear.

Told to wear her sandals, she said pathetically: "I can't find only one of them."

Her mother searched for the lost sandal, then said: "I suppose you'll just have to wear your party shoes." Pip had them on in a flash, in case the sandal turned up.

With older girls a more curious thing happens. Party shoes somehow turn into ordinary ones.

My eldest daughter had a pair of white party shoes with long points. It was accepted that she could wear them into town where she met her friends to try on swimsuits and go to the pictures.

Then when she went to business college in town she began to wear the white shoes nearly every day. They weren't party shoes any more, and now she needs new party shoes.

They would all do well to follow my example. I have kept my suede fun shoes in good order for years. And I have had quite a bit of fun

SWEET



DREAMS

• On Fanning Island in the Pacific residents grow accustomed to atomic explosions at Christmas Island, 172 miles away. The story goes that one man refused to get out of bed to see another H-bomb go off. "See one H-bomb, you've seen the lot," he said.

"See one H-Bomb, see the lot,"

There, within a nutshell's what Makes the human race remain Calm and relatively sane.

Take, for instance, satellites,

Rated formerly as sights,

Who now bothers to espy

These across the night-time sky?

Horrors, wonders, thick and fast,

All are commonplace at last,

Which is not surprising when

You observe the way that men

Seldom pause to contemplate

Marvels, mysteries of fate,

Or to realise a breath

Lies between a life and death.

This is not to criticise —

Who would wish it otherwise?

— DOROTHY DRAIN

Camping-ground snobbery

AFTER spending three weeks' holiday "under canvas," I have come to the conclusion that a new kind of snobbery is at large—the condescension of caravan owners toward tent owners. Has anyone else noticed this?

£1/1/- to "Tent Owner" (name supplied), Rainton, Qld.

Chivalry still lives — almost

WHO said that the age of chivalry has gone? The other day my daughter was standing in the bus when a very kind gentleman stood up to give her a seat. He added a friendly remark to explain his gesture by saying that he was getting off at the next stop!

£1/1/- to "Chivalry" (name supplied), Elwood, Vic.

Married women's surnames

IN my opinion a woman should be entitled to retain her own surname when she marries, and have her husband's surname added, instead of sacrificing her maiden name and losing her individuality. I put this suggestion forward for comment, adverse or otherwise.

£1/1/- to Miss E. M. Gillett, Carlingford, N.S.W.

delicious recipe!

TWO MINUTE Mayonnaise

mixed to your own taste

Mild or tangy, sweet or sharp—economical, too!

made with *

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EASY TWO-MINUTE RECIPE

$\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Vinegar; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Salt. Stir ingredients till mixture thickens. Let stand for few minutes to stiffen.

Recipe leaflets at all stores. Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk — in Tubes or Cans.



Adjust recipe to suit your taste!

WOOLWORTHS "KNOW-YOUR-AUSTRALIA" CONTEST

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plus £200 spending money each family. 500 prizes of £1 open orders



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WOOLWORTHS are having a Year of Surprises... and what more wonderful surprise than a fabulous all-expenses-paid Family Holiday! 5 lucky families (each up to 5 persons including 2 adults) will fly first-class by TAA, the friendly way, to their own choice of any TAA port of call in Australia. Each family will win first-class hotel accommodation for 14 days and £200 spending money! A fabulous TAA Fly-away Holiday will be won by the best entry from each of the following zones: 1. N.S.W. and A.C.T. 2. QUEENSLAND 3. VICTORIA and TASMANIA 4. STH. AUSTRALIA and N. TERRITORY 5. WEST. AUSTRALIA

In your own hand-writing, and in the fewest possible words, name each of these six Australian scenes and their locations.



NOW!...COMPLETE THIS PANEL



1. Complete in pencil or ink the trademark for "St. Mark" men's, women's or children's clothing distributed by Woolworths or (b) attach the trademark itself cut from the packing material of any "St. Mark" item you have bought. (b) not required where contrary to State law.

2. Name the pure jet aircraft (pictured above) which TAA will introduce to Australian air routes later this year.

CONTEST RULES:

1. PLACE YOUR ENTRY (do not mail) in the "KNOW-YOUR-AUSTRALIA" Contest Box at any Woolworths variety store or Supermarket no later than 12 noon, Sat. 29th February, 1964.
2. There is no limit on the number of entries per person, but only one entry per family can win a prize.
3. Prizes will be awarded to the NEATEST CORRECT ENTRIES.
4. Judges' decision is final.
5. Employees and their families, of Woolworths Limited, their subsidiaries and Trans Australia Airlines are not eligible.
6. Results will be announced in Woolworths daily press variety advertisement in your area, as soon as possible after Easter.

(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME

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WOOLWORTHS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 19, 1964

Child's Play

"Well, don't stay too long outside,"
Libby cautioned her brother, Harry.



HAVING arranged for a sitter to look after their five children while they are away for the night, MR. and MRS. RICHARD MANNERING leave the house. After their departure the sitter phones to say she cannot come, and thus 14-year-old LIBBY is left in charge of her three brothers, DANIEL, WILLIAM, HARRY, and five-year-old sister, TESS. Libby's friend, 14-year-old KIT AUSTEN, is spending the night with them, and suggests she and Libby select names from the telephone directory and speak a few words to anyone who answers. Kit says to each person: "I know who you really are, and I know what you did."

One man replies by asking her to meet him at a nearby bridge. This is LEONARD WHELK, who at the age of 13 had murdered his foster mother, but had in no way been suspected of the crime. He is now an important man in the town. He panics at Kit's words, thinking someone knows his guilty secret, and decides this person must be silenced. He goes to the bridge and when a young woman approaches, strangles her.

Later he hears on the radio that his victim is ELSIE JANICEK, employed at a cafe near the bridge, and that she spoke no English. He realises he has murdered the wrong girl. In case his neighbor, MAJOR FINGAARD, may have heard his footsteps outside, he rings him suggesting a prowler may have been around. The Major phones the police who question Whelk regarding a prowler, but Whelk covers himself by hinting he may have been POOR SIP, a local vagrant.

He then tries to recall any background sounds which may help to pinpoint the call. He leaves the house to make inquiries and finally decides it came from the residence of Mr. Mannerling. Meanwhile, Mrs. Mannerling is anxious when she cannot raise her children on the phone. Little does she know of Libby's difficulty in controlling the children and that Tess, playing with a lock on her parents' bedroom, has locked it on the inside. NOW READ ON:

THE preliminary autopsy findings on Elsie Janicek were discouraging; they told the Sheriff little more than he had seen by the glare of his own spotlight. If the girl had struggled, as she must have done, she had not marked her assailant; there were no flecks of blood or traces of skin under her nails. It seemed incredible that, arriving so soon on the scene, they should have no definite lead to follow, but they did not.

The girl's aunt, soothed and prepared by the doctor, could say nothing but, with a fresh flood of tears, that Elsie had been a good girl, hard working, happy in this new country. No, she had not made any men friends; she was shy. And no, she had never mentioned any of the other cafe employees, or any of the patrons who might conceivably have accosted her when she arrived for or left from work. Elsie was a good girl.

Nevertheless, the police checked up on the other employees, and upon the customers who had left the cafe, as nearly as they could tell, at about the same time as the dead girl. They did find one promising man, a Marcos Romero, who had departed, uttering threats, but these turned

out to be against his wife, who, he declared, had burnt his lunch again. He had promptly blacked one of her eyes and the furious Mrs. Romero entered a complaint, which had to be taken care of.

In the end they had only a useless telephone call, which might well have been made by a man who did not want his wife to know he had been anywhere near the cafe, or a man who was guilty of income-tax evasion, or a man who . . . anything. If the killer had made the telephone call, that was an equal blank, going through the local exchange some time before the discovery of the body.

There was one strong possibility that turned the Sheriff bleak. Drug addiction was a big problem in this State, with its two entry points into Mexico, and distances were wolfed up on the great roaring highways. You could not apply ordinary reason to the actions of people hopped-up on marijuana or worse; later they said empty things like, "I saw this girl and I was mad, see, I wanted to get back at somebody . . ."

The killer could, in that case, be hundreds of miles away by now, just another rushing car.

Unless and until he betrayed him-

self by another similar crime he was perfectly safe.

Occupied by this grim thought, further busied by a report from a woman who said she could not give her chihuahua its nightly outing because there was a huge German shepherd dog growling and snapping on her lawn, he went rapidly through the papers on his desk.

One, made out by Deputy Withers, said in a scrawl: "Mrs. W. Webb — niece staying at the Mannerlings' house, 793 Hermosillo, wants us to check everything O.K."

The things they want us to do! thought the Sheriff wearily. Fish for children in ditches when they're sound asleep in the baled hay. Chase German shepherds away from chihuahuas. Arrest their husbands for cruelty, and then abuse us when we come. And babysit.

Well, they did all those things at some stage, or else referred the calls to the proper quarter. But, on this particular night, divert a much-needed car at the request of some vapourish woman? Deliberately, the Sheriff shifted Mrs. Webb's message to the bottom of the pile.

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Third instalment of our dramatic serial
BY URSULA CURTISS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

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CANS DELIVER MORE SPARKLE ... because nothing seals like steel. Good drinks taste better from quick-chilling cans. So much more liveliness, and so convenient! Pop them in the refrigerator, they take so little space. Pack them for picnics. Pour them for parties. No deposits, no returns, no breakages. Enjoy your favourite drinks more than ever in throw-away cans.

BETTINA

by Bettina

(Third instalment)

THE STORY SO FAR: Bettina, originally a poor country girl called Simone Micheline Bodin, rose to stardom as a mannequin and cover-girl in the Paris fashion world. She travelled widely, met leading personalities in films and the international set, learned about fine books and music, and fell into and out of love. She first met Prince Aly Khan in 1948, when he was courting film star Rita Hayworth, whom he later married. They had a baby girl, Yasmine, but they later divorced. Bettina's romance with Aly began in 1955 at a dance. But, knowing he was continually being chased by adoring, hopeful women, and a little afraid of his wealth, she hesitated to share his life, until finally he "kidnapped" her by removing all her possessions, then herself, into his home. He taught her about horse-racing, and she began to look after his ten homes. For Aly, Bettina gave up her modelling, her men friends, and at his insistence refused even to dance with anyone else.



PRINCE ALY and Bettina relax in Ireland, where he bred some of his best horses. In dress, Aly liked to look rugged, but Bettina, even when casually dressed, always looked smooth.

● Prince Aly and another prominent personality of the time, Group-Captain Peter Townsend, were rival jockeys in a horse race, the Tremblay Gentleman Riders' Grand Prix, on October 5, 1955.

BOTH men were proven horsemen. Indeed Aly, a world authority on breeding, buying, and selling racehorses, and owner of several studs, had had many successes as a jockey.

When he rode in a race he would spend a week following his "jockey diet," which consisted of Turkish baths, massage, and fasting, in order to attain the required weight. But he found it more and more difficult to achieve, and in the end he gave in to his father's entreaties to stop, for the Aga had never liked this dangerous habit of Aly's.

The first time I ever experienced any violent pangs of emotion on a racecourse was watching Aly in the race in which Peter Townsend also rode.

Aly was absolutely determined to win the race, so he followed a Draconian diet for a week before the event, which did indeed reduce his weight but also made him much more on edge.

When the great day came, he looked pale and wan.

We went to visit his horse, Rey, in his stall, then I left him to put on his red and green jacket.

Before he went off he handed me his signet ring and his wrist-watch; I felt like a medieval lady whose knight was making ready to join battle, and found myself even more worked up than he was.

The bell rang for the race, which was the fifth that day, and everyone rushed toward the paddock to see the horses come out.

Peter Townsend, dressed in white and gold, rode out behind Aly, and a few people shouted, "Good luck, Townsend"; but it was undoubtedly Aly they preferred, for the Group-Captain's idyll with Princess Margaret left these hardened racegoers more or less cold, whereas they felt that in applauding Aly they were applauding one of themselves, for Aly was friends with one and all.

The horses lined up for the start, and I went up into the grandstand, praying hard for Aly to win. The horses came under the starter's orders and the crowd fell silent.

"There they go! They're off!" someone shouted. The eight horses that made up the field leapt forward,

and Peter Townsend, on Nimrod, immediately went into the lead. But it was to be the only time we saw him, for he was very soon overtaken by his pursuers.

My heart was pounding, for now the red and green jacket was in the lead, and Aly was at the head of the field, hanging on to first place for at least five furlongs; as they came into the straight he was still in the lead, and I could hear the crowd shouting:

"Go it Aly, go it Aly!"

My heart was beating faster and faster.



Another horse was racing up on Aly, edging up on him little by little, while the crowd went on shouting for Aly, who by now was lashing out at his horse.

Then a great despairing cry went up: Aly had been pipped at the post by an outsider, Manolo.

But as they walked back to the weighing tent, Aly nevertheless received the greatest ovation, even though his horse, the favorite, had made the punters lose their money.

Townsend came fifth, and his horse created quite a stir by refusing to go back to its stall, probably because it was frightened by the photographers' flashes.

Three years later Aly was to meet Group-Captain Townsend again in another race for gentleman riders.

I remember the horses coming out and a small girl waving; it was Yasmine (daughter of Aly's marriage to film star Rita Hayworth) trying to wish her father luck.

The crowd was delighted by this family scene and people shouted on all sides: "A kiss, a kiss!"

But Aly merely smiled at his daughter and patted his horse's neck, as if saying to Yasmine, "Don't worry."

They all liked Aly

But Dame Fortune was not smiling on Aly on this occasion either, and neither he nor Townsend won the race.

Afterwards a huge crowd of fans rushed up to them to ask for autographs, but Townsend seemed very aloof and immediately retired to the jockeys' changing-room, while Aly remained to hand out autographs to all who wanted them. Then suddenly it occurred to me that I would go and ask him for one, too.

Aly was taking hold of every sheet of paper they handed to him just like an automaton, and he never noticed me.

When we got home and I told him what I had done, at first he refused to believe me. But he roared with laughter when I showed him the signature I had obtained.

Aly was enormously popular on the racecourse.

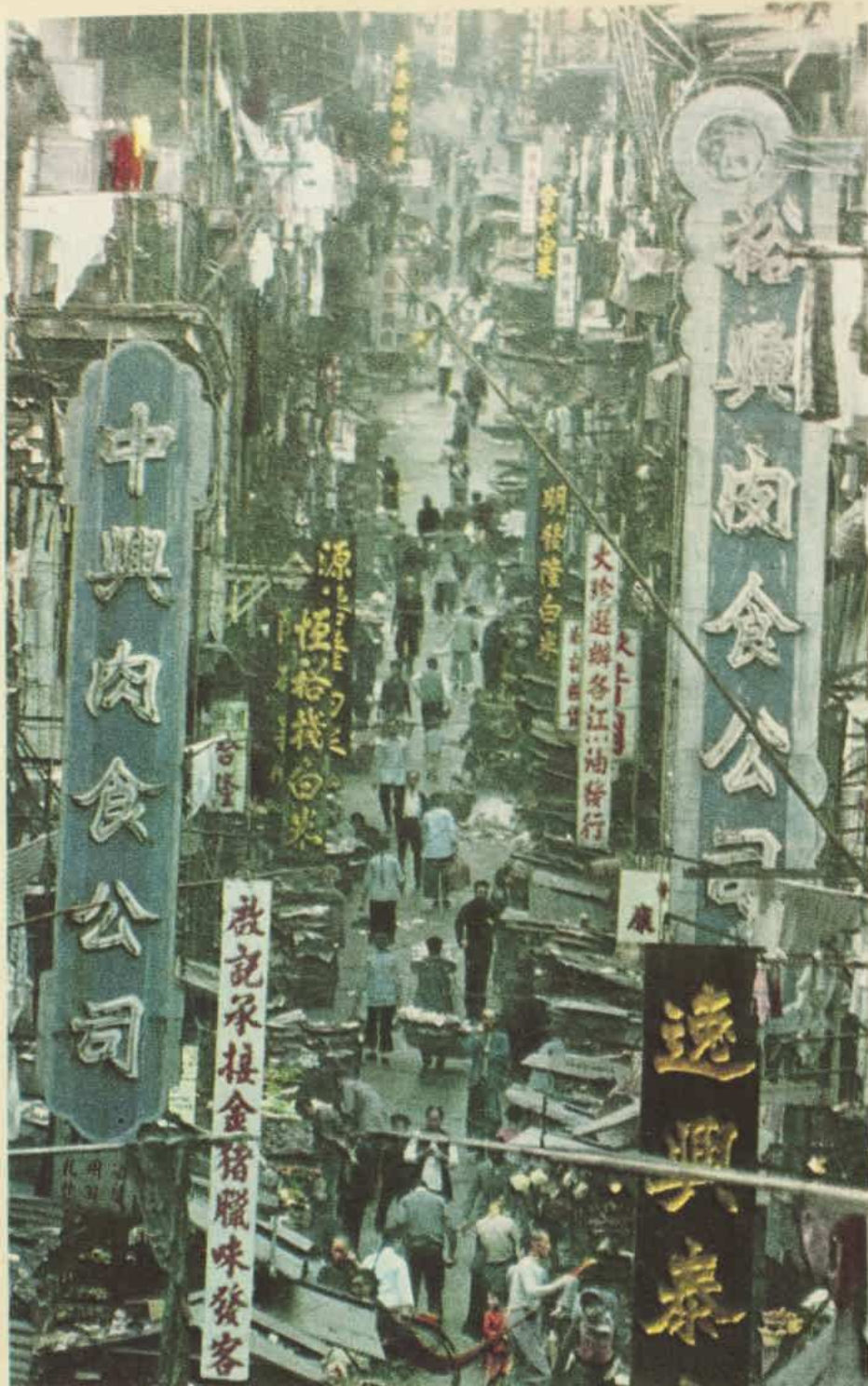
Every racegoer sincerely shared his and his horses' much-applauded successes.

The old hands felt they had always known Aly, and treated him as one of the family.

I used to enjoy mixing with the crowd and quietly

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BELOVED of Aly Khan, Bettina, top mannequin.



HONG KONG vacation

A street in Wanchai or Kowloon. Sampans at rest in quiet waters. A holiday. An adventure. A vacation in Hong Kong. The contrast of crowds and open spaces, of the intensity of a market place and the serenity of being 'away from it all' help set the scene for the tourist in Hong Kong. Hong Kong is a mixture of races, of paces, of feelings, of actions and of worlds. Gateway to the Orient, it is the only city in the world where East truly meets West, there is a complete co-existence of the old and the new, and the mysticism of the Orient comes face to face with the realities of the West.

It is 3984 square miles of contrast, of British rule and Asian people, of glorious panoramic views and crowded streets. Numerous day and night tours fill the tourist's agenda from the time he or she disembarks until that touching moment of farewell.

And in between the time spent touring the sights there are so many shops to visit. Being a tax free port Hong Kong can offer you a wide range of goods often at cheaper prices than in the country of their origin. For the adventurous gourmet, Hong Kong offers delights of the palate beyond expectation. Over and above specialties such as Peking duck, the most tender sweet and sour pork in the world and Hong Kong's famous seafood, one has a choice of Japanese, Russian, French, Portuguese and many other types of food. NB. Fresh oysters, meat and vegetables are flown in from Australia four times each week.

The Chinese love festivals and many are held, in every season, throughout the year. At these times the streets, especially at night, are festooned with brightly lit lanterns, busy with people, and noisy with firecrackers. And of course almost every festival has its dragon dance. All are steeped in tradition, from the solemn Tin Hau celebrations to the more joyous Moon or Harvest festival.

Hong Kong, which extends from the actual island itself through Kowloon to the New Territories, will provide a fascinating study for the tourist. And for the sports-minded, there are golf, tennis and swimming with an occasional surf rolling onto the brilliant white sands of Big Wave Bay. Whatever your choice, unforgettable scenery will imprint itself on your mind. To cap it all there is accommodation to suit your every need, from a single room to a luxurious suite.

Discover Hong Kong—take a trip that's different—take a Hong Kong vacation. And return home richly rewarded in experience and memories, not to forget those tax free purchases. For further information, contact the Australian Headquarters of the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Anchor House, Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

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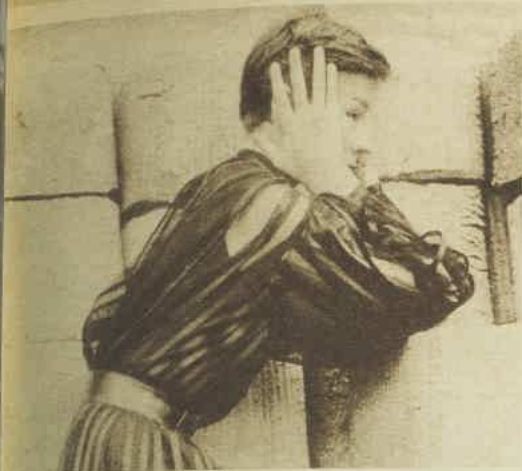
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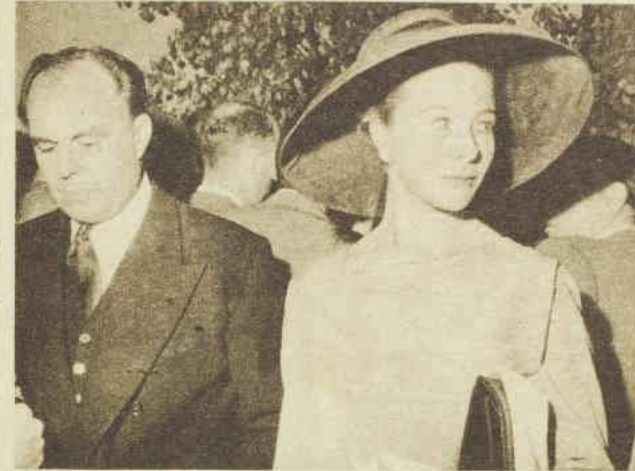
BETTINA by Bettina—"I learn to know the real Aly Khan"



BETTINA with hair cut short.



YASMINE at Deauville.



TONY ARMSTRONG-JONES, now Lord Snowdon, took this picture of Aly and Bettina in Geneva, before he married Princess Margaret.

from page 31

listening to their comments and remarks to one another as Aly went by.

"Gracious, Aly's back! I thought he was in America. He doesn't look well. He needs a rest."

"Aly looks as young as he ever did! But he has lost a little hair, even so."

"He is like us, getting older every day!"

"Mummy, where is Aly Khan?" the youngsters would say, tugging at their mother's sleeve.

"He is such a nice man, Aly, he always says good afternoon to me," averred the women.

And I would be there, right behind them, vastly amused. Whenever Aly had a win or even merely crossed the English or Paris racecourses, people would always shout out: "Hello, Aly!" "Congratulations Aly!"

It's "hoof" — not "paw"

And the racegoers would add, "He is no snob!" which was a considerable compliment from these crowds.

They called him by his first name. "Aly, are you going to win the next one for us?"

Aly was very proud of his popularity, although it did not always please the other owners confined in their enclosures.

Before getting to know Aly, I had never evinced any special interest in the personality and life of horses.

Then one day I learned how to lay my hand on a horse's neck, how to kiss its soft nose, and to say hoof instead of paw.

I learned to recognise a broad-breasted animal when I saw one, and began to appreciate this harmonious machine made of an athlete's muscles.

In other words, I began to acquire an eye for a horse.

Aly used to bet on his own horses, and others, too.

It was his gambling above all that angered his father, and I very soon came to agree with the Aga on this score; for Aly used to swallow up vast sums of money in gambling and I considered the whole thing ridiculous, even sickening at times.

But Aly would simply say: "You don't understand."

There was nothing to understand, nor even to explain.

From his earliest youth Aly had loved gambling for its own sake. He took gambles in his work, he gambled with his life. He was always gambling.

I used to go to the races every day and really enjoyed it. Not for the gambling, though. I never liked it.

If Aly's horse lost, not a single muscle of his face betrayed his disappointment, although perhaps he was a trifle slower in making his way toward the weighing-in tent where they always brought the first four horses.

If he had won, he would dash down at breakneck speed to meet his horse and to glean his jockey's impressions at the earliest possible moment.

Every year, after the Grand Prix was run, Aly held a dinner-party in honor of the winning owner; by some fantastic feat of ingenuity, the appropriate owner's name and colors were printed on the menus between the time of announcing the winner of the race and the moment Aly received his guests.

Days and days of work always went into the organisation of this dinner.

Aly saw to everything. A month beforehand he would discuss the painting to go on the front of the menu with the artist, Jacquot, and have a talk to Paul, the head waiter at the Pre Catelan (which arranged the dinner) about the food, the wine, and the champagne.

Then he engaged a band, or even two, and talked to the band-leader about what tunes he would like them to rehearse; he even lent them records.

Sometimes he engaged singers or some kind of floor show.

One year he insisted that I should plan the decorations for each table, and I ordered some horses made of feathers from Jeannine Janet, the wonderful artist who does the decorations for Balenciaga's boutique.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

Those horses threw a very strange light on certain people, for some of the guests stole them on the night of the dinner. As they took their leave of Aly, I saw some of them trying to shake hands while attempting to hide their ill-gotten loot behind their backs.

This was not to be the only shock of the evening, either. Aly used to give all the ladies a gift from Cartier, but woe betide anyone imprudent enough to go off and dance, leaving her present on the table, for it invariably disappeared.

The ball given after the Grand Prix was the last of the season, and the women used to keep their finest regalia for it. If any famous actress happened to be in Paris at the time, she was always invited, too.

One year Anita Ekberg came, and created a tremendous stir looking like a siren in a skin-tight dress with a very generous décolleté.

We found ourselves sitting in the deserted garden of the Pre Catelan at six the following morning, eating scrambled eggs.

Anita was sitting next to her husband, who had had a great deal to drink.

She was annoyed by some rather caustic remarks of his and suddenly, beneath our incredulous gaze, took her bowl of scrambled eggs and poured it gently over his knees.

He was quite oblivious of what she had done, and Anita went on talking as the eggs trickled slowly down her husband's legs, just like a sequence from a slow-motion picture.

Yasmine writes to Daddy

Another time Danny Kaye and Elizabeth Taylor were present. She was wearing a queenly diadem. Danny Kaye's wife, who is a song writer, seated herself at the piano, while Eddie Fisher sang. Then we had a duet from Danny Kaye and Eddie Fisher, and no one went to bed before eight in the morning.

Aly had managed to instill his passionate feelings about horses into Yasmine. At an age when little girls are busy asking for dolls, she wanted horses.

One day Aly received a letter from Yasmine that I still have. It reads:

"Dear Daddy, I miss you very much. I want to ask you for something. It is a completely black horse with one white foot. I shall call it Black Beauty. Oh, I forgot, it must also have a white flash on its forehead. Say hello to the dogs for me. My telephone number is different now. Lots of kisses to Bettina and to you. Yasmine Khan."

I often re-read this note, written in the uncertain hand of a small girl.

How badly the newspapers portrayed Aly, who was really full of good qualities! They could never see anything but a superficial gadabout, and never mentioned his truly human character, which was in fact much more interesting.

People say one can tell a woman's character by the contents of her handbag, but I think a man's pockets can be equally informative.

His pockets contained a whole collection of keys—keys to the house, the cars, the garages, the bank safes, suitcases, cupboards, and secret boxes. They would get lost among business letters and notes from admirers, that often lay unopened in his pockets.

Among all these things would be his glasses, the glasses he could never find, the glasses that for him constituted a calamity, a permanent feeling of regret.

"I'm old, I'm losing my hair, I'm getting fat and I have to wear glasses," he would often reiterate with genuine sadness, even if it was soon forgotten.

Aly had neither a fountain pen nor a gold pencil, so whenever he needed to write anything down he would take the most ghastly stubs of pencil from his pockets, the sort of thing given away free to advertise some product or other, pencils that he had picked up goodness knows where.

He had no diary either, like most businessmen, but would jot down engagements and telephone numbers on race cards or on old letters dug up from the bottoms of his pockets.

He even kept a small, utterly worthless notebook that the bank had given him as part of a publicity campaign; he thought it was pretty, so pretty that he would not use it.

One might have thought that he would forget his engagements he had so casually written down, but not at all.

There was always loose money in the midst of all this chaos, and sometimes even more fantastic objects like those tiny bottles of liqueur that spirit merchants give away as samples.

He would keep these because, although so rich and so generous, he loved people to give him presents, however small.

Whenever an aircraft was about to take off and the air hostess handed round sweets to the passengers, Aly would always take a whole handful, for it gave him the feeling that he was getting back a little of the vast sums of money he was forever paying the air companies.

He had one real phobia: the smell of tobacco. And he would suck breath cachous to keep his breath sweet.

He had wardrobes full of an incredible array of European and Oriental clothes, of uniforms, tropical garbs, jackets made of skins from the Far West, Spanish shirts, Arab burnouses, dressing-gowns cut from cloth of gold.

But he always wore the same clothes and the same black ties since his beloved mother's death during his boyhood.

He dressed very simply, and his subtle taste was expressed only in the quality of the cloth he chose, which was always cashmere or vicuna.

But he loathed having to wear a coat, and one would see him at the races on the coldest imaginable days with no coat on and with his tie blowing in the wind.

Yet he enjoyed wonderful health, and never felt the cold. Even in the depths of winter and in the mountains, he would refuse to wear gloves. He thought men looked ghastly in gloves.

He had bought himself a black leather jacket in the United States which he would wear constantly as part of his dinner-suit or to go to the races. I called it the Teddy-Boy coat, and I still have it.

Aly's big, cheap watch

Except for the classic race-days, when he donned a top-hat, he would always wear the same hat to the races—an extremely weathered old felt hat with brim well softened by the English drizzle.

"Where is my hat? Find it quick!" he would shout through the house.

Every day it was the same. He would never have dreamed of going to the races without his old brown felt.

But when he came home he would put it down just anywhere, and of course the following day he could not find it, and everyone would be in a terrible state.

Sometimes as he changed for dinner he would say to the chambermaid:

"I lost today and I was wearing this suit. So put it away, will you? I don't want to wear it again."

Was he really superstitious? I don't think so, but he enjoyed pretending he was.

He so loathed any kind of compulsion that he utterly despised the rules of correct dress. He refused to wear white like everyone else to play tennis, but always turned up on the courts in an old pair of faded blue linen trousers and a cotton shirt which he would take off when he felt too hot.

Aly received some magnificent watches as gifts, but the one he liked best of all was a large, vulgar, cheap metal one with a worn leather strap. He would even keep it on in the evenings.

Whenever Aly's friends wanted to give him a present they would always rack their brains to think of something. For whatever could a man want who was so fantastically well provided for already? Aly would be both astonished and amused.

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BETTINA by Bettina—"I learn to know the real Aly Khan"

"If only they'd give me a dozen pair of underpants; they'd be so useful," he would say.

He loved parties, and would go to immense trouble to prepare them. His own birthday was always quite a ceremony. He was born on June 13.

The number 13 had dogged his whole family, and was, alas, to dog him, too. His grandmother had been born on the 13th, and had died on the 13th. His father died on July 13, and he himself departed from this world on the night of May 12-13.

Aly always had to be woken in the mornings, wherever he was. It is only fair to add that he

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slept like a child, and a few hours' sleep would set him up again, no matter how tired he had been before, although it was always hard to waken him.

At Deauville and at The Horizon, as soon as the curtains had been pulled the chambermaid would bring him a tray full of good things; there would be coffee, hot croissants, several sorts of stewed fruit, and a basinful of peeled, green almonds.

Aly was never hungry. He would take a few almonds and a little of the stewed fruit, that was all.

But he would have been furious if a single croissant had been missing.

Aly would always sit in his dressing-gown in the same chair, often beside the telephone with his legs crossed in Turkish fashion, and ask for his coffee to be poured. It had to be scalding hot.

But he would only drink it when it was cold, at the end of the morning, before going downstairs to dress.

First he would read "Sport Complet," then glance through "Le Figaro," the "New York Herald-Tribune," and the sport pages of English papers.

Then his nerves would be stretched almost to the limit of their endurance by the Press cuttings about himself which an agency used to send him.

Any inaccuracies would make him furious.

He would screw the papers up in a ball and hurl them on to the carpet, where his dog, Harvey, accustomed to this game, waited for them every morning and caught them as they flew through the air.

Having read the papers he went on to his correspondence. According to him, he received five different categories of letters: business letters, letters from Ismailites,

letters about his horses, bills, and letters from women.

He would hand the bills to his secretary, Monsieur Bigio, saying, as if they were no concern of his: "Here, these are for you!"

These bills, connected with his stables, his stud farms, his houses, or from garages, were often of astronomical proportions, and Aly preferred to let his secretary find out how much they were for.

Then Aly would read the letters about his horses or business transactions.

Next would come the personal correspondence and the love-letters. He never used to open all these strange missives, but would sort them out first according to their handwriting.

There were some he read immediately, some he stuffed into his pocket, and those to be opened later—which, in fact, never were.

I have always been most intrigued by this correspondence that contained exceedingly surprising revelations about the way women behave.

And I must admit that my curiosity occasionally got the better of me and I would glance over some of the letters, although Aly only very rarely left any of them lying about.

He would slip them into his dressing-gown pocket just like a child trying to hide something, then use the same strategy to transfer them into his suit pockets.

But eventually he mislaid some of them.

I could scarcely believe my eyes as I read these burning, passionate pages, often written by the most respectable of ladies, who had been to visit us with their husbands.

These love-letters would come from all over the world, whenever Aly had been on his travels, and I do not believe that anyone could ever have received as many letters of this kind as Aly did during his lifetime.

The women all seemed utterly to forget their husbands, their children, and indeed me, which seemed to me the height of shamelessness.

But I used to take the view that Aly loved me and I loved him enough for the letters to seem trivial.

Even so I did give way to jealousy, for I was incapable of not feeling hurt when I saw how delighted he always was to be the centre of all these amorous intrigues.

Yet I soon realised that scenes never did any good, and that I always ended up more miserable than before, with the added certainty that every word of reproach from me could only drive Aly away.

He was peeved with me for behaving like this, and would say:

"What, are you just like all the others?"

Clever Aly

It was an adroit thing to say, for it made me aware of how ridiculous I was being.

Then one day I suddenly grew more philosophical, I gave up the struggle, and took out my patience again as if it had been a piece of tapestry work.

And in the end I found that these love-letters meant little to me.

There were some love-letters Aly gladly let me read. Often they were accompanied by photographs of the prospective candidate.

Once he received a badly tied parcel:

"I say, it's from the Deauville woman!"

He had recognised the hand-

To page 35

oh the wonderful ease of using

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Complete
16-page
fashion
section

VOGUE PATTERN PREVIEW

THIS 16-page supplement presents a preview of Vogue autumn-winter patterns.

There are 26 patterns in all. They include a carefully selected range of easy-to-make Vogue patterns chosen for the beginner and high-fashion styles by world-famous Paris, London, and Italian couture designers.

The designs are made in sumptuous Australian wools and worn with dashing new accessories. The hats are by the Millinery Manufacturers' Association.

The wools are new in their weaving and new in their vivid colors and rich appearance.

In conjunction with the Myer Emporium and David Jones Ltd., we are presenting parades of the entire range of clothes by high-fashion Australian mannequins.

The patterns and fabrics used in the clothes can be bought at each store in which the parade takes place. This means that any home dressmaker watching the parades can straight away buy the pattern and fabric.

The patterns are also available by mail.

WHERE TO SEE PARADES

SYDNEY

DAVID JONES' Elizabeth St. store, daily from Monday, Feb. 17, to Friday, Feb. 21, at 11.15 a.m., 12.15 p.m., 1.15 p.m., 2.15 p.m.; Sat., Feb. 22, 10.15 a.m.

FARMERS daily from Monday, Feb. 17, to Friday, Feb. 21, 11.45 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.15 p.m., 2 p.m.

MELBOURNE

MYERS daily from Monday, Feb. 24, to Friday, Feb. 28, at 11.10 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.10 p.m. in Fabric Department, and 3 p.m. in Mural Hall.

BRISBANE

ALLAN AND STARK daily on March 9 and 10 at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m.

McWHIRTERS daily on March 11 and 12 at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m.

FINNEY ISLES daily from Tuesday, March 10, to Friday, March 13, at 11.45 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.15 p.m.

ADELAIDE

DAVID JONES daily from Monday, March 2, to Fri., March 6, at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.30 p.m.

MYERS daily from Monday, March 2, to Friday, March 6, at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.30 p.m.

PERTH

DAVID JONES daily from Monday, March 16, to Friday, March 20, at 11.30 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 2.30 p.m.

HOBART

BROWNELL'S daily from Monday, March 16, to Friday, March 20, at 12.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 3 p.m.

● Send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please state size required, and print name and address in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

1280.—One-piece dress and matching jacket. Slim-fitted jacket buttons below notched collar. Belted dress has concealed side pockets. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Paris Vogue Paris original 1280, price 14/- includes postage. The design (see other views page ten this section) will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and at Finney Isles, Brisbane. To order patterns by mail, see at right below.

Newsworthy daytime clothes



● The interesting fabrics in these four designs are just as important as the silhouettes. Other views are on page 15 this section. The fashions will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, and Perth, and at Finney Isles, Brisbane.



1261.—Dashing coat and matching one-piece dress. The slender dress (above) has an Empire - line bodice. The coat (left) buttons below a neatly collared neckline and has slight gathers from welt pockets. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Jacques Heim. Vogue Paris original 1261, price 15/- includes postage.

6001.—Two-piece jumper suit with matching scarf (right). The jumper has a front yoke and is back-buttoned. The skirt has a casual easy-fit. Suit in wool mohair boucle from Debenhams Pty. Ltd. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6001, price 7/6 includes postage.



1278. — Belted suit (above) has shaped collar and cuffed sleeves. The slim skirt has an inverted pleat at centre back. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Design by Pierre Cardin. Vogue Paris original 1278, price 14/- includes postage.

TO ORDER BY MAIL

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1269.—Classic column of a dress slashed low at the back and a matching coat with the same simple elegance. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Jacques Griffe. Vogue Paris original 1269, price 15/- includes postage.

Fashion with a new flair

● These four fashions follow prophetic new shapes. All can be made from Vogue patterns. They will be paraded at Myers, Melbourne and Adelaide; Farmers, Sydney; Allan and Stark and McWhirters, Brisbane; Brownell's, Hobart. Other views of the clothes are on page ten this section.



6050. — Fitted one-piece dress (above) has a front panel which falls free below a button and buttonhole trim, slide-fastened back closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6050, price 7/6 includes postage.



6023.—Empire-waisted full-length evening dress (above). The bodice buttons at the back and joins a slim, side-wrapped skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6023, price 7/6 includes postage.

6032. — Chic full-length cape can be made with or without the shaped collar. Slashed arm openings have optional concealed fastenings. In three sizes, small 10 and 12 for 31 and 32in. bust, medium 14 and 16 for 34 and 36in. bust, large 18 and 20 for 38 to 40in. bust. Vogue pattern 6032, price 7/6 includes postage.

DRESSMAKING

Fine details that give the professional finish

● Little things are of great importance when it comes to finishing a well-cut dress, suit, or coat, so set yourself a high standard for the details.

Watch the armhole seams, waistline seams, necklines, and, above all, hemlines. Keep your ideas up to the minute by a close inspection of all the points of finish suggested on your pattern instruction chart.

HERE are the most important points for home dressmakers to remember:

NECKLINES AND COLLARS:

Necklines are always conspicuous, so whatever their shape — high, wide, or low — they deserve special attention to get a really professional finish.

Nothing looks worse than a slightly off-centre collar with curling corners or a neckline that sags depressingly instead of being crisp and clear-cut in outline.

Here are five essential points to note about necklines:

1. The raw edges of a neckline are apt to stretch before the collar or facing has been attached, so handle with care. Stay-stitch along seam lines to hold them firm before trying on.
2. Interfacings of the right type improve collars and collarless necklines.
3. Edges of facings beneath a neckline or collar should not show on the right side. Tacking with small stitches before pressing is the remedy.
4. Collars must have accurately matching corners and curves.
5. All seam edges must be as thin and smooth as possible.

Almost every kind of collar or neckline needs some kind of interfacing. This gives extra support and body, but it is important to choose the right kind for the fabric you are using.

The type of interfacing to use depends on:

- (a) The fabric of the garment.
- (b) The amount of crispness required.
- (c) Whether the garment will be washed or dry-cleaned.

BINDINGS:

Always watch the width carefully when there are bound edges which will show. When fabric is sheer, keep binding as narrow as possible and perfectly even.

HEMLINES:

If a ridge is apparent on the right side of a finished garment it means that stitches were drawn too tight or pressing was at fault.

To remedy this, unpick and steam lightly to remove marks, and restitch hem lightly. Press, avoiding stitched edge.

Always have someone mark up the length all round from the floor while you have the dress on, so that it will be quite level.

Important: Wear the correct underslip or full petticoat.

FACINGS:

These must never show beyond the edge of a dress or coat.

Hold edges as you handle the facing, forcing the seam under as you turn.

Above the roll of revers, hold facing edge a trifle outside the jacket edge.

Always tack just inside the outer edge finely before pressing facings.

Watch your corners. Press lapel and collar seams open before turning through, and trim away seam allowance at corners and angles to avoid a little cushion of fabric inside, which makes an ugly bulky look.

SEAMS:

Puckers always betray the amateur — always unpick a seam which does not look smooth and flat. Retack, and let it hang before stitching again.

Check machine tension and type of thread.

When you unpick machine-stitching, cut one stitch with the point of scissors, or seam ripper, and pull threads first on the top, then underneath.

TOPS OF SLEEVES:

Your pattern will call for ease at the top of a plain set-in sleeve, and the ease must be distributed so that the armhole is as smooth as your Vogue picture.

Any little gathers must be smoothed out or spread away, when the fabric is suitable. Do this over a curved press-pad, using a hot iron and damp cloth.

OPENINGS:

If a slide fastener is proposed to be covered, the covering lap must be clean-cut and even. Preferably insert the slide fastener by hand, using back-stitch.

When an ordinary placket is made, see that snap-fasteners are placed accurately so that they make a perfectly smooth line when closed.

Buttons are often smarter when covered with self material. These are easy to make at home with special mould which snap together.

Remember to make buttonholes big enough for any novelty buttons. The thicker the button, the longer the buttonhole.

KEEP UP TO DATE:

Fashions in sewing methods change with the years. The instruction chart with your Vogue pattern is a guide for finish as well as for general making.

TO GET PATTERNS BY MAIL

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



TEXTURES

the new language of legs!

It's the daring new stocking fashion that's madly chic with Kilts, Boots and Saucy Caps. Long stockings in nylon and knee-high socks in nylon/cotton. Patterns that add new dimension to a shapely leg. Brilliant colours created to match or contrast with new Autumn dress fabrics.



Prestige
Makers of Hosiery, Lingerie and Fine Fabrics

New trends in Vogue patterns

● Ease and chic combine in these four new daytime fashions. Other views page 15 this section. The fashions will be paraded at Myers, Melbourne and Adelaide; Farmers, Sydney; Allan and Stark and McWhirters, Brisbane; and at Brownell's, Hobart.

6042. — Straight overblouse (left) with front and back shoulder yoke, shaped collar, and wrist-length sleeves, has a matching slim-line skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6042, price 7/6 includes postage.



1276.—Two-piece dress and coat (above) has clean, uncluttered lines. Coat has notched collar and flap-pocket trim. Two pieces consist of slim skirt and easy-fit overblouse. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue couturier design by Michael of London 1276, price 14/- includes postage.

6026.—One-piece dress (below) with slide-fastening at back has slim skirt and easy-fit bodice with below-elbow sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6026, price 7/6 includes postage.



6040.—Suit and sleeveless overblouse (above). Straight jacket has open front-notched collar and patch pockets. Slim skirt has inverted pleat at centre back. Overblouse is slide-fastened at back. Suit in fine wool tweed from Debenhams Pty. Ltd. Vogue pattern 6040, price 7/6 includes postage.



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'COLORS UNLIMITED' by Revlon



Jewels by Van Cleef & Arpels. Eye make-up from a big, bold, beautiful collection of 'Eye Makers à la Carte' . . . by Revlon, of course.
 Page 6 — VOGUE PATTERN PREVIEW

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DRESSMAKING WITH WOOL

Some simple techniques for handling a happy fabric

TOP-QUALITY wool is the happiest of fabrics for the homemaker. It tailors beautifully, is easy to handle, and when you are finished you have made something worth your time and effort.

You can do it successfully if you follow a few simple techniques.

CUTTING OUT:

First, press fabrics carefully on the wrong side to remove any creases, and pin selvages together (right side inside) before placing pattern pieces.

If the fabric has raised surface fibres (called nap), follow layout for "with nap," making sure that the nap runs down. Make this "direction" with pins along the selvedge, having the heads of the pins toward the top end. These will act as a constant reminder not to place pattern pieces upside down.

Use high-quality steel dressmaker's pins, pinning at right angles to the seam lines. This prevents the pattern creeping as you pin. Do not lift the fabric while pinning.

Cut out with sharp scissors, lifting the fabric as little as possible from the table.

Keep fabric flat when cutting and use the middle of

the blades of your scissors, sliding them along as you cut.

Do not unpin the pattern from the cut pieces until every piece has been marked.

Mark with tailor's tacks, using three different-colored stranded cottons—one color for small perforations on seam lines and darts, one for squares, and one for triangular markings. This makes matching up of corresponding pieces so much easier.

ASSEMBLING:

Keep fabric flat on the table when pinning the seams together. This avoids stretching one edge more than the other.

Make sure the seamline notches are carefully matched, then tack the pieces together, using soft unmercerised thread and making stitches about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. space in between.

Because woollens vary in weave and texture, it is advisable to make test seams on odd scraps of fabric.

Try on the garment at progressive stages and check the fit before machine-stitching.

See that the seams are not too tight and use a suitable stitch length for each weight and weave.

For example, wool jerseys need a medium-length stitch (10 to 12 per inch), using



● Most home dressmakers can't afford their own sewing corner, but this idea for keeping cottons and scissors is within everyone's scope.

pure silk thread for elasticity.

Stretch the seams in jersey very slightly and evenly as it goes under the machine foot. This makes sure that

the finished seam will be as durable as this knitted fabric.

Sew tape into jersey waistline seams.

Tweed materials need a medium needle and about

eight to 10 stitches per inch. It is vastly improved by lining to prevent stretching.

Overcast the seams closely to prevent fraying.

Use only highest quality mercerised cotton or pure silk thread for stitching woollens.

Neaten seams as soon as possible — certainly before one is crossed by another. Close hand or machine overcasting is best.

PRESSING:

Careful pressing at every stage in making clothes helps to give your work that smooth, professional finish.

There are three stages in making up a garment when pressing is needed:

(1) Before cutting out, to smooth and straighten your garment.

(2) During the actual construction.

(3) A final press after completion.

Always press wool on the wrong side during the making-up of a garment.

Place a dry pressing cloth over the fabric and cover this with a damp one. Use a moderately hot iron. Do not press until the damp cloth is dry or the wool will shine.

The golden rule is to press every seam and dart as it is made — or at least before it is crossed by another. This really is essential to

the smooth professional look, and is quicker in the long run.

Press seams with the grain. To avoid an impression on the right side, slip a length of thick brown paper under the seam edges.

Press darts, using a tailor's cushion or a padded pressing mitt for best results, pressing toward the tip with the point of the iron.

Darts on very thick woollens can be slashed through and pressed open when you are quite sure they are correctly spaced.

On lighter woollens, press shoulder and waistline darts toward the centre front, underarm, and elbow darts downwards.

Press sleeves, using a well-padded sleeveboard or a curved press-pad for pressing open seams and for shrinking out fullness at the head of the sleeve.

Pleats in skirts should not be pressed until after the hem is made.

A light pressure with the iron over the tacked pleats will hold them in line until the hem is finished. The tacking is removed before final hemming.

Press hems from the lower edge up.

The back of a clothesbrush is excellent for beating steam out of the edges of darts to get a truly smooth edge wherever it is needed.

Taking good care of your woollens

THE most important factor in looking after your woollen clothes is not to let them get too soiled before having them cleaned.

Pressing wool garments between wearings, especially suits and coats, makes for smart grooming, but don't let this take the place of regular cleaning.

Clothing absorbs grime, whether visible or not, especially in the city air, and if this is continually pressed in with a hot iron the fabric will be ruined.

Regular dry cleaning is a must to preserve the garment's life and help it keep its shape.

Do not put woollen garments away for the season without first having them cleaned. Moths are less likely to attack wool when it is clean.

Do not wear a wool dress, suit, or coat immediately after pressing it. Allow it to cool off completely on a hanger.

Wool has a tendency to crease more readily when warm, so avoid handling it until it is quite cool.

HOW TO LINE A WOOL DRESS

● Lining a dress throughout is not nearly so difficult as it may sound, and the results are well worth any extra trouble.

A LINED dress will wear better and, of course, looks and feels more luxurious. There are certain exceptions—some dresses are better without lining in the bodice and sleeves.

Knowing the best fabric to use is important:

For lightweight woools, including thin wool jersey, crepes, and fine, soft tweed, line with jap silk. This is a thin silk available in a good range of colors. It is usually firm enough to prevent seating in skirts, yet so fine that it adds no extra bulk in bodice and sleeves.

For heavier tweeds, worsteds, and double wool jersey, use a good-quality taffeta or fine poul.

There are two main methods which can be used for lining a dress:

Either make up a completely separate lining, as you would for a coat, and insert it when the dress is finished, or, alternatively, make up the dress and lining

together, so that the lining is stitched in with the seams.

SEPARATE LINING:

This method can be used for most fabrics, especially those with a tendency to fray, such as tweed. It is also the best way to line jersey, which needs to hang separately from its lining.

Cut out the lining, using the main pattern piece used for the dress, omitting any collars, cuffs, or pockets.

If the design has a straight skirt, fit the lining just a fraction tighter than the dress skirt so that it prevents seating.

When the dress is finished, turn it inside out, slip the sleeveless lining over the dress, wrong sides together.

Turn in the raw edges of lining and hem to neck facing, and attach lightly to the dress at the waist seam.

The hems of dress and lining can be finished and left to hang separately, or the lining can be turned in and stitched lightly to the dress hem, depending on fabric. For example, jersey needs lining to hang separately.

Insert sleeve linings, if they are to be used, or neaten armholes of lining by turning in and hemming or overcasting.

STITCHED-IN LINING:

This method is used in fabrics which need extra body or crispness.

Cut out lining pieces from the dress pattern and tack them to their corresponding fabric sections.

The dress and lining are then made up as if they were one layer.

Neaten seams by overcasting the raw edges of fabric and lining together.

The skirt hem can be caught lightly on to the lining so that stitches will not be taken through the skirt itself.

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Elegant designs in wool

● This line-up shows some of the newest looks in autumn fashion. The clothes will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth; and Finney Isles, Brisbane. Other views of the designs are on page 10, this section.



1281. — Suit (above) with double-buttoned front fastening and away-from-neckline collar. Skirt is slim with slight front gathers. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Design by Fabiani. 1281 Vogue couturier design, price 12/- includes postage.



6069. — Spare simple one-piece with scarf. The dress has low-set kick pleats for easy walking. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6069, price 7/6 includes postage.



5982. — Slender form-fitting dress (left) has three quarter-length uncuffed sleeves, bias roll collar, slightly flared skirt, and zipper back closing. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue 5982, price 9/6 includes postage.

5904. — Poncho coat (right) has elbow-length arm openings and a single-breasted fastening below a neat round collar and flap patch pockets. In three sizes, small 10 and 12 for 31 and 32in. bust, medium 14 and 16 for 34 and 36in. bust, large 18 and 20 for 38 and 40in. bust. Vogue pattern 5904, price 6/6 includes postage.



6003. — Smart one-piece daytime dress has self-belted waistline, soft bias roll collar, and inverted pleat at centre front of skirt. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6003, price 7/6 includes postage.





5996. — Coat with double-breasted fastening and wrist-length raglan sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5996, 9/6 includes postage.



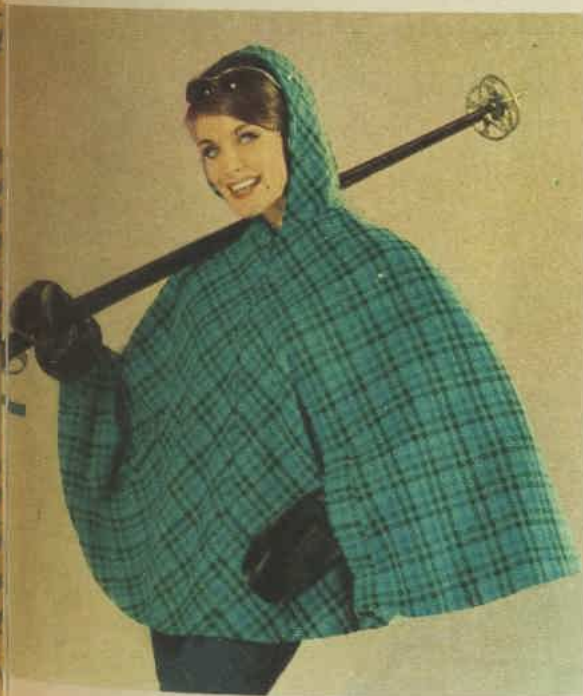
5995. — Easy-to-make jumper dress (above) is slim-fitted with an oval neckline, dropped shoulders, and slide-fastening at back under bodice. The dress has long sleeves and a bias, scarf neckline. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 5995, price 7/6 includes postage.

Shape-makers for autumn

● The clothes on this page will be paraded at Myers, Melbourne and Adelaide; Farmers, Sydney; Allan and Stark and McWhirters, Brisbane; Brownell's, Hobart. Other views of the designs are overleaf.



1251. — Suit and overblouse has easy-fit collarless jacket and side-buttoned detail. Slim skirt has gathered front. Overblouse has buttoned front and shaped collar. Blouse in sheer wool crepe from Debenhams Pty. Ltd. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Patou. Vogue pattern 1251, price 14/- includes postage.



6045. — Smart co-ordinated separates — circular cape with attached hood and vertical arm opening. Regulation pants. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6045, price 7/6 includes postage.



1277. — Suit with easy-fit jacket and slim skirt (left). The jacket has a narrow shawl collar and wide kimono sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by John Cavanagh. Vogue couturier design 1277, price 12/- includes postage.

OTHER VIEWS, designs on pages 1, 3, 8, 9





Paris/Australian Wool

Famous Paris fashion house acclaims wonderful Australian wool. Pure wool fabrics chosen in the 1964 Couture Textile Awards have been included in the latest French Collection. Wonderful wool is produced with the skill that's Naturally Australian, and designed with an international flair by local mills. Wonderful wool, that tailors beautifully, with a texture and soft touch that's its very own. Look and feel wonderful in pure wool.



AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD 2000

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

VOGUE PATTERN PREVIEW - Page 11



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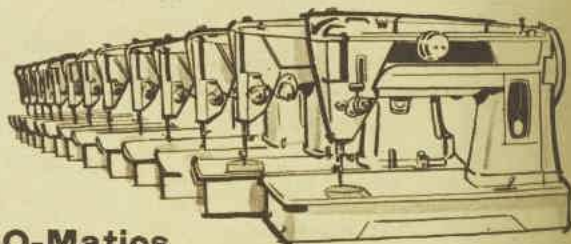


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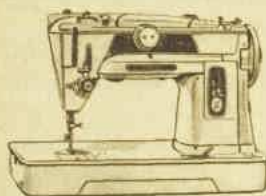
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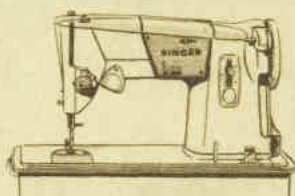
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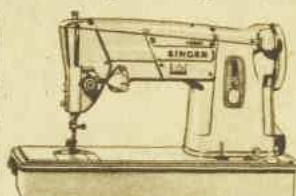
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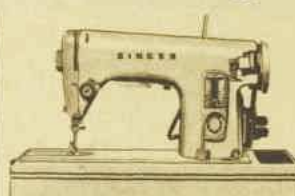
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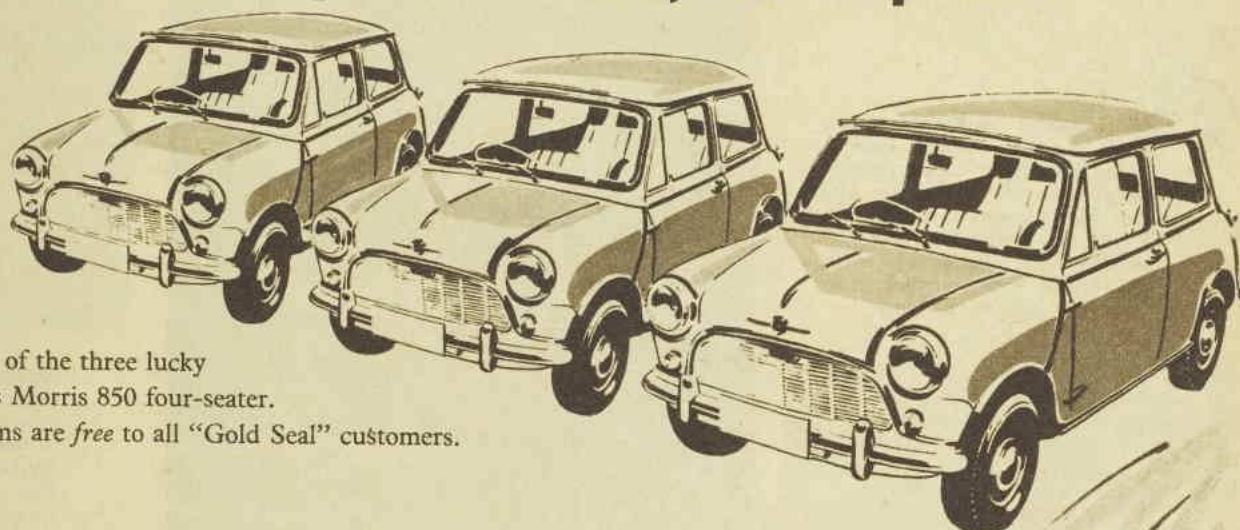
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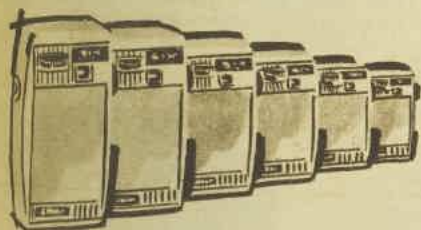
Now, Singer invites you to share in its 100th birthday celebrations, through a unique double bonus offer to every customer during Singer Centenary Year. This can mean big savings and a valuable prize for you ... so read all about it!

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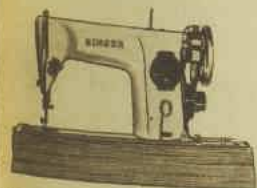
Imagine...you could easily be one of the three lucky Singer customers to win a famous Morris 850 four-seater. Centenary Competition entry forms are free to all "Gold Seal" customers.



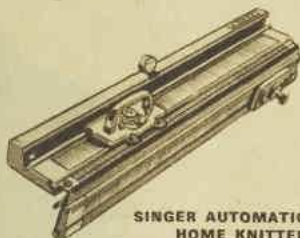
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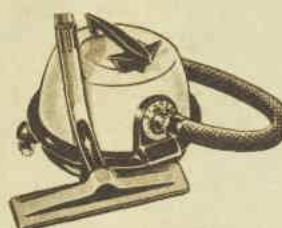
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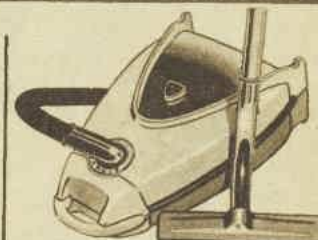
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Centenary Competition entry conditions may vary where required by a local State Law.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

WW3356

VOGUE PATTERN PREVIEW – Page 13

DAY-IN DAY-OUT FASHIONS

● These elegant new fashions can all be made from Vogue patterns. The clothes will be paraded at David Jones, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth; and at Finney Isles, Brisbane. See other views on opposite page.

1270.—Tailored suit (right) has a semi-fit jacket finished with a notched collar and patch pockets. The tuck-in chiffon blouse with collar adds glamor. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Design by Lanvin. 1270 Vogue Paris original, price 14/- includes postage.



6052.—Classic single-breasted coat (above) has wrist-length sleeves, notched collar, diagonal twin pockets, and vent at centre back. Coat in wool tweed from Debenhams Pty. Ltd. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6052, price 7/6 includes postage.



6016.—Slim collarless daytime dress (left) is shaped by its self-material bow-trimmed belt. The dress is front-fastened. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Vogue pattern 6016, price 7/6 includes postage.

1266.—Suit and matching easy-fit overblouse. The jacket has simulated flap pockets. The slim skirt has outside stitched hip-bone darts. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Design by Michael. 1266 Vogue couture design, price 14/- includes postage.



The pictures in this pattern section were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

OTHER VIEWS, designs on pages 2, 5, 14



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 19, 1964

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



BRYAN DAVIES and JACKIE WEAVER—page 2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

Letters

Honesty not always best

TIME and again the cliché "Honesty is the best policy" is uttered by responsible people, but is honesty the best policy? Yes — but with certain limitations.

If one is put in the position of knowing that a relative is dying and the relative asks such a question as, "Do you think I'll be here this time next year?" can one be honest and say "no"?

Isn't it easier for both people concerned to say, "Don't worry, you'll probably live for another hundred years," even when one knows it is untrue?

When your best friend has redecorated her room and asks "Do you like it?" isn't it wiser and less hurtful to say, "Yes, it looks lovely," even if you're hiding your real feelings?

I think that honesty can be a much overrated policy and that we are not being sinful in answering untruthfully. — *Destley Dunn, Wollongong, N.S.W.*

Seed bracelet

IN T.W. a couple of years ago Debbie suggested

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

making necklaces of apple seeds, which could be dyed or varnished. I collected apple pips for about three months and finally had enough to make quite a long string.

I wear it wound six times around my wrist, and it looks most elegant.

But I would not dream of coloring or varnishing the seeds, as they are now a beautiful dull grey-brown, which matches any color of clothing.

I rarely wear any other bracelet. Thank you, Debbie, for a marvellous idea. — *Elizabeth Sawyer, Deakin, A.C.T.*

Exam hazard

LAST year I was a candidate for the Leaving Certificate and due to a mis-reading of the exam timetable missed out on sitting for one of my subjects.

Every year there must be many cases like this, and the important point is that nothing can be done. The matter is regarded by the examiners as just bad luck, and nothing more is thought about it.

However, for the candidate who missed the paper it can mean the ruination of his whole future, not to mention the waste of all the hard work put into the subject throughout the year.

The question is a difficult one to solve, but an answer must be found, or each year intelligent students, who are thinking in terms of university degrees, will have to repeat or settle for some lowly paid job. — *Gordon Leary, Bulahdelah, N.S.W.*

Be a zot!

IN reply to "Neither" (T.W. 8/1/64), who doesn't want to be a surfer, rocker, jazz, or a square, what about becoming a zot?

Zots go for jazz, rock-'n-roll, and surf-'n-stomp music and are also absolutely cracked over the Mersey sound of The Beatles, Billy Kramer, and The Tremeloes.

Zots just do what normal kids do but DON'T bleach their hair.

The idea catches on very quickly, and I have heard of a school where there are about 100 zots.

So now, "Neither," you can be a surfer, rocker, AND jazz — all rolled into one big zot — "A Zot," Balldale, N.S.W.

Australia first

YOUNG people become so busy planning trips overseas that they often forget that Australia doesn't consist solely of their own backyards.

They seem to think, "Well, I've lived here all my life, I know enough about my own country, so London, New York, Paris, here I come!"

But what do you really know about Australia?

Have you ever worked on a sheep station, been to the Northern Territory, and other States? Have you ever done any fruit picking, or lived and worked in a real outback town?

If you can't decide what part of our immense country you would like to see first, and you haven't much money, look up the positions vacant columns.

You will often find a position — such as housemaid, station hand, jackaroo, or governess — advertised on a sheep station or in a country town of the real outback.

I come from N.S.W., and am seeing Australia first. — *C. Smith, Whyalla, S.A.*

Party curfew

NOW that I am in my mid-teens, and I have started going out to parties, my father and I have worked out a curfew. It varies according to where I am going, and always gives me plenty of time to get home. It suits the whole family and me, and is always very reasonable.

Probably this is one of the main reasons why I always obey it — because it is so reasonable, and my parents trust me.

Maybe if more parents and children jointly decided on sensible times for the children to be home, fewer teenagers would get home late. — *Muriel Travers, Camden, N.S.W.*

Rockers praised

I AM writing this on behalf of all rockers. I have been going about with a large gang of rockers for the last few months, and during that time have been the subject of some very stupid criticism.

We are looked down upon because we wear tight black jeans, dark shirts, and leather jackets. But surely people realise that this is the most practical mode of dress for

Our cover . . .

● Teenage television star Bryan Davies and Jackie Weaver, a pretty young Sydney actress, often go to the beach together.

Bryan, 19, and Jackie, 16, met over a year ago when they starred in the pantomime "Cinderella" in Sydney. They recently started together again in two productions running at the same time, "Mother Goose" and "Once Upon a Surfer."

Jackie has now gone back to school to study for her Leaving Certificate, and Bryan is off on an overseas trip for three or four months.

He has had an offer of a recording contract in London with Norrie Paramor, who handles Cliff Richard, Helen Shapiro, and other top English artists.

"But I'm not really going to London to break into show business," said Bryan, "I just want to see how it ticks over there."

riding motor-cycles or working on cars.

As for our cars, they are mechanically perfect, which is more than can be said for the surf-waggons. Also, the rockers are far better drivers, and have more road sense, than a lot of surfers, intent on giving "demos" for their girl-friends. Rockers work hard for a living and save a small amount each week.

A lot of my girl-friends who have surfie boy-friends complain bitterly that they are rarely taken out, as their boy-friends are always broke. But this is not surprising, as few of them work except in emergencies.

If taken dancing by a rocker one can rest assured that it will not be stomping or such, as rockers enjoy the Latin-American dances, and consider stomp extremely juvenile.

Finally, rockers treat their girls with every consideration, and go to any lengths to protect them. — "Sickle Girl," Hornsby, N.S.W.

Right to vote

I DISAGREE with S. Watts (T.W. 1/1/64), who cannot understand the law that gives the teenager the right to drive a car at 17, yet does not grant him a vote until 21.

A car, although a great responsibility, comes second place to voting, because the latter involves many more people and much more maturity.

Learning to drive a car needs commonsense, of course, but not much knowledge. Whereas a knowledge of politics is advisable when voting.

Next week . . .

- Super ideas and recipes for a swinging Leap Year Party — so keep Saturday the 29th free!
- Ten lucky girls win dates with top American pop stars.
- Pin-up of Roy Orbison.

Therefore, at 17, I think the responsibility of voting is too great. — S. Lepers, Westmead, N.S.W.

Too much advice

I AM sure many teenagers seeking jobs have been over-advised by certain adults outside the family.

These adults say that they are only trying to help the teenager concerned, but how can that be when, with continual advice, the teenager eventually loses his ability to choose for himself through relying on adult opinion?

Just because some teenagers (from the adult's point of view) may lack intelligence and the ability to choose wisely, there is no need to assume that this is so with all. — N. Ewers, East Hills, N.S.W.



On choosing the sort of school to go to

• Which high school should she attend, asked "Confused" (T.W., 1/1/64). A large one, of high standing, and attended by her sister? A smaller school, attended by her friends, but with a lesser reputation? Or a new school, where she would have a greater chance of making the sports teams?

WHEN starting high school I went to a brand-new school, and it was a marvellous experience. As new schools usually start with a small number of students, students and teachers get to know each other better than in a large school.

As well as having every chance of taking part in sport, in years to come you would feel very proud of having been a foundation member of that high school, and having helped to mould the school's traditions.

I left school last year, and will always remember with pride the high school whose beginning I shared as an opening student. — (Miss) L. Burrows, Blackwood, S.A.

IT would be foolish to risk your reputation, and ultimately your career, by being at a school with a poor reputation. The new school is untried, both scholastically and in sport.

The school which your sister attends seems the likely choice, as it has such a high reputation in all respects, and you will make friends wherever you go. — (Miss) E. Mountain, Camp Hill, Qld.

WHAT "Confused" does not realise is that school is not merely a place for achieving athletic fame, but rather a place for education.

My advice is to choose the school that offers the best education, and consider sport only as an incidental to education. — David Bednall, Camberwell, Vic.

DON'T go to the school all your friends are going to. When I started high school two years ago I didn't know a soul, but soon got to know everyone. So don't be afraid of widening your circle of friends.

As you're keen on being in the sporting teams, accept the challenge of going to the larger school.

It would be much more satisfying to represent a school with a high reputation than one with a poor reputation or a new school trying to find its feet. — B. J. Wallace, Mackay, Qld.

YOU should attend the same school as your elder sister. It has great possibilities, and as your sister is there the teachers will think more of you.

Whichever one you choose, you won't really know if you will be selected for the teams until you go there. — (Miss) C. Teasey, Rutherford, N.S.W.

TO my mind it would be most sensible to choose the new school. It offers you the chance of making the teams, as well as the opportunity to make new friends, and a chance to build a reputation of your own—which is often not possible when an elder sister is at the same school. — Angelika Gescke, Westmead, N.S.W.

IRISH TEENAGE WOOL

**FOR AUTUMN
AND WINTER**



BECOMING golfer shirt-dress, wide-cuffed above elbow and casually tied, is hand-loomed pure wool in bread-shade overchecked in glowing tones. Sizes 8 to 16.

FOR INFORMAL entertaining, a shirt and skirt of hand-loomed and dyed wool. Shirt in black (or gorse) tops a gathered skirt in wide gorse and black stripes that has a narrow tie. Sizes 8 to 14.

FASHIONS

● These striking young fashions in wool are part of a collection by leading young Irish designer Donald Davies, of Dublin, and will be on sale soon at David Jones Ltd. in Sydney.



SIMPLY styled black wool shaped on graceful, figure-flattering lines. It skims collarbone at front, opens into waist - low vent at back. Sizes 10 to 14.



YOUNG LADY looking casual and elegant in prim, cuffed shirt tucked into a long, softly gathered wool skirt. Bread-colored background is over checked vividly. Sizes 8 to 14.

Great Discoveries — By WILLIAM JOY

Rutherford first to smash atoms

● A new era began in February, 1932, when scientists at Cambridge University succeeded in smashing the atom.



ERNEST RUTHERFORD, who gave up digging potatoes to become a pioneer in nuclear science.

IN doing so they released power equal to 17 million volts of electricity.

The man who ushered in this age of hope and terror was Ernest Rutherford, fourth of 12 children of a flax farmer and saw-miller, of Brightwater, near Nelson, New Zealand.

Born on August 30, 1871, Rutherford grew into a sturdy youth fond of riding, shooting, and fishing and with a genius for mathematics.

He designed model cannon, and shot marbles from them with gunpowder he made himself. He made his own camera, repaired watches and clocks, and improved the water wheels that drove his father's saw mill.

Rutherford was digging potatoes one day when his mother brought a letter telling him he had won a scholarship to Canterbury University College, Christchurch. He threw down the spade. "That's the last potato I shall ever dig," he said prophetically.

At Canterbury, Rutherford concentrated on physics. In the 60ft. galvanised iron shed that served as a lab, and in the "den" beneath it, he experimented with electromagnetic waves.

He made a transmitter and receiver from odds and ends, including sewing needles, and, simultaneously with Marconi, broadcast radio impulses from one spot to another.

In 1894, Rutherford graduated with the highest honors at Canterbury.

Won scholarship

With his work already known overseas, he was granted a scholarship to the famous Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, England, where scientist Sir J. J. Thomson was probing the mysteries of the atom.

Thomson sensed the genius in the awkward, untidy ex-farmerboy. "A young rabbit from New Zealand," he said of Rutherford, "but a rabbit who burrows deep."

Within months, Rutherford was Thomson's right-hand man in investigating the atom, spurred on by a vast new field opened by the discovery of the Rontgen and other rays.

Rutherford was so advanced at 27 that Thomson nominated him for the chair of physics at Canada's McGill University.

As early as 1897, Thomson had established that electrons were a component part of the atom. Rutherford had this in mind as he studied the rays discovered by Rontgen, Becquerel, and Pierre and Marie Curie.

At McGill, Rutherford established that some atoms were continually bursting and disintegrating and that the rays were tiny particles thrown off at tremendous speed by spontaneous atomic explosions.

New concept of atom

He built apparatus to examine the rays and measure the rate at which the atoms were breaking up.

Famous scientists flocked to McGill. Among them was a young German, Otto Hahn, who later tried desperately to make an atom bomb for Hitler before the Allies could get theirs ready.

Rutherford's disintegration theory smashed all previous concepts of the nature of the atom.

Rutherford transferred to Manchester University as Professor of Physics in 1907 with one great question in mind.

If radioactive atoms, from their nature, spontaneously exploded, was it possible to smash them artificially, thereby tapping an enormous source of power?

Rutherford gathered a team of brilliant assistants, among them Hans Geiger, who later invented the Geiger counter.

Next great discovery came in 1911, when Rutherford noted that "colliding" atoms appeared to pass through each other.

From this he deduced that the atom was not a solid body but a miniature solar system with a central "sun," circled by electrons in planetary orbits.

World War I slowed Rutherford's work. The British Government appointed him to the Admiralty Research Board, hoping he would show them how to detect U-boats at sea.

He forgot one meeting. "I am engaged in disintegrating the

atom," he explained. "That is more important than a war."

The discovery that the atom was a minute solar system convinced Rutherford it could be split.

Next forward step came in 1919, when Rutherford and his team bombarded nitrogen atoms with alpha particles.

The bombardment tore the nitrogen atoms apart and converted them into hydrogen atoms. Thus Rutherford achieved the dream of the ancient alchemists by transmuting one element into another.

Rutherford now knew that bombardment by alpha particles was the key to splitting the atom.

Enormous energy

He switched his experiments now to the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, where he succeeded Thomson as Professor of Physics.

For 13 years Rutherford and his assistants concentrated on speeding up the "alpha bullets" till they would strike with irresistible explosive force.

Two of Rutherford's assistants, E. T. S. Walton and J. D. Cockcroft, achieved this in 1932.

They used 600,000 volts of electricity to shoot protons against a layer of lithium. The lithium atoms exploded, liberating energy equal to 17 million volts.

Italian Dr. Enrico Fermi exploded a uranium atom in 1934, pointing the way to the atom bomb.

Rutherford did not live to see the horrors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

President of the Royal Society, winner of the Nobel Prize, created first a knight, then a baron, he died in October, 1937, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

His memorial will be not a bomb but the peaceful use of atomic power growing steadily through the years.

YOU can study better—part 3

By education experts PETER O'MEARA, DON SHIRLEY, & R. D. WALSH.

YOUR CONDITIONS OF STUDY

● Good study conditions are as important for a student as an orderly, well-equipped laboratory is for a scientist.

AND just as the scientist pays a lot of attention to setting up an efficient laboratory, so a student should set up the best home conditions of study that he can devise. Take a look at the picture on this page. How do your conditions of home study compare with these?

The student is Tony Walker, of Port Hacking High School, in Sydney. If you look carefully at the picture it tells quite a story in terms of orderliness and simplicity.

And don't overlook that Study Timetable on the wall.

There are some other features of Tony's conditions that could not be photographed.

His room is well away from where the family watches TV.

His younger brother does not intrude here to play a mouth-organ or fiddle with a transistor.

Tony's parents show a lot of consideration when he is studying, though they do not pamper him. He does his share of work around the house.

Check-list

Here is a check-list of questions by which you can decide exactly where you stand with your home conditions of study.

- Have you a definite place to study?
- Have you a table of your own which is used just for study?
- Is the room a quiet one, away from external noise?
- Are there any distractions in the room (a radio, etc.)?
- Is the table well placed in relation to the window?

- Is the electric lighting adequate?
- Is there sufficient fresh air?
- Does your chair promote efficiency?
- Is your posture good, or do you slump in a soft chair?
- Do you keep your table and room tidy, especially when you finish studying each evening?

Help yourself

If you decide that your conditions are in some way lacking, then you can take either or both of two courses to improve them.

You can talk over the problem with your parents. There are certain matters, such as a place to study, that cannot be solved without their co-operation.

Or you can take action yourself to improve your conditions — and this is the main thing.

In most households it is possible for a student

to secure a place of his own. It may not be the best room in the house — indeed, it might have to be only part of a verandah, or a shed in the yard.

Or it might be a room shared with a student brother or sister.

The main thing is that it should be a place for study with an atmosphere which at once prompts you to start working.

You will be best served by a table with an area large enough to take a good spread of books. You could look around the second-hand shops for such a table, and perhaps tidy up a knocked-about model with sandpaper and staining.

You could do the same with a bookcase or cabinet. Bookshelves are not difficult to build in 7in. by 1in. dressed oregon or other timber.

Lighting is a most important matter. A good desk lamp would be one of the most useful presents you could possibly receive on your next birthday.

Here, from a reputable authority, is a statement on points to watch when arranging your lighting:

"Lighting should be bright without being glary, and it should not shine straight into the eyes.

"Optimum conditions for study will be provided when the task area is illuminated by a desk lamp with an opaque reflector — either a frosted 60-75-watt lamp or a 10-20-watt fluorescent (the intensity depending on what is found suitable by the individual).

"Should a desk lamp not be available, a floor-model standard reading lamp could be used, fitted with a 100-150-watt lamp in a large diffusing bowl through which the light passes and is carried from a white reflector on to the task area.

"Because the illumination in every part of the room should not be less than ten per cent. of that in the task area, a light at the centre of the room is best left on in addition to the study lamp.

"The latter should be placed slightly above, behind, and to the left of a right-handed person."

What to do

SCHOOL has been back for several weeks now. You should be getting into a rhythm of work.

Without letting any more time pass, get your study conditions into the best possible order.

Do not be self-pitying if you can't have perfect conditions at your home.

After all, the Curies did their most important researches on radium in a leaky shed; and many other great feats of study have taken place in poor conditions.

The best principle is to ensure that you, personally, have done all you can to make your conditions good — then just "get cracking."

NEXT WEEK: Speed your reading.



TONY WALKER, a Sydney student, does his homework under excellent conditions of study.

HOW DO YOU RATE

● Ever dreamed of a fabulous date with one of the stars of Australian entertainment or sport? And wondered if you had the qualities to attract them if you ever met? Well, we asked ten of them — all attractive, successful, and interesting personalities — to describe their ideal dates for you. Here are their replies:



**Singer
FRANK IFIELD**

● "She'll just be a girl — that's what I like about them. With personality plus, she'll be witty and warm, natural, and an individual. I like long hair down, usually notice blondes, but end up with brunettes. She won't mention marriage — it makes me run a mile. She'll wear casual clothes, and little make-up."



**Tennis player
JOHN NEWCOMBE**

● "She must be a mixture—feminine, and a sportsgirl, too. Not the life of the party, nor a wall-flower — just a bright, broad personality. She'll wear little make-up, pastel lipstick, and have short, tossed hair—a Continental beauty. Somewhat mysterious at first, I'll want to know her more. As my girl-friend, she'll be someone to confide in—interesting in herself and interested in me."



**Singer
JUDY STONE**

● "He'll be gentle, natural, and honest. He'll protect me, know my moods and respect them, and he will be keen on the surf, the sun, and fun. Flirting is out. He'll hold my hand because I'm special, not because I'm the nearest girl. Even little things we do together will mean a lot to him, as they will to me."



**Squash player
HEATHER BLUNDELL**

● "He'll be rugged, masculine, and sporting, with a good sense of humor and nice wavy hair. He must be interested in squash, because it takes so much of my time, but he needn't be good at it—in fact, he need not be out of the ordinary in any way. He must be an individual and treat me as an equal. If he's contented with his job and life as it is, I won't want him to try to reach the stars."



**Model
JUSTINE MCCARTHY**

● "He'll be the tweedy type—soft English check sportscoat, softly spoken, witty, and mature. Masculine and protecting, he will want me to mix at parties. He'll be able to dance because he likes to. He must make decisions about where we go on dates. He'll be tall, like me. Ambition shows character, and he'll have both."

AS AN IDEAL DATE?



**Singer
COL JOYE**

● "Tall, short, fat, thin — I like them all, but my girl will be herself. She'll look everything that's feminine, because she will be. I'll like her hair up, because it can then come down. I admire blondes, but she'll have hair color that's natural and suits her. She'll laugh a lot, like the water, and like to sing and dance."



**Boxer
ROCKY GATTELLARI**

● "She'll be pretty, and her smile and voice will attract me. A girl who can do a little of everything and is able to mix with everyone. She'll be able to cook — because I'm a good eater—and be a little distant at first—it makes me more interested. She'll be a brunette with green eyes, little make-up, and clothes to suit her personality. I admire career girls, but when I marry HER career will be me!"



**Disc Jockey
KEN SPARKES**

● "She'll be natural and feminine — tomboys are great to have around, but not all the time. I like a girl to speak softly. She won't dress too differently and will never wear florals. She'll like talking about cars, have long hair, and eye make-up that flatters her. She'll like music and have a personality that swings."



**Surfboard rider
PEARL TURTON**

● "He'll be my best friend, and he'll like talking, dancing, people, and me. An outdoor, surf, and sun lover, too, he'll be just a little hard to keep. More mature, he'll treat me as his girl, not as a buddy who can carry her own surfboard to the beach. His hair will be longer than a crew-cut, but not like Tarzan's. He can flirt when he wants to, and so can I when I like—and that's all the time."



**Diver
SUE KNIGHT**

● "He'll be more mature than I — a boy-next-door type, with a reserved personality, but interested to discuss the world around. He'll be different, fun to talk with, and someone to rely upon. An individual in dressing, but not flash in any way. And he'll remember all the little things that make me feel feminine."

P. S.

● Believe it or not, our girl-watching columnist, Robin Adair, has an ideal date, too . . . "I like an old-fashioned girl — long shiny hair, cupid-bow lips, totally feminine. A good sense of humor—as long as her jokes aren't better than mine. She's able to swim, but won't want to race me. I like her to flirt — if it's only with me. Dresses flatter her lines, not waste the waist. A girl who lets me be the hunter, not the hunted!"



Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Great star here soon

● Next week one of America's greatest Country and Western stars arrives in Australia for a series of concerts.

HIS name is Marty Robbins, and his latest single, "A Girl in Spanish Town," has been rush-released to coincide with his visit.

Marty has a long list of chart-riders behind him, starting with "A White Sport Coat" up to his more recent "Devil Woman."

Many people are unaware that he writes most of his hits himself. Actually his songwriting started before his singing career.

When he was 14 he became smitten by a pretty girl who lived nearby in his hometown of Glendale, Arizona.

When the young lady failed to notice his atten-

tions, a heartbroken Marty sat down with his guitar and wrote a song to console himself.

The song has long been forgotten, but it aroused his interest in music and songwriting, and it led to a very successful career.

Marty's tour will open in Sydney on February 20, then take him to Newcastle on the 24th and Brisbane on the 25th. From there he flies to New Zealand for several concerts.

Crazy title

MURPHY THE SURFIE rides again! This time Johnny Bogie, drummer with the Joy Boys who starred as Mad Murphy on their last disc, is featured as a crazy surfer who rides his surfboard just as a cowboy rides a horse — it's the only way he can stay on. Hence the strange title of the Joy Boys' new single, "Boots, Saddle, and Surfboard."

The tune was written by lead guitarist Norm Day and follows the Joy Boys' trend for producing topical tunes, such as "Southern Rora," "The Bluebird," and "Xmas Guitar."

New musical star in U.S.

IN Hollywood mink is out and Barbra Streisand is in. Like the rest of America, the film capital has taken the talented Miss Streisand to its celluloid heart.



THE MURMAIDS, whose current hit "Popsicles and Icicles" is their first disc. From left they are the Fischer sisters, Terry, 17, and Carol, 15, and their friend Sally Gordon, 17, all of Los Angeles, U.S.

She is tall, fair, and not beautiful, but when she begins to sing everyone thinks she is. This new and shining star is being hailed as the greatest talent to hit the show business scene in many years.

Critics have been singing her praises since she burst on Broadway as Miss Marmelstein in the show "I Can Get It For You Wholesale."

Since then she has

wowed a succession of nightclub audiences around the U.S.A., and cut two albums for CBS which shot straight into the American best-selling lists.

At present only the second Barbra Streisand album is available in this country, but it is perhaps even better than the first. Barbra is often compared to Judy Garland and others, but she has a way with a song that is hers alone.

This week she opened on Broadway in a new musical called "Funny Girl," based on the life of the great comedienne Fanny Brice.

The critics' verdict after the three-week tryout in Boston is that Miss Streisand carries the entire show on her beautiful shoulders.

Her flute-like voice, at times with the shadings of a clarinet, at others sounding like mellow brass, makes songs like "I'm The Greatest Star" and "The



MARTY ROBBINS

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Music That Makes Me Dance" hits.
Of course, her natural talents as an actress enhance her singing. She can turn the old goodtime song "Happy Days Are Here Again" into a beautifully sad lament; yet her joyous "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" would make the charts, I am certain, if released as a single.

Contenders for song Oscar

OSCAR time is drawing near and once again the speculation starts as to which song will win the award for the best song from a motion picture.

For the last two years the prize has been carried off by the team of Henry Mancini and Johnny Mercer with two beautiful tunes, "Moon River" and "Days of Wine and Roses."

This year they have two entries in the preliminary nominations, "Charade," from the film starring Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant, and "Love With the Perfect Stranger," from the Natalie Wood film.

If they win the award for the third time in succession they will certainly make music history, but this seems unlikely.

The tune tipped to take the Oscar this time is the beautiful ballad "More," from "Mondo Cane." More than 20 versions of this number were released, and it made the charts all around the world.

Other songs in the ballot are "So Little Time," from "55 Days at Peking," "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World," and "How the



R.C.A. EXECUTIVE C. Pickford signs up (from left) John Rigby, Jeff Dart, and John Kaye for their debut disc, "That's What I Want." These three Sydney boys have a wild Liverpool sound The Beatles themselves might envy.

West Was Won," from the films of the same names, "Call Me Irresponsible," from "Papa's Delicate Condition," and "Love In the Country," from "McLintock."

Dave Clark's top six

DAVE CLARK, who is currently shaking the airwaves with his "Glad All Over," has sent me a list of his top-favorite discs. You may find some of your favorites among them. Here they are, with his comments:

"Do You Want To Dance" (Cliff Richard). This is my special favorite. The old rockin' type tune is treated with a solid beat, which all adds up to being first class to dance to. The flip, "I'm Looking Out The Window," I voted a really great ballad.

"Blueberry Hill" (Fats Domino). To my mind this is one of Fats' greatest numbers. I have it on an old 78, which must be well over five years old. But the audio sound is still good and well up to current recording standards.

"Twist and Shout" (The Beatles). One of the best numbers to come from the boys, in my opinion. Meaty-beaty, with a load of feeling. Personally I regret it wasn't issued here as a single — it would have sold a million.

"Be My Baby" (The

Ronettes). A fantastic sound with the girls building up to a tremendous climax. I would say this must be one of the finest examples of balance and full sound on a disc made in 1963.

"Someday" (Brook Benton). One of the great old standards which is the flip-side of "Fools Rush In." Brook is a man who sings with an immense amount of feeling. I feel he is sadly underrated in Britain.

"Maria Elena" (Los Indios Tabajaras). A really wonderful instrumental, well played. It makes a nice change to see numbers like this in the charts.

Sure shots

"Love Me Do," The Beatles (Parlophone), "I Love You More and More Every Day," Al Martino (Capitol), "Carmen," Rob E. G. (Festival).

WORTH HEARING

HANDEL: Royal Fireworks Music

ONE historic first performance that I would like to have attended took place in London on April 27, 1749, when King George II commanded a great outdoor celebration of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, with a 101-gun salute, fireworks, and a new composition by Mr. Handel.

There was a dreadful traffic jam and the fireworks set fire to the pavilion, but Handel's music, thereafter known as the Royal Fireworks Music, was a grand success.

Handel made certain that the music would be heard. He scored it for a vast band which included 24 oboes, 12 bassoons, and a large battery of brass instruments and drums. Bearing in mind that oboes at that time were louder than now, and brass instruments more brilliant in tone, the effect must have been stupendous.

These days the Fireworks Music is usually adapted to a more manageable band for performance indoors, and still sounds noble and exciting. But a French recording issued by the World Record Club makes a valiant attempt to reproduce the original sound by employing two-thirds of Handel's forces, in the same proportions. This fine performance is conducted by Jean-Francois Paillard.

With it on the disc are two other Handel works: the charming Oboe Concerto in G Minor and the double Concerto in B-flat.—MARTIN LONG.

Our pin-up

• Yvette Mimieux, whose pin-up is on page 16, began her career as a model, posing for magazine covers and hair advertisements. Since she signed a seven-year film contract she has been likened to Grace Kelly, Brigitte Bardot, and a young Mae West. At 21 she now has eight films behind her, and in her latest, "Toys in the Attic," she gets her first dramatic part.

for 31, 32, 34, and 36 in New Zealand. Various other dates.

TEENA

by Linda Terry

HE'S CUTE... IF ONLY HE WERE A LITTLE OLDER.

WELL, IF YOU LIKE THAT TYPE, HE DOES HAVE AN OLDER BROTHER.

HE HAS? HOW COME I NEVER MET HIM?

YOU MET HIM.

WHEN?

YOU REMEMBER ... THAT FELLOW AT JOE'S WHO PUTS FOUR SIXPENCES IN THE JUKE BOX AND PLAYS ONE RECORD OVER AND OVER -

YOU KNOW THE ONE I MEAN... THE ONE WITH THE CURLY HAIR..?

OOH...

OOH, YES ... THAT'S THE ONE WHO'S WAITING FOR ME TO GROW UP!

TOPS IN SPORT

He runs 17 miles a day

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● To most people, distance running seems like tough self-punishment, but to Ron Clarke it's a "hobby and relaxation rather like fishing."

BECAUSE of this attitude, Ron, a 26-year-old Victorian, finds his gruelling training programme, which includes running about 17 miles a day, a "real pleasure."

And it's a pleasure in which Australian sports fans can share, for Ron has recently proved himself to be the hardest man in the world to catch over the six miles and 10,000 metres distances.

This makes him an early favorite for gold medal honors at the Tokyo Games, but the modest, quietly spoken athlete isn't taking anything for granted.

"You must remember the Games are more than six months away, and anything can happen in that time," he says matter-of-factly.

"After all, it's not long since I broke a couple of world records — and someone else could easily return the compliment in the months ahead."

When Ron broke these two distance — running world records in Melbourne late last year, he dramatically rocketed into Olympic calculations.

It wasn't that he was a new name in the sporting world, but he had been in the athletics wilderness for most of the time since the 1956 Melbourne Games, when Ron had the honor of striding into the Melbourne Cricket Ground before the excited gaze of 103,000 people holding aloft the Olympic torch.

He had won this honor as the holder of the world record for a junior mile — a record he'd captured in a time of 4min. 6.8sec. Soon after this Ron — troubled by ill health, loss

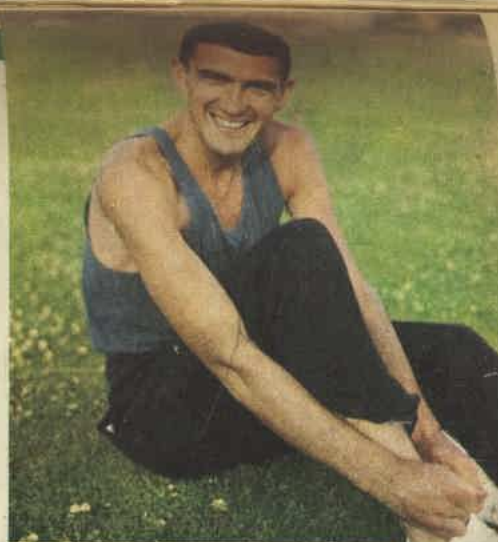
of form, and inadequate time for training — let his running career lapse while he concentrated on his future as an accountant and as a family man.

But two years ago the running bug bit again. He soon found he could beat the field on most occasions, and at the Perth Commonwealth Games he ran second to New Zealand's Murray Halberg in the three-mile event.

And he recently clipped several seconds off both the six miles and 10,000 metres world records in a thrill-packed 28 minutes at an Olympic Park meeting in Melbourne.

Earlier this month he left for America to appear in invitation indoor meetings against the world top distance runners.

Ron, a six-footer, who reads "a fair bit," plays squash and golf, and doesn't drink, smoke, or



RON CLARKE, Australia's top distance runner, who has a good chance for a gold medal at Tokyo.

diet, lives at Heathmont, an outer Melbourne suburb, and has two children (Monique, aged 4, and Marcus, 2).

He now runs in distance events with Melbourne High School Old Boys, but his first athletic honors came as a sprinter at Essendon High, where he regularly won the championships.

Soon, however, he switched from sprinting to distance running.

As a matriculation

student at Melbourne High, he won the combined high schools' long-distance event and went on to hold every Australian record over the 440yds. mark (records which were later broken and held by Herb Elliott).

His training programme today involves a four- or five-mile run, followed by a gym workout, each morning, and a ten- to 12-mile run each night.

Next week: Pat McClennaughan.

Beauty
in brief

GETTING-UP EXERCISES

WHILE dressing in the morning, do these simple exercises. They'll give you added pep and improve your figure.

WAKE-UP STRETCH. Stretch clear to your toes and fingertips when you awake—a long, slow movement. Then, after pulling down your window, do this exaggerated hip lift:

With both arms raised straight up in the air, heels on floor, stretch up and up, lifting one hip and heel. Lower. Repeat, raising other hip and other heel. Do this six times on each side.

GIRDLE TWIST. As you pull on your girdle, pull stomach and buttocks in to start the day's posture correction.

Now, with arms over head, knees slightly bent, circle your entire body as though you're doing a kind of Twist in slow motion. Do it four times in the right direction, four times in the left, holding your tummy in all the time.

SLIP SLIDE. Bent forward, pull tummy in while you slide slip over your head. When it's in place, stand erect, arms straight up.

Next bring arms down slowly against the sides till elbows are at about waist level and hands point straight upwards. Repeat this arm-stretching, lowering, and elbow-bending movement four times. Good for shoulders and arms.—CAROLYN EARLE.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Mum's favors

"I AM a girl of almost 14. My mother and my 15-year-old sister went to Sydney recently, and I stayed home and did the housework for my father and brother. Now Mum has come back, and all her love and attention are on my sister. Mum and I used to be such good pals, but now she does not even kiss me goodnight. Could you please tell me how to win back her affection?"

"Jen," N.S.W.

I'm sure your mother loves you as much as ever, even though she doesn't seem to be paying you the same attention right now. Maybe, as you're the "baby" girl, she feels she has favored you in the past and is trying to make up for it to your sister now.

Or perhaps your sister has the growing-up problems lots of girls have at 15, and your mother feels she needs special attention and understanding.

Try not to show that you feel a bit hurt and neglected. Your mother must have lots of confidence in you to leave you to look after your father and brother in her absence. Be cheerful and as nice as you possibly can to both your mother AND your sister.

And when your mother doesn't come to kiss you goodnight, go and kiss her instead.

Small problem

"MY problem is my height. I am 15 years old and only 5ft. tall. Please don't tell me that good things come in little parcels; I've heard that often enough. Whenever I'm asked out, it's by small boys, and some people judge my age incorrectly by my height. I also get a good deal of teasing. I only want to know how to get dates with taller boys occasionally."

"Tiny," S.A.

As you grow up (and I don't mean physically) you'll find out that there are advantages in being tiny. Small women always bring out the protective instinct in men. Meantime, be patient. Some of the lads you're dating now will probably be taller in a year or two.

Age difference

"I AM a girl of 17 who has been going out with boys for over a year. My mother has always been very reasonable so long as she knew them and I came home on time (which I always do). Now I want to go out with a boy of 24, and she suddenly says he's too old for me, that it is unwise, and he will be too serious. She even says it's not fair to him. Why should she suddenly become so suspicious and unreasonable? We are always cross with one another now, and it is most unpleasant for me. I told her I don't think the under 21s (whom she says I must go out with) mature enough any more, and she said if I stayed home for a while they'd catch me up. How can I make her change her mind? It's no good my trying not to see him, because I work with him."

"Miserable," W.A.

Hold your horses for a bit and take a look at the view from your mother's side. She hasn't "suddenly become suspicious and unreasonable" — she just doesn't want you to make a big leap into adulthood too soon.

While a seven years' age gap might not matter to you a few years

hence, she doubtless realises that at 17 it could affect you in one of two ways: (a) if the young man is ready to settle down and your romance quickly becomes serious, you're likely to miss lots of the fun of your teen years; (b) if he's an experienced philanderer, you're liable to be hurt.

I suggest you have a quiet talk to your mother, let her know that you understand her feelings, and ask if you may invite him home to dinner so that she can judge what type of person he is.

If she approves of him, she may agree to occasional dates—particularly if she feels she has your confidence again.

Kiss and tell?

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and, as far back as I can remember, I have led a very sheltered life. Recently my parents have been letting me go out with a boy of 17 who goes to the same school as I do. He is the first boy I have been allowed out with. When he brings me home he always asks if he can kiss me goodnight, but I've always said no as I don't think my parents would approve. On our seventh date, I let him kiss me for the first time and I feel very guilty about it. Do you think I should tell my parents?"

"Guilty," Tas.

You've no real need to feel guilty. Goodnight kisses are part of the excitement of growing up and discovering the magic world of romance.

But you'll feel happier if you tell your mother — not as a confession, but as a shared confidence. I don't think she'll be displeased or even surprised. I'm sure she remembers HER first kiss. Ask her to tell you about it.

A word from Debbie...

● Be a head-twister in one of the new madcap "kerchiefs."
Or as they are sometimes called, "bikini scarves."

A CHIC little head covering to wear day or night, and all you need to make one is a small triangle of material and two strings or ribbons.

Here are some newsy ideas to copy:

● A romantic organdie kerchief with white and yellow artificial daisies edging it. (She loves me . . . she loves me not . . .)

● A velvet babushka (another term for them) — tied under your chin and made in brown, navy, wine-red, or bottle-green. All framed in black or gold braid.

● A kerchief with a Spanish accent made in black lace.

● White voile, with lace beading threaded with baby-blue ribbon.

● A scarf with a riot of flowers to match your favorite dress.

● A Raggedy Anne scarf in red-and-white spotted poplin — but dots no bigger than pinpoints.

● A country cotton of blue-and-white gingham. Edge it with heavy ball fringe.

● Black-and-white mattress ticking, with bold red or orange bobble braid trim.

● For fun in the sun, terry-towelling, braid-bound.

Keep one tucked in your handbag for a windy day.

Air-hostess

"I AM in second year at high school and cannot make up my mind about a career. I have always wanted to be an air-hostess and would like to know what subjects I should take at school, or what are essential for this job. Do you have to have your Leaving Certificate? Do you have to be a certain height or build? What does the job actually involve? I would be very grateful if you could tell me some of these things."

"Hostess," N.S.W.

The minimum education standard required to become an air-hostess with an Australian airline is the Intermediate Certificate or its equivalent. You must also hold a St. John Ambulance first-aid certificate or its equivalent (six months' training as a nurse is regarded as equal to this).

You must be at least 19 years old (but not over 30), not less than 5ft. 2in. or more than 5ft. 7in. tall, and your weight must correspond with your height. (There is a fixed scale for this—for instance, if you're 5ft. 2in., your weight must be between 7st. 4lb. and 7st. 10lb.; 5ft. 4in., between 7st. 10lb. and 8st. 7lb.) And an air-hostess can't wear glasses.

An air-hostess' job is to look after the passengers, both on the plane and in the terminal. This entails preparing their food, answering their questions, and generally attending to their comfort. Obviously, a pleasant personality is a requirement.

To get back to your first question, although the Leaving Certificate isn't essential it would certainly be an asset. It would give you a wider general knowledge — and open other career fields for you, too.

Which way?

"I AM a Leaving Certificate student at a small country high school and my childhood sweetheart is in one class my junior, and, although he is quite a few months older than myself, my girl-friends are trying to put me off him, as they think he is younger. I have told them he is older, but it won't penetrate. I see my boy-friend quite often, as we live next door to each other, and I couldn't bear to part with him. What should I do?"

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

Stick to your boy-friend. I'm sure your girl-friends just like teasing you. And they're probably a little bit jealous of your friendship with him.

Return match?

"I HAVE recently broken with a boy after going steady for six months. I used to go with him to a tennis club every Monday night, but since our break-up I have not seen him at all. Another girl who attends

IS A WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE (WHITE) HOUSE?

● I see that a woman will seek nomination for the United States Presidency.

SENATOR Margaret Chase Smith, of the State of Maine, will try in July for Republican Party nomination.

The Senator, 66, is the first woman to represent a major political party in a Presidential campaign.

She hasn't much chance of being President, it seems — even though her first campaign slogan, "Margaret Chase Smith vows and woos with blueberry muffins, in second helpings," is appealing.

She'd certainly make a good Minister for the Interior! But if Senator Smith did win, and introduced an all-female regime, there'd be fun and games in Washington.

Imagine a secret servicewoman trying to find her gun in a junk-cluttered handbag in an emergency.

Khrushchev would never be able to get through on the "hot line."

Would female staffers wearing red lipstick and nail-polish be regarded as security risks?

It would be interesting if the trend for women to seek the highest political office spread to Australia.

Imagine a female Prime Minister.

Perhaps a good-looking one would receive the Order of the Whistle.

The Speaker would not get in a word edgewise.

And the House-proud P.M. would probably trade-in the Cabinet for a buffet!

A Liberal Party married woman Prime Minister would have a problem if she had a baby.

How could she possibly enter a Labor ward?

I, personally, wouldn't mind seeing two toothsome teenagers vying for the Premiership.

Imagine the battle — A Rocker versus a Surfie with the Squares' not-so-swinging votes carrying the day.

I don't know how I'd vote. I like most parties.

But maybe if a bikini-clad candidate made attractive promises I could be persuaded to support her cause. I don't mind voting that sort of informal!

— Robin Adair

the same club often asks me to come and have a game with them again, but I always avoid giving a direct answer. As my former boy-friend and I did not quarrel, do you think it would look as though I were chasing him if I went occasionally to the club? I would very much like to see them all again. I am still very fond of this boy and before we broke up he told me I could still come and see them at tennis. If you don't think it would be too forward to go, how should I act toward him? Should I accept a ride home if he offers?"

"Doubtful," Qld.

No real reason why you shouldn't visit the club again. Just be normally pleasant and friendly to your ex-boy-friend (but don't spend all your off-court time looking wistfully in his direction). Accept a ride home with him if he offers. After all, isn't that

the REAL reason you'd like to go there?

Romantic goal

"DURING the basketball season I fell in love with my basketball teacher. I think he likes me, too. I haven't seen him since the basketball finished and I don't know if I'll ever see him again. I've tried hard to forget him, but I can't. Could you please help me?"

"Desperate," S.A.

Aren't you playing basketball again next season?

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



YVETTE MIMIEUX

Page 16 — Teenagers Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 19, 1964

BETTINA by Bettina—"I learn to know the real Aly Khan"

from page 34

writing. For the past ten years this stranger had been sending regular assurances of undying love.

He opened the parcel rather gingerly, only to find an old satin shoe inside which he hurled as far away as it would go, angry with himself that his curiosity should have got the better of him. Some of the unfortunate letter-writers did not even ask anything of Aly, but were quite content merely to declare their passion.

Others would make some request in the hope that it might bring them face to face with their beloved.

Aly was so used to getting letters like these that he usually could tell what was inside without opening them. He never threw them away, either, but stuffed them into piles of those little bags the airline companies hand out to their passengers.

Whenever he went off on his travels he would take some of them with him.

But he never got around to reading them, and the bags would travel right round the world and come back again to form a great pile in one corner of his study.

Aly had an abhorrence of anything he considered morbid or unhealthy, and he had a horror of anonymous letters. Unfortunately, we both received a great number.

For many years we were pursued by a strange bird of ill omen, almost certainly a woman. She was undoubtedly in love with Aly and used to write either in English or in Italian, telling each of us ghastly things about the other.

Hated waste

She kept herself thoroughly informed about everything we did, and there were certain disturbing details in her frenzied meanderings, for she used to describe the clothes we had worn to the races, or would say that she had seen Aly on a certain day having tea with a woman in a certain place.

I thought I managed to identify her, for at the races I had the feeling I was being followed by a very dark-skinned woman of about sixty. Every time I turned round I saw her staring fixedly at me. It really was a horrible, foreboding sensation, and I had the feeling of living in a Hitchcock film.

A couple of months after Aly's death I received a note from her that read:

"You got what was coming to you. You deserve everything that's happened to you."

It was her last letter.

Aly loathed waste, and could not stand anyone leaving anything on his plate at a meal.

And if we were giving a dinner party at home, whether small or large, and Aly found himself sitting next to me, he would never use his own serviette, so as not to crease it, but would say what a pity it was to rumple such a beautifully folded napkin.

He would use mine instead.

He had a great weakness for sorbets, and every day we would have a different kind. I can still see myself in the car on the way to Orly airport, with a plate in one hand, feeding Aly as he drove. He was always in such a hurry that he had not had time to finish his sorbet at the meal.

Aly lived at a terrific pace, yet we sometimes went to the theatre—where he slept just as he did in the pictures.

But one ghastly thought haunted him: he used to say to me at the beginning of a play, "You must waken me if I snore." One place he never went to sleep was the circus, where he would laugh like a child.

Another thing Aly enjoyed was

dancing. People have always claimed he enjoyed nightclubs, but this was not true. He did not drink and hated the nightclub atmosphere. But you could dance there and that was why he went.

Whenever he had worked on late into the night or was just back from a journey, his greatest delight was to go to the "White Elephant." He would drink coffee while I sipped a creme-de-menthe, then we would dance without a

pause, and without ever going back to the table.

When we got home he loved to wander all over the house, going from room to room as if seeing it all for the first time.

"Look, Zine, look how lovely that piece of furniture is," he would say, pointing to his latest acquisition. "But those flowers are finished, we must do them again."

So together we would change

To page 36

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● After innumerable conferences—high level, low level, inside, outside, expert and amateur, kitchen-sink and midnight—Diana has finally decided what she's going to do with her future.

HER list of possible careers started with about a hundred and was gradually whittled down to four—library work, nursing, kindergarten teaching, and secretarial.

Of these library work was the first to go, on the grounds that librarians probably didn't get much time to read, anyway!

The next to bite the dust was nursing, but only after several weeks of serious thought.

The nursing profession will be upset to hear that it has two major things wrong with it—too many examinations and the fact that trainees live in nurses' homes.

Di's objection to the first didn't surprise me, knowing her; but I was a bit surprised by her second objection.

Most girls quite like the idea of getting away from home for a while (and at Di's age I think it is often quite good for them and for their families, too) and they find a communal life with lots of others of their own age is rather good fun.

But when I put this point of view to Di she said, "Well, thanks, but there's quite enough communal life in this house as it is. What I want is less of it, not more. Besides there'd be even more rules."

So that left kindergarten teaching and a secretarial course. Kindergarten teaching seemed the obvious choice, because of her very genuine liking for small children, plus the very attractive long holidays that go with the job.

The bitter blow of growing up

WHETHER a job gives you long or short holidays looms large in the eyes of most young things deciding on a career, which is natural enough. It's a bitter blow when you make the change from school to the grown-up world and find it involves a change from roughly three months' holiday a year to a mere three weeks.

All the same, I disagree with the statement made recently by a prominent psychologist that, in the last year of school, hours should be longer and holidays fewer, just to get the children used to a working day approximating that in industry.

"Schoolchildren work from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon," he said. "They have a long break in the morning, a long break in the afternoon, a long lunch break. They have one afternoon a week off for sports. And they have long holiday breaks throughout the year."

"They get to work and find they have to work from nine to five. They have perhaps three-quarters of an hour off for lunch—and three weeks' holiday a year."

All that is perfectly true, and the change is a tough one, when it hits. But I can't see any good purpose in making it hit earlier.

People need a bit of free time to think and grow and fool about and spend time pursuing hobbies and objects just for their interest instead of for what can be got out of them.

Childhood is about the only time the modern world will let people have this free

time, and there's not much point in taking it away a year before we have to.

If you follow this suggestion to its logical conclusion the only thing to do would be to increase the hours and decrease the holidays a little more each year, so that children would glide into the nine-to-five-three-weeks-holiday groove without noticing the change. All they would have lost would be a very large section of their precious childhood!

People are almost infinitely adaptable. They can get used to a change from short hours to long ones, and long holidays to short ones when the time comes, bringing with it some compensating benefits in the form of independence and a pay packet. I'm inclined to think they probably adapt to it more easily if their normal childhood freedom hasn't been curtailed too much.

Planning the future far, far ahead

ANYWAY, despite long holidays and her love for small children, Diana has finally decided against kindergarten teaching. "I'm not going to train as a kindergarten teacher because I'm going to get married," she announced at dinner. Mouths dropped open and ears pricked up all around the table.

"Not yet, you dopes," she said impatiently. "But sooner or later I am going to get married and have lots of children (several sets of twins with any luck), so it's more sensible to do something else for a while first, don't you think?"

"If you're going to have so many children, shouldn't you get a bit of training in how to handle them?" Hugh suggested. "Kindergarten teachers' own children are always monstrously mishandled," Di said. (I don't know what she bases her opinion on!) "Mine are going to get a break—they're going to be brought up without any theories."

So now library work, nursing, and teaching have been disposed of, as well as hair-dressing, modelling, designing, newspaper work, radio announcing, millinery, and a dozen other things which came up for her consideration; and she has taken the plunge and enrolled for a course at a business college.

School—and then more school

THE immediate prospects are gloomy beyond bearing," she says cheerfully. "School, school, and more school. But think of the future prospects!

"Can't you just see me, as confidential secretary to someone frightfully important, hopping off by plane to conferences in New York, Vienna, and Rome?"

"With a shorthand speed of 150 words a minute and typing at 100, of course," Hugh said.

"Well, of course," Di says. "And I suppose if I don't make it I can always get a job in your office."

"Never," Hugh said emphatically. "Never under any circumstances at all."

BETTINA by Bettina—"I learn to know the real Aly Khan"

from page 35

the flowers. Then after doing some work in his study he would go to bed.

During the course of his travels Aly would issue invitations to everyone.

"Come and stay whenever you like, and make yourselves at home."

So when he got back he would find his house full of people he scarcely knew or had utterly forgotten.

These house parties were sometimes made up of the strangest assortment of people. I remember one occasion at The Horizon where we had all these people staying at one time; the telephone operator from the Ritz in London, a charming woman who spent a month with us every summer, Alexander and Maria Pia of Yugoslavia, General Bonafe, the Count and Countess of Ganay, Alec Head (the horse trainer recently in Sydney), a few Egyptians, and some others besides. They all got on very well together, but it was no easy matter for me to know who would be in for lunch, and when.

An amusing thing happened to us in 1958 when Mizra, a great friend of Aly's, was President of the Republic of Pakistan. He was coming to France on an official visit and had asked us to put him up in Aly's house at Neuilly.

He was accompanied by his wife, two secretaries, an aide-de-camp, his entire household, his laundryman, his cook, and a fleet of others.

Roughing it

As usual, all Aly's other houses were full of people, so we had to take refuge in the flat of a friend.

It did seem strange to think that Aly, with all his ten houses, was having to rough it at night in a tiny flat, like a student.

From the time he worked for the United Nations, Aly entertained many Americans.

There was one lady, a socialite hostess, who had only met Aly in America, that is to say in his official capacity in a very formal environment, and she had imagined our life in Deauville would be very grand.

She must have thought Aly lived like a true Oriental Prince in a real palace, surrounded by courtiers, and she had come over with a vast wardrobe of clothes—and a husband who never had a word to say.

I found them sitting in the drawing-room, a room full of ill-matched furniture that could not on any account have been called sumptuous. They had been waiting for us for over half an hour.

She looked most distinguished, and was wearing jewels; while her husband sat stiffly on the edge of his chair, and they both looked ready to brave any social gathering, however elegant.

I talked to them for a while, until at last Aly arrived, wearing his old blue tennis trousers, drenched in perspiration, followed by all his other guests looking no better.

Some were in bathing costumes, others in riding dress.

Aly was in a hurry that day, and wanted us all to eat our lunch quickly so that he could dash off to the races.

So there was none of the brilliant conversation the American lady had been expecting at the meal, and Aly went off before we had finished—he did not want to miss the first race.

That evening Aly had decided we would eat in a little restaurant. He was wearing blue jeans, but the American lady turned up in a white tulle evening dress studded with turquoise, and her husband had put on his dinner-jacket.

Our American friend had brought so many smart clothes with her that we hardly knew what to do with her.

She would come to the races wearing broad-brimmed hats that were completely out of place on this very informal race-track.

And at a picnic at one of the stud farms she came in silk slacks and a lot of costume jewellery.

I don't think she enjoyed her stay very much.

But I was also to know yet another Aly—the man who was a great prince, son of the third Aga Khan, who was spiritual leader of the world's 12,000,000 Ismailis.

Few people in the gay set in which we moved even dreamed of the existence of this serious, deeply religious Aly, who each year

undertook long trips to the East, and even in Europe worked tirelessly in the interests of his father's people.

One day in the spring of 1957 Aly surprised me by asking whether I would like to go to Syria with him.

"You see, Syria is just like home to me," he said. "I spent almost all the war years with Syrian Ismailis, and they helped me a great deal in my work for the Allied Secret Service."

"I am always happy to visit Selemya."

"I would like to be buried there, by the way. You will see what a lovely village it is, standing there on the edge of the desert. I chose it a long time ago."

Aly often spoke thus, but he spoke with no trace of sadness for, like a good Muslim, he had been preparing himself for his end ever since reaching the age of reason.

With the trip to Syria, I was for the first time to see Aly performing his religious functions in an Oriental setting—to witness the mysterious side of his life.

Aly was someone who needed to do big things with his life; he needed to carry great responsibilities.

Vast numbers of Ismailis used to visit him at Neuilly or The Horizon, and since his father's illness he would often undertake journeys on his behalf, would take his father's place in the Ismaili community and help the Aga in his immense task of being their spiritual leader.

The world's Ismailis live principally in about 20 countries. In Africa you find them in Kenya, Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Mozambique, and Madagascar. In Asia they are in India, Pakistan, Iran, and Afghanistan. And in the Near East in Syria and Egypt.

They constitute one of the most attractive and dynamic of the Islamic communities.

They regard the Imamate as hereditary, and recognise the Aga Khan, their Imam, as the spiritual and temporal successor to Mahomet. The Khans are descendants of the Prophet.

The Aga Khan's fortune derives principally from tithes the Ismailis pay.

Another source of revenue, the most spectacular, is the famous weighing ceremony of the Imam at the time of his jubilee. The Imam does not, as is commonly supposed, receive his own weight in silver at the age of 40, in gold at 50, in diamonds at 60, and in platinum at 70.

He, in fact, is given the equivalent of his own weight of metal or precious stones in the form of ordinary currency or a cheque. The platinum bars in photos taken during the third Aga Khan's jubilee celebrations in Nairobi had been specially lent by the banks, and no sooner was the ceremony over than they were rushed back to the vaults.

Every member of the faithful regards the Aga Khan as his father. He is expected to resolve all problems brought to him, even intensely personal ones like questions of marriage, divorce, succession, every kind of quarrel, and to give medical advice to boot.

Aly took over all the responsibilities.

I was delighted to be setting off on this journey, and Aly and I, accompanied by one maid, left first for Rome, then Egypt.

It was in Egypt that I first discovered the new Aly. I found even his gestures and the intonation of his voice had changed.

As we flew from Cairo to Beirut, Aly said:

"You are going to see the faithful Ismailis of Syria, and you will realise something about me that many people in Europe fail to see: that my life is not spent entirely on the racecourse."

Our first stop was Beirut.

One of Aly's friends, Kahil el Koury, son of a former President of the Lebanon, was waiting to greet us.

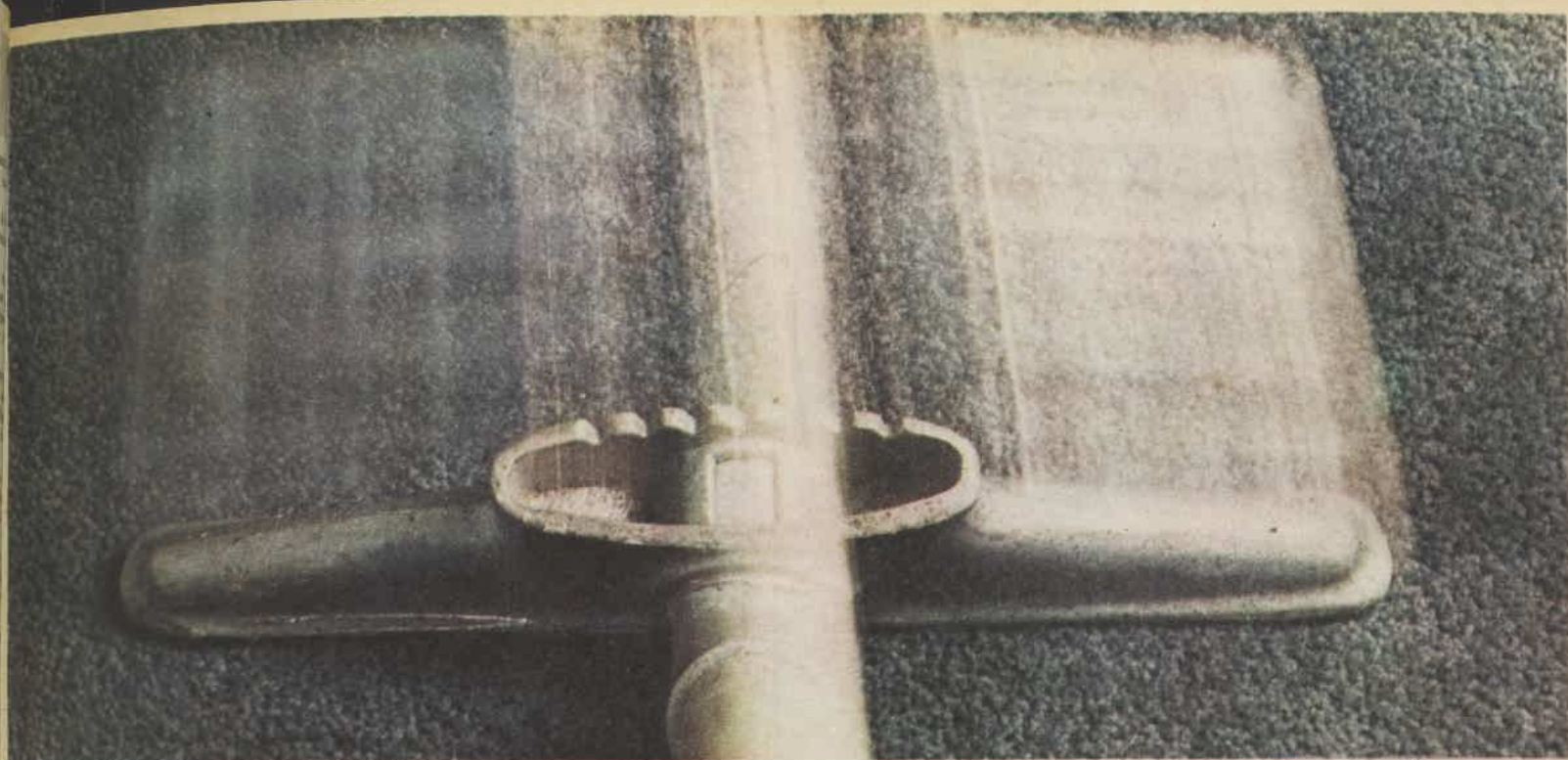
As we drew up at our hotel, about ten or so strapping men in Arab dress rushed toward the car, making it very hard for Aly to get out, and displaying their joy and respect for him with a noisy effusiveness that Aly tried hard to quieten.

They prostrated themselves at his feet, and kissed his hands in their attempt to express their delight.

Aly laid his hands on their shoulders and begged them to get up, for these demonstrations were contrary to the spirit of humility taught by their religion.

We had planned to set off for Selemya

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1. Brush or sponge new Plush on to your carpet. Let dry.
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BETTINA by Bettina—"I learn to know the real Aly Khan"

from page 36

at noon the following day, and when I went down into the hall, there was Aly standing in the midst of all these men, dressed like an Arab, too. They had slept the night here, lying on benches, in armchairs, or on the carpet.

Aly was absolutely one of them: he was speaking Hindustani and looked as much at home in his Arab costume as they did.

The European Aly was gone, and he seemed to me to be even more attractive, realising as I did that this vision of him tallied with all that lay deepest within him.

Several large American cars were standing at the door, one of them reserved for Aly Khan, and I got in with the village chieftain and my maid, a bit over-awed.

"Dangerous game"

The exuberant Syrians had stacked themselves as well as they could in the four other cars, and our cortege crossed Beirut with Aly's car in the lead, causing considerable astonishment as we went. The journey to Selemiya took four hours and my heart was in my mouth a great deal of the time. Aly, who was driving fast, kept up a running commentary on the countryside.

After driving for a long time through a stony, desert mountain landscape, I suddenly saw before me a huge, rich, gentle valley, all blue-green, overhung by distant mountain chains that stood imposingly about it like a line of sentinels.

"Now we are in Syria," said Aly.

The road climbed up and up, and meanwhile the cars behind us were playing a very dangerous game. Completely oblivious of how narrow the road was now, they all kept on trying to drive beside Aly, although no one wanted to overtake him out of respect.

But these men were in such a euphoric state that they had become totally unaware of danger.

"They're mad," said Aly angrily.

He kept on making signs to them to slow down, in an attempt to avoid the inevitable accident, until one of the cars struck the side of the road and hurtled to a standstill down a small ravine.

I feared the worst but suddenly six men sprang like jack-in-a-boxes from the overloaded car. Not a single one had been hurt. Nothing had could have befallen them, since they were with Aly.

So our Syrians left their car, now a complete write-off, and squeezed into the other cars that formed part of the cortege, or clung to their doors from outside.

I was terrified. Aly slowed down to enable these intrepid men to reach their destination without further mishap, and I must admit to hoping we would get there soon.

About six miles from Selemiya we began to see people crowding the roadside: inhabitants of Selemiya and neighboring villages come to welcome Aly.

The motley crowd gradually grew bigger and bigger until all these families who had come down from the mountains completely blocked the road. It was unforgettable.

They all rushed out in front of the cars, from old grandmothers to new-born babies borne in their mothers' arms, without the slightest fear of being knocked down.

They clung to Aly's car and tried to bring it to a halt, and their enthusiasm bordered on frenzy.

Everyone wanted to see Aly, to touch him, and to get him to bless their children.

I could see all these radiant faces close beside us, and these women with the lovely long green Oriental eyes had all put on their most splendid clothes.

They wore Turkish trousers and a small round hat to hold their veils in place.

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The men were tall, often fair-haired, with rough warriors' faces and blue eyes, and were by no means the calmest of people to deal with.

Night was beginning to fall as the car drove up at last before a small house that looked like a suburban villa. Here was another house of Aly's that I did not know. It looked like a cube with a balcony running round the first floor and an outside staircase. And all round the house was a huge encampment where the mountain people and their families had been living for the past two days awaiting Aly.

Then the crowd, grown still more dense, began to surge toward the car, and even climbed up on to the roof.

Aly got out quickly, was swallowed up into the crowd, and vanished from sight while I, in sheer terror of the milling horde, clung tightly to my maid. The car itself began to give.

At that moment Aly, who had managed to reach the house, sent some athletic-looking men to force a passageway for us.

Then something wonderful began: those thousands of men and women who had come down from the mountains began to chant, grouped round lighted fires, and they sang on far into the night.

When Aly came out on to the balcony to say a few words to them in Arabic, a great shout went up from all sides.

The following day Aly went into conference with the village notables and I was taken off into a neighboring room where about thirty women, sitting cross-legged on the ground, waited for me.

They fell silent as I entered the room.

NEXT WEEK: "A road smash ends it all."

They all wore expressions of benevolent curiosity, and I felt they were examining every detail of my dress. I was wearing a pink suit from Balenciaga and they whispered, their eyes full of gentle admiration.

They would have liked to have talked to me but were unable to do so, and I could say nothing to them either. So we exchanged broad smiles, an occupation that seemed to go on for a very long time.

Then a fat woman with lovely eyes stepped up to me, and made me a little speech which I understood to be one of welcome.

Next, with great difficulty, she removed a ring set with two small rubies, such as an old granny would wear, from her very fat fingers and slipped it over one of mine. It was far too big, and I felt both touched and embarrassed by the gift.

So I took off my ring, a platinum one set with pearls that Aly had given me when we were in Cairo, and handed it to her—somewhat regretfully, I must admit.

The fat woman seemed delighted, showed it off to all her companions, and went about the whole day long with my ring, which was much too small for her, stuck on the very tip of her little finger, which she held pointing upwards all the time.

When I got back to The Horizon, I placed the Syrian ring in a locked casket to keep it as a souvenir of that one brief journey, in which I became aware of the veneration the Ismailis felt toward Aly.

Aly was their prince, a spiritual leader. And this was the reason for the secretive, dark side of his character.

For the man I loved was at heart a true Oriental, with a faith he believed in deeply and clung to in spite of having adopted the appearance of a Westerner.

From "BETTINA BY BETTINA" © copyright, 1963, by Opera Mundi.



Test your flair for decorating with light Win the Kempthorne Look for your home

1st prize

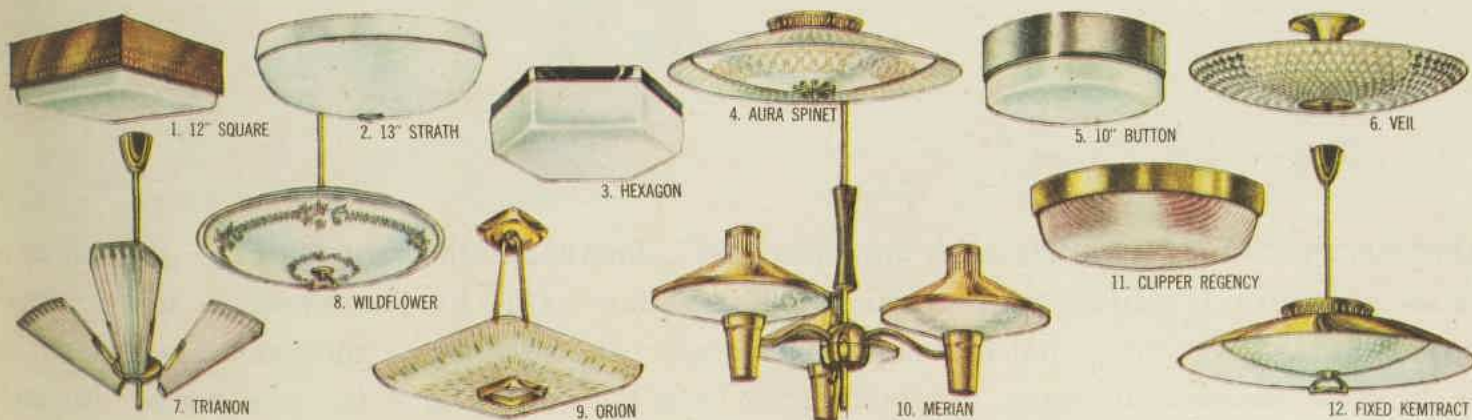
You choose up to 10 Kempthorne light fittings to light your home, inside and out.

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Elegant Kempthorne Venetia pendants in your choice of White, Champagne or Pink to be won by the 6 best entries from each State:



Just select the most suitable Kempthorne fittings for these 3 rooms - and one of your own rooms



Look up at your lighting. Now, imagine those old fittings taken down and elegant new Kempthorne lights enhancing your home. It's fascinating to choose lighting and now your decoration taste can win you wonderful prizes from Kempthorne. All you do is choose one Kempthorne fitting (from the 12 illustrated on this page) for each of the rooms above. Print the number and name of your 3 selections in the entry form.

Made up your mind? Here's the next step. Pick a Kempthorne light fitting for one of your own rooms. (Any room - it's up to you.) You may choose from the 12 fittings above or make your choice from the complete Kempthorne collection. Write to Kempthorne, Box 159, Clayton, Vic., and your free Book of Lighting showing 132 fittings in full colour will be mailed to you promptly.

Fill in the few brief details asked for on the entry form at right. Entries will be judged by Kempthorne designers and their decisions must, of course, be final.

Entries close 6th March, 1964. Winners will be notified by mail and their names announced in The Australian Women's Weekly. **Helpful Hint:** Visit your nearest Kempthorne retailer and see how Kempthorne's exclusive fade-proof glassware and tarnish-proof metal combine to give you today's most elegant look in light.

THE KEMPTHORNE LOOK

PLEASE FILL IN THIS ENTRY FORM

NAME (Block Letters) _____
 ADDRESS _____
 STATE _____
 Choice for Room A _____ Room B _____ Room C _____
 I have chosen a _____ (Kempthorne fitting)
 For my _____ (Name of room - bedroom, lounge, etc.)
 The room's ceiling height is _____
 The room's colour scheme is _____
 and the furnishing is _____ (describe style, antique, colonial, contemporary, etc.)
 Mail this page to "Kempthorne Contest", 121 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, Vic. c2



Just a few moments while Disprin 'dissolves' away headache... then back to the ward. Why Disprin? Because nurses know Disprin is soluble aspirin, and soluble aspirin is far less likely to upset the stomach than ordinary aspirin. It is simply that ordinary aspirin enters the stomach as undissolved acid particles which, in some people, can cause upsets ranging from mild indigestion to more serious stomach disorders. Disprin, however, dissolves completely, enters the bloodstream more quickly, to bring prompt relief from headaches and pain, and is far less likely to cause stomach upset. Take Disprin, the soluble aspirin, for relief of pain.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY



Ask for Disprin—the soluble aspirin

HOME and FAMILY

● If you want one of the happiest experiences of your life, says a reader, have your grandchildren on your own for four days. She tried it with her granddaughters during the holidays, and in this charming story tells of the wonderful time had by ALL.

GRANNY'S BLISSFUL WEEKEND

I'VE just had a memorable weekend, and one of my happiest. For the first time I've had my two granddaughters all to myself from Friday morning till Monday evening, and a good time was had by ALL.

The girls, Nina, aged eight, and Rosemary, ten months younger, are cousins who see all too little of each other, as they live some six miles apart and go to different schools.

Their parents, of course, thought I was mad, for quiet weekends in our home come all too seldom and they felt I should take this opportunity to relax. But this was one weekend I'd planned for months, and I knew I could make it a success.

So I say now to all Gran-nies, if you want one of the happiest experiences in your life, have your grandchildren ON YOUR OWN for four days. When you sink into bed on the evening of the fourth day you'll chuckle yourself to sleep.

It took a minimum of organising. Catering was no problem, for I knew from experience what they liked and disliked.

Roast lamb is favorite No. 1, with salmon pie, welsh rabbit, grills, and cottage pie all close runners-up.

I laid down few rules, and all of them were kept.

Being school-holiday time I made lights-out time 8.30 p.m. instead of the usual 7.45 p.m., and that news was greeted with delight.

Sleeping accommodation was no problem either, for once our children married our old rambling house has more than one spare bed.

The big double bed in the front room was a bonus, of course, for that had to be shared. Nina and Rosemary

tossed a penny to see who'd have it first, then they willingly had it turn about.

Friday

Friday morning was spent settling in and "tidying up Papa's garden."

My husband, "Papa," was under the impression he'd tidied it up before going off for his annual trek into N.S.W., but Nina and Rosemary thought differently.

I'd invited the three next-door children in to dinner that evening, so in the afternoon the girls decided I needed a hand with the preparations.

And they DID help. With suggestions from me, Rosemary cut up the mint for the mint sauce, while Nina cut up every bit of the fruit for the fruit salad.

If, at the end of the session, the kitchen floor looked slightly the worse for wear, a few minutes' sweeping and wiping soon fixed it.

Then there was the excitement of setting the big dining-room table.

Paper serviettes were folded into some very weird shapes, but soon all was ready for the "Dinner Party."

It was a huge success.

We even had time afterwards for two balloon games before 8 p.m. (closing time).

Then came the RITUAL OF THE BATH. This was laughter time every night, for the girls enjoyed the experience of bathing together and scrubbing each other's backs HARD, to try to take off some of the sunburn.

Saturday

Rising time for all of us was 8 a.m. They were usually awake before then, but they mostly read their books,

talked, or played quietly together until I came on deck.

Having a big garden—and fine weather, fortunately—I hardly saw Nina and Rosemary all Saturday morning, but in the afternoon they knew we were booked for the pantomime.

Having taken them last year to see "Noddy," I knew a pantomime was expected, and as both "The Wizard Of Oz" and "Snow White" were running in Melbourne over the January holidays I was in a quandary as to which one they'd prefer.

I solved the problem by taking them to "Wizard" on Saturday and — as a big surprise for being so good — I took them to "Snow White" on Monday.

DRESSING FOR THE PANTOMIME demanded much discussion and the utmost care, but by 1 p.m. we were all ready, complete with my pearls, worn by Nina, my white evening bag, carried by Rosemary; and all of us had my best perfume dabbed behind our ears.

"We'll go by train, won't we, PLEASE, Yanny?" (Another treat.)

The "Wizard" was sheer joy for them from beginning to end, and the final bonus of travelling home on a new BLUE train — all too few in Victoria — was followed by tea, then lights out.

Sunday

Sunday morning there was much to do, for our Nina is by way of being an artist, and presents me, throughout the year, with sundry drawings and paintings.

I keep them all and have an annual "judging," with a prize for the judges' decision.

So the art work had to be "hung" on the front verandah, stuck up with sticky tape, and when I went out at midday to call them in to dinner the display could only be described as colorful.

An adopted aunt and another "Nice Lady" came in the afternoon to help Rosemary with the judging, and we had afternoon tea in the garden.

The judging was a serious procedure and took much time and thought. But I now have, to add to my collection, a beautiful red, white, and blue windmill, and (the runner-up) a naked baby with a glorious grin.

Nina's prize as the artist was a string of beads of mine I knew she'd always admired.

Rosemary's prize as the best and fairest judge was

A reader's story

£1000 DIET CONTEST

● We've received some lighthearted letters, as well as serious detailed diets, among the hundreds of early entries in our £1000 Diet Contest.

MANY women readers have sent in photographs of themselves before and after they lost weight. Most of the lighthearted letters are from men.

One man recalled the time, years ago, he played a cat in a pantomime.

"I had this great fur suit on," he explained, "and because I was on stage nearly all the time I couldn't get out of it for the entire three hours every day."

"It was a boiling hot December, too."

"After two weeks, I had lost exactly 7½lb."

"Now, I'm not suggesting that some of you ladies get jobs in pantomimes or do the housework in cat suits. Even though it would be a cheerful sight, husbands mightn't appreciate it."

"But I thought I would send this along and wish you well with the contest."

To enter the contest, all you need do is tell us how you lost weight.

We will pay £1000 for the best diet success story sent in by a reader.

The diet need not be new or original, BUT IT MUST NOT HAVE BEEN SUBMITTED TO ANY OTHER PUBLICATION.

Send in photographs of yourself, before and after you lost weight, if you have them, but photographs are not essential.

In addition to the prize of £1000 for the best diet we receive, we will pay £20 or more for any other diets we publish.

Send entries to Diet Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. They must reach us by March 1, 1964.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

easily found — a bottle of salted peanuts.

Tea that night was, by special request, welsh rabbit with bacon on top, followed by scones, cake, and fruit. And so to bed.

Monday

Monday dawned unpleasantly hot, so I kept the girls indoors all morning, and it's amazing how much they found to do.

The balloon game was a great success, when they tried to score goals playing across the dining-room table.

Then there was the excitement of "packing up to go home," and they packed their own little cases very neatly.

A quick check-up for left-behinds, then it was time to think of the second pantomime, "Snow White."

Out came VERY BEST dresses, followed by the pearls, perfume, and hand-bag, and we were on our way.

"Snow White" is the answer to every little girl's prayer, and Rosemary confided to me when it was over that she MUST be a dwarf when she grew up.

By 5 p.m. I had handed two tired but happy little

girls over to their respective daddies, who, unfortunately, have to work during school holidays.

Aftermath

Now, 6.30 p.m., I am writing this article and the house is strangely quiet.

Two forlorn balloons lie on the dining-room floor, and a little white cardigan on a coathanger has been forgotten, too.

I know the pleasure and happiness I've given to Nina and Rosemary. Their hugs and kisses when we parted were indeed genuine, and I know they'll remember "Yanny's Weekend" for a long, long time.

But I also know what it has meant to me to have children in my home again, and these four days will, for me, be unforgettable.

Am I tired? Yes — but only a little. I've been a lot more tired, more often, and less worthily.

So, in all sincerity, I say again to all grannies: Have a "Granny's Weekend" ON YOUR OWN and FOR YOUR OWN SAKE!

It's so worth it! And it's such fun!

— "Granny,"
Camberwell, Vic.

OUT-OF-FORM YESTERDAY



Wins sports today.

Based on a real-life story Barbara has first past the post in the under nine 60-yard sprint.

"I'm really proud of Barbara today," said Barb's mother. "But yesterday she had me worried. She wouldn't eat any dinner and was so crabby. Good thing I remembered Laxettes. This morning she was bright as a button."

When children are irritable, off their food or headachy — childhood constipation is often the problem. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight, because each milk chocolate square contains an exact measured dose of safe, gentle laxative.

No nasty medicine; no tearful scenes. Laxettes are easy to take and easy to give. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes — the chocolate laxative, made specially for children. Only 3/3.

LA 49

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THE NEAREST THING TO NATURAL FEEDING



AVAILABLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

FRS/38

terrified by RHEUMATISM

"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were a recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope."

Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

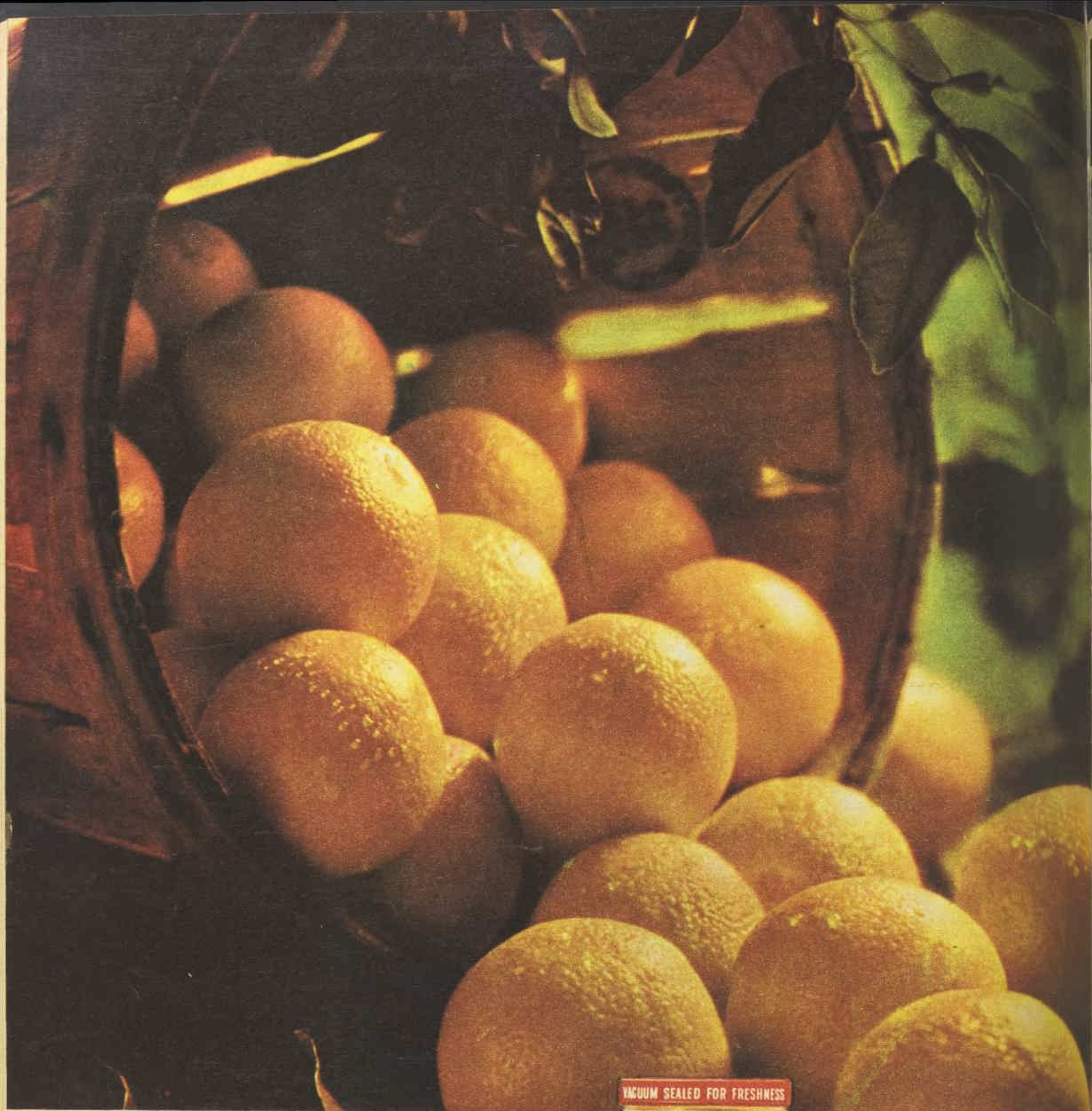


MESA

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964



NOW 2 ORANGE MARMALADES FROM KRAFT*.

New! Seville Orange Marmalade, 'quick cooked' by KRAFT to put an English tang on your toast. And that old favourite, KRAFT Sweet Orange Marmalade, so you can take your choice, sweet or bitter-sweet, with breakfast tomorrow.

They're fresh-fruit good!

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas



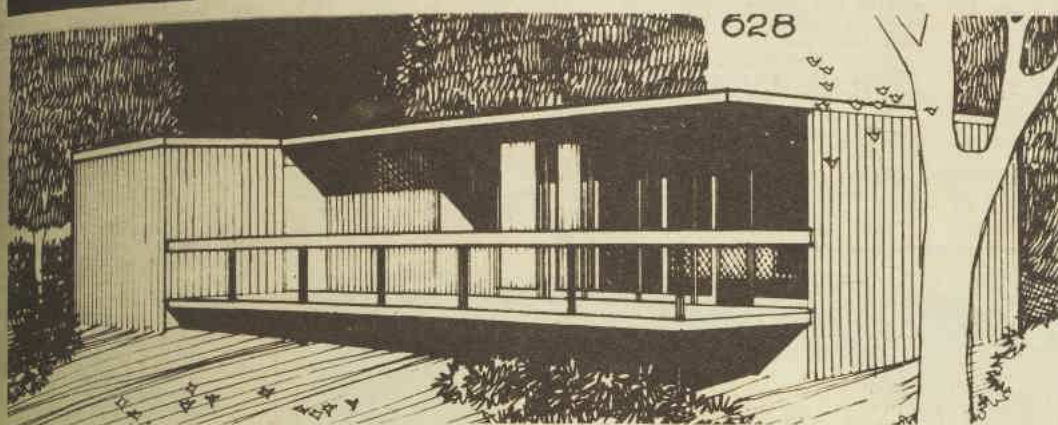
Other varieties —

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Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs. Our Centres in Victoria, Tasmania, South Australia, and Queensland are recognised by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

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 - All normal architect's services available.
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- Phone or call at your local Centre at—
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Melbourne: R.V.I.A. Small Homes Service, Age Building, 233 Collins St. (63-0341, ext. 322). Mailing address, P.O. Box No. 185C.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service." Cut this out, fill in details, and mail in envelope addressed to our Centre in your State.

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☐ Please send complete details of the services you offer. (I enclose 2/- to cover cost of handling and postage.)
☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

LIVING AREA opens on to large terrace which also makes the house appear bigger.

• If you like relaxed living, this is the house to build. It's small yet compact, with modern, informal simplicity.

REMODELLING IDEA FOR OLD HOUSE



- Are you planning to do up (or already working on) an old house? Above is a decorative treatment worth remembering if there are archways or windows to be filled in.
- Fill in the opening with bricks or wallboard, then cover with gold wallpaper or aluminium foil-backed building paper. Add the lattice effect by nailing thin slats of wood over paper and round edges.
- The result? A dramatic feature wall, especially if the wall is painted a strong color as shown above.

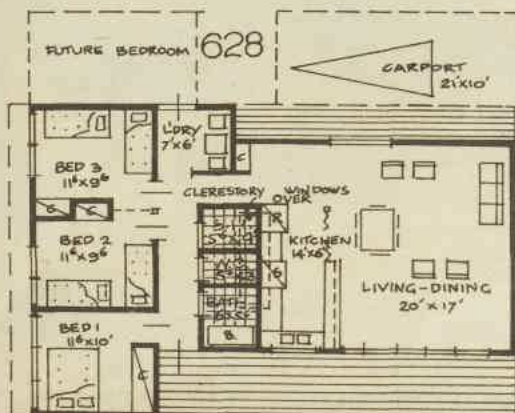
PLAN 628 is compact and modern with a combined living-dining area opening on to terraces on two sides.

The kitchen could be divided from the living area by a snack-bar or by a wall of cupboards and a folding door as shown on the plan.

The living area opening on to the luxuriously wide terrace would be wonderful for outdoor living if the house overlooked a view or was surrounded by trees.

The terrace, partially covered by the roof overhang, also makes the small house appear larger.

PLAN shows the large living area and position of future bedroom.



There are three bedrooms, each with built-in cupboards. A future bedroom has been allowed for (see plan) and the living-room can be extended, too.

There is a central bathroom, efficiently divided into three separate rooms, with clerestory windows above.

The main entrance to the house is from the carport into the living-room.

This flat-roofed house is 11.3 squares if built in timber; 12 squares in brick (excluding carport and terraces).

It is suitable to build on level land with a gradual slope.

*live
lively...*

*start
the day
with...*

SAL VITAL

*freshens the palate
invigorates and
tones up the system*

Makes the whole family feel on top of the world. Tangy, refreshing, thirst-quenching. That's lemon-flavoured Sal Vital. Take a glass of Sal Vital the bubbling drink for bubbling health.



4/6 12 OZ. TIN

Always fresh, you buy Sal Vital in specially packed airtight tins from your Chemist or Store.

PRODUCT OF DRUG HOUSES OF AUSTRALIA

spare it. I'll repay it as soon as I can get out to shop. At present it's urgent."

"Okay." The young man disappeared, returned in a moment with a cracked cup meagrely filled. "It's all I can spare. Perry likes chicken noodle soup made with milk."

Maggy's eyebrows lifted slightly, but she wasn't a girl to ask questions. After all, Smith's name had been misleading, too. Perry must be a female. This bony young man who looked as if he would be more at home with a truncheon in his hand than a soup spoon surely couldn't be cooking for another man.

"I'll return this before zero hour," she promised. "So if Perry likes white coffee it'll be all right."

"Thanks."

Maggy turned to go.

Continued from page 19

"I say, I thought a blond girl lived downstairs."

"She doesn't any more. She's gone off to be married and left my flat in a mess. It'll take me a week to clean it up."

"You're alone?" His purely perfunctory interest irritated her. He wasn't interested in her as a woman but merely as to how she, another human being, managed her life.

"If you mean, am I married, I'm not, but I've got six children, one a teenager, the impulsive, uncontrollable kind who stays out all night. The others are, strictly speaking, infants, and no trouble as yet. Excuse me. I've got to go."

Smith appreciated the milk.

Seeing the little cocoon of kittens brought home to Maggy the magnitude of her problem. It was all very well to say facetiously that she had a family of six, but how could they all be kept in one small flat. Besides, there might be three or even four Smiths among them, ready to reproduce in an alarmingly short time.

"So that's what they are," said the young man giggling as he entered her flat.

"What do you mean, coming in without knocking?" Maggy demanded.

"I had a sort of double take. I realised you couldn't be old enough to have six children."

"How complimentary of you!"

TWO OF A KIND

The young man's face wore a small foolish grin, the kind he probably wore when admiring friends' babies.

"Cute, aren't they? What are you going to do with them?"

"You tell me," said Maggy crossly. Then her mind began to work. "I say, how good a cook are you?"

"Terrible. I've just let the spaghetti boil dry. Ruined a whole pot of it."

"Spaghetti and chicken noodle soup! You want to watch your calories, young man. Look, I'll make you an offer. I'll cook dinner for your girl-friend, strictly out of sight, of course, if you'll make

plans to get rid of Smith's family for me."

All the young man said, with some indignation, was, "Perry isn't my girl-friend. He happens to be the man I share the flat with. Since I can only afford half as much rent as he can, he's got a private income, I volunteered to do the cooking and housework." He sighed. "It was a bad bargain, but I'm studying medicine and I've got to live somewhere. Perry eats out a lot, thank goodness."

"Then let's give him a surprise tonight," said Maggy. "I promise you I can cook. Honestly, what's your name, is it a bargain?"

"Angus," said the young man. "I'm Maggy. Well?"

"You'd have to keep them until they're weaned."

"Well, of course."

"I suppose I could auction them in Charing Cross Road, or something."

Maggy whirled round on him, her eyes shining.

"Angus, what a brilliant idea. Well, then, I'd better rush out and shop. Do you have a budget?"

"My goodness, yes."

"That's okay. So long as you tell me how much I can spend..."

Curiously enough, she was so busy she hadn't had time to give a thought to Perry, the man all the fuss was about. She had made onion soup with grated Parmesan, and had a fish soufflé ready to pop in the oven the moment she heard Perry's footstep. After that there was apple pie with her best flaky pastry.

AS she worked she had kept wondering what old Mrs. Farthing would have thought of the state of her neat kitchen, but one could hardly blame Angus, the poor wretch who had to take on cooking and washing-up as a means to an end. In a way just as she had to take on Smith and her kittens, and Bonnie's debris.

This, although it aroused Maggy's sympathy, didn't make her interested in Angus with his bony face and anxious eyes. He wasn't the kind of man she admired at all.

But Perry—that was another thing.

As soon as she saw him, Maggy's legs went flabby. She almost forgot to put the soufflé in the oven. When she carried in the big bowl of soup she stopped a little on the table, and went pink with annoyance at herself.

"Hullo," said Perry. "Can we afford a char, Angus?"

Maggy's chin went up sharply.

"Oh!" said Perry. "Sorry. I see you aren't."

But he didn't say it as if he were particularly convinced, and his greeting when Angus introduced them, "Maggy's the girl from downstairs," was expectedly disappointing.

"I thought she was a blonde."

"She was," said Maggy sharply. "And if you were interested, you're too late. She's married."

"I wasn't interested," Perry drawled. He had dark amaranth eyes and slightly hollowed cheeks, followed in a way that was distinguished, where Angus' scooped depressions merely made him look starved. He was exactly the kind of man, cool, languid, self-contained, a little cruel, infinitely interesting, whom Maggy adored. She knew with certainty that she would fall in love.

Perry sniffed appreciatively at the soup.

"I say, this is a bit different from the old spaghetti, Angus. To what do we owe Maggy's services?"

"It's a private arrangement," said Angus shortly.

"Angus is doing something much more important for me," said Maggy.

"Well, good old Angus. I hope this thing he's doing warrants several meals like this. By the way, where's your place, Maggy?"

"I wasn't going to eat with you."

"Why ever not? Is your cooking poisonous?" Perry took her by the shoulders and sat her in the chair. "There! And I'll do the serving. What about some wine? This food deserves it, Maggy, you're a genius."

To page 45

Get more when you pour...

No other tea regardless of price can match **Bushells** for consistent flavor, freshness and all-round quality.



Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:

"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good teal"



Maggy's eyes sparkled. Suddenly she felt attractive and cherished. Perry must have mesmeric powers. That was certain, to turn her from a gauche person, always putting her foot in the wrong place, to this cherished sparkling creature negligently waiting for food to be put in front of her, to sip the wine Perry was pouring into tumblers.

"We don't keep wine glasses," he said lightly. "Angus might break them. He's a clumsy washer-up."

"Like me," Maggy said. "Anyway, do they make the wine taste different?"

Perry sipped his wine and winced. "Nothing could make this taste different. If we'd known we were having guests, we'd have done better."

"I think it's fine," said Maggy. It went to her head rather quickly, and Perry's conversation seemed the height of wit and brilliance. Even Angus' few remarks were quite intelligent. Life grew full of remarkable promise . . . until the telephone rang.

Halfway through a sentence Perry stretched out a languid hand. "Hullo! Who? Oh, Faith, darling! When did you come up? . . . And you've only just rung me! . . . That isn't forgivable . . . I don't care about the dentist. All right, pet, I know you couldn't sneak with your mouth full of wadding. Can I see you this evening? . . . Now? We might go to the Blue Lantern."

He turned back to the table. "Sorry. Old friend in town. I've got to rush. You two can amuse each other, can't you? Maggy, thank you for the fabulous food."

He had left them in spirit already. His eyes were bright with anticipation of a more exciting meal and much more glamorous company.

Maggy stood up and began to gather the dishes together.

"Oh, well!" she said. After all, she couldn't expect to compete with the Blue Lantern. "I expect he has lots of girl-friends."

FROM THE BIBLE

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble."

—James 4:6.

"New ones all the time," said Angus cheerfully.

"Then what about this—Faith?"

"Oh, she's a comparatively old one. She doesn't come up to town much, that's all."

"Is Faith a blonde?"

"No, she's a brunette. Rather a smatter."

"I'm neither blond nor brunette. It isn't really fair; there's no name for us in-between. Now, if someone would think up some glamorous name for plain brown—"

"Oh!"

Her words ended in a wail.

"What's up? Cut yourself?"

Maggy hung round on Angus.

"You moron, why didn't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"That I've got a patch of flour on my cheek."

"Where?" said Angus. "Oh, there. Yes, I liked that. Looked like your badge of trade."

"But sitting there, drinking wine, looking like a cook?"

Angus' hollowed, hungry eyes widened.

"You don't think old Perry noticed, do you. He never sees anyone but himself."

"And Faith," said Maggy bitterly.

"Oh, yes, a girl like her, maybe. Anyway, what's wrong with looking like a cook? If you want to know, that was the best meal I've had since I was last home. You're a better cook than my mother, and that's saying something."

"Thank you," said Maggy formally. "Well, I guess I'd better get home. I've more to do than sit about in smart restaurants."

The next day, having to earn her living, Maggy found herself a job as a filing clerk. It would tide her over until something better turned up, or until one of her many relations sent for her in a crisis. She had a reputation in the family for being reliable and dependable, and not minding what she did. A loyal little

soul, they called her, and they hoped one day she would get the husband she deserved.

They really didn't hope that at all, for then she would no longer be at their beck and call. She knew she was too good-natured and too easily put upon.

That evening there was a knock at the door. It was Angus. He had come to see how the family was, he said.

"How would they be?" Maggy said irritably. "Kittens always thrive."

"Yeah," said Angus thoughtfully, kneeling beside the box lined with an old sweater which Maggy had arranged in the kitchen. He picked up one of the tiny creatures.

His hands, Maggy noticed, were as bony as his face, but gentle. She didn't mind him touching Smith's family. Anyway, strictly speaking, they were his property.

"How's Perry?" Maggy asked negligently.

"He's fine. His girl-friend's still in town, so I've a night off."

"Did you ever see her?"

"Yes, once."

"Is she pretty?"

Angus looked up. "You don't think Perry would go out with a plain girl, do you?"

"Then if you've got the night off," she said testily, "you should be making the most of it to get some studying done."

"Yeah," said Angus. "What are you planning to do?"

"Finish cleaning up the flat. I start a job tomorrow."

"We both have to eat," said Angus. "Couldn't we go somewhere and eat and work afterwards?"

"Well . . . I guess I could spare an hour."

Angus didn't seem to notice her ungraciousness. He sprang up purposefully.

"There's quite a good place not far from here. We could walk there in ten minutes."

Actually the little place down the road was rather fun. It had candles stuck in chianti bottles and even a minute dance floor. But it

hadn't taken Maggy long to discover that what she had expected about Angus was true. He was the same kind of person as she was. Ridiculous things happened to him.

He caught his umbrella in the cuff of an elderly man's trousers as they waited for the lights to change to cross the street, and almost threw the poor old gentleman when he stepped off the pavement. Then he tripped over the doormat as they went into the restaurant, and for a moment looked as if he would fall flat on his face, dragging Maggy with him.

Scarlet with embarrassment, he found a table, only to collide with a hurrying waiter as he stepped back to pull out the chair for Maggy.

He sat down, mopping his forehead.

To page 56

Kellogg's Corn Flakes AND Canned Peaches

Corn Flakes and canned fruits are made for each other! Try Kellogg's Corn Flakes with canned peaches (or pears or apricots)—for sunny springtime breakfasts.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 18, 1961

CHINESE PARTY FOOD



Recipes in this seven-page feature specially prepared by MRS. ELLA-MEI WONG, expert and lecturer in Chinese cookery.

Color pictures by Don Cameron and Barry Cullen.

● Make your next party an outstanding success by serving some of the world-famous Chinese dishes given in this cookery feature. There are also hints on buying and cooking Chinese foods, and a lesson in the use of chopsticks—it's not really difficult!



WOOLLY LAMB is the amusing title given to the dish in the foreground because of its garnish of fluffy noodles. In the background is a dish of Lychee Oranges. See recipes in this feature.

CHINESE dishes are specially suitable to serve at parties, because, in addition to their glamorous appearance and good taste, much of the preparation (such as the chopping and slicing) can be done well beforehand.

Although planned for parties, all the recipes in this feature can be used to add interest to your family meals.

When the Chinese plan a party they sometimes prepare as many dishes as there are guests; this means there is a wide variety of foods from which to choose, and guests sample a little of each different and delicious dish.

When the guest list is increased the Chinese add new dishes rather than cook more of those already on the menu.

The recipes in this feature, therefore, are planned to serve four to six; quantities can be increased, of course, but you may like to prepare

for your party four or more different dishes.

In this way you will have a typical Chinese menu — full of variety and delicious surprise.

The special Chinese foods given in some of the recipes can be bought in food stores in the Chinese sections in Australian cities.

And, if shopping in a Chinese store is new to you, there's an adventure ahead. Most of these stores stock cooking utensils and china as well as food, and it is possible sometimes to pick up fascinating and unusual items of china for the table.

Many of the better-known food items, such as noodles, abalone, water chestnuts, monosodium glutamate, bamboo shoots, and lychee nuts, are on sale in packets or cans in food departments of larger shops.

The wok, a standard piece of oriental cooking equipment, makes it possible to cook food with very little water over intense heat. A Chinese cook will tell you a wok is essential for the special technique used to get vegetables to the perfect tender-crisp stage. It is also useful for steaming,

deep-frying, and simmering soups for Western-style cooking.

The wok is a deep round vessel, generally of iron. Some big departmental stores stock them, and they can be bought in Chinese shops. They vary in size and price, ranging from about 15/- to 30/-.

A useful supplement to wok cookery is a specially designed wok "turner." Flat, round at the end, it looks rather like a long spatula.

To prepare a new wok for first use, scrub thoroughly with soap or detergent and water to remove the coating put on by the manufacturer to protect the iron from rust. Wipe dry, rub the interior with cooking oil. Some cooks season a wok as they do an omelet pan—by slowly heating cooking oil in it before first use.

They rinse it thoroughly in clear water after use, scraping if necessary, then wipe dry and rub with oil. Others treat it as any other pan.

Apart from its usefulness, you'll find the wok, hanging in your kitchen, a wonderful conversation-piece.


Continued on page 49

CHICKEN AND ALMONDS, one of the classic dishes of Chinese cookery, has an interesting combination of tastes and textures. Dragon Seed Appetiser is shown in the background.





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Because now Keen's Mustard is ready-mixed. As "English" as the Keen's you mix yourself — full bodied, with a bite to it, and a flavour that lasts and lasts. In a jar you can put straight on the table, or pack for a picnic. Like to live it up, up, up? You can get two milder ready-mixed Keen's mustards as well! *Green label French* is quite suave and continental — makes a tasty, tasty difference to your grills. *Yellow label American* has a spicy, star-spangled tang that makes the dulllest hot dog bark . . . mildly of course. All three can turn you into an honest-to-goodness gourmet. Instantly. Often. And they stay fresh to the last dip. Keen's new ready mixed mustards are waiting for you at your food store right now. Live it up with mustard!  Soon?

KEEN'S ready mixed mustards

CHINESE PARTY FOOD

.... Continued



CHINESE CURRIED PRAWNS are served in a border of rice. The Fried Dim-Sims in background are crisp, savory appetisers.

TENDER YET CRISP

ONE of the distinctions of good Chinese cookery is the way vegetables turn out tender yet crisp. The secret of preserving this crispness, flavor, and color is the steam-fry method.

Vegetables are cut into pieces small enough to cook quickly but large enough to keep their identity. Those that require longer cooking, such as green beans, are blanched first in boiling water.

This is the Chinese basic technique for vegetables:

Cut vegetables into even pieces (they can be in thin slices, cubes, sticks, triangles, crescents, or rectangles). Then brown a little meat, poultry, or fish in a little oil. Push to one side, add vegetables, stir and toss. Add salt, a little water or stock, stir and toss; cover and steam 3 to 5 minutes.

Mix a little soy sauce with some chicken stock, then thicken slightly with corn-flour. Toss meat back into vegetables, add enough of the soy sauce mixture to coat vegetables. Stir quickly and lightly. Serve at once.

Recipes overleaf

STEAMED DIM-SIMS and Lotus Rice topped with tiny "lotus blossoms" made of egg are two favorite Chinese family or party foods.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 19, 1964



CHINESE PARTY FOOD

..... Continued



CURRIED PRAWNS

One pound cooked shelled prawns, 1 small onion, 1 piece green ginger, 1 pint chicken stock, 1 tablespoon curry powder (or to taste), 1 tablespoon oil, 1lb. desiccated coconut, 2 cups boiling water, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter, salt, toasted coconut, steamed white rice.

Dice onion, fry gently with sliced ginger and curry powder. Pour in stock, reduce to 1-3rd over rapid heat. Pour boiling water over coconut, allow to stand 20 minutes; strain milk from coconut. In another saucepan, melt butter, add flour, and when thickened stir in coconut milk. Pour this into onion

mixture, season, add prawns to heat. Toast some coconut until golden brown, serve with curried prawns and steamed rice.

LOTUS RICE

Two cups cooked rice, 4 eggs, 1 rasher bacon, 1lb. roast pork, 2 or 3 shallots, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt.

Beat 2 eggs together lightly; season. Dice bacon, pork, and shallots. Make thin omelet with remaining 2 eggs and when cool cut out into lotus flower shapes with small fancy cutter. Cook diced bacon. Remove from pan, add 2 tablespoons oil, pour in beaten eggs. When almost set, add rice, mix

quickly, and season. Continue to fry by turning over, then add bacon and pork. Pour in soy sauce, add shallots, continue frying until golden brown. Serve on plate with the lotus "flowers" to decorate.

FRIED DIM SIMS

One pound minced meat, 1 medium onion, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sesame oil, pinch curry powder, 1 egg-white, 2 dozen noodle paste skins (2 1/2 in. by 2 1/2 in.), cornflour.

Mix meat with chopped onion, add seasonings. Stir in unbeaten egg-white. Wrap 1 tablespoon mixture firmly in noodle paste skin,

and dip top, where meat is showing, into cornflour. Deep fry in deep oil until golden (about 10 minutes).

Note: If there is a restaurant in your locality, it probably be able to buy the skins for dim sims already made and cut. However, if you make your own, here is the recipe:

Paste Covering for Dim Sims: Two cups flour, 1 egg, water necessary.

Sift flour, mix with water necessary, add just enough to make pliable dough. Turn out on well-floured board (or flour), roll out until paste is thin. Cut into squares of size.

STEAMED DIM SIMS

Half pound pork, 1lb. shelled prawns, 3 or 4 dried mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, 1 pepper, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, 1 spoon sesame oil, 1 egg-white, 2 dozen noodle paste skins (see recipe for fried dim sims).

Mince pork and prawns. Soak dry mushrooms in hot water 15 to 20 minutes until soft, finely. Mix with pork and prawns, add seasonings and egg-white. Stir in unbeaten egg-white. 1 tablespoon of mixture firm centre of noodle skin, top with prawn; steam 20 minutes with soy sauce or chilli sauce.

WOOLLY LAMB

One pound lamb, beef or pork or 5 dried mushrooms, 1 bamboo shoot, 1lb. green beans, fresh water-chestnuts (or onion or celery), 1 tablespoon sauce, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 cup 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2oz. transparent noodles.

Shred lamb into lengths 2in. long; shred vegetables of similar size. Saute lamb in oil, vegetables and seasonings. Pour stock, heat, then add sugar which has been mixed with water. Cook until sauce thick. Serve on large platter, garnish with the fried noodles.

Chinese Transparent Noodles: Loosen noodles and fry in oil if oil is correct temperature will puff up instantly. (Experiment with 3 or 4 noodles; temperature is correct if noodles over, cook on other side).

ABALONE AND CELERY SALAD

One can abalone, 1 stick celery, 1 teaspoon sesame oil, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 clove garlic, 1 spoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 tablespoon toasted sesame seeds.

Drain abalone, retain liquid for soup. Shred abalone into 1/2 in. approximately 2 1/2 in. by 1/2 in. celery, cut into similar lengths. Blanch 1 minute in boiling water (do not lose entire crispness). Mix in salad bowl with oil and shreds. Heat vegetable oil in a pan with garlic and, when it browns, remove. Combine the oil, sesame oil, and vinegar, pour with toasted sesame seeds. Use dressing for the salad.

BRAISED ABALONE WITH LETTUCE

One can abalone, 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 can champagne (button mushrooms), 2 tablespoons Chinese oyster sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons water, 1 lettuce, shallots for garnish.

Drain abalone and retain liquid. Slice into thin pieces. Heat, gently fry abalone both sides and remove. Drain champagne, pour into deep pot. Pour in oyster liquor and oyster sauce. Add abalone, braise until liquor reduces to 1/3rd. Blend cornflour with warm water, add to mixture.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-one-cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature. Plain flour is used, unless otherwise stated.

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further to remove flour taste. Serve over shredded lettuce, garnish with shallot flowers.
Note: Abalone requires little or no seasoning.

PRAWN CUTLETS WITH SWEET-SOUR SHREDS

Twelve large raw prawns (approximately 1½ lb.), 2oz. cornflour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs (dry), oil for deep frying.
Shell prawns down to tail end, retaining tail piece. Make slash along back by cutting deeply but not right through, remove intestinal track or vein. Dip in cornflour, making sure it reaches the cut-through part, dip into egg beaten with soy sauce and salt. Then dip into breadcrumbs and press lightly from cut side to flatten out. Deep-fry in hot oil 5 to 8 minutes or until golden brown; drain. Serve Sweet-Sour Shreds separately in bowl, or on side of dish.

Sweet-Sour Shreds: One carrot, 1 stalk celery or 1 piece bamboo shoot, 1 stalk shallot, 4 or 5 green beans, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon white vinegar, arrowroot. Shred vegetables into matchstick lengths, parboil until limp. Heat sugar and vinegar together and thicken with arrowroot blended with a little water. Add vegetables to sauce and serve.

RICE FRIED NOODLES

One pound cooked roast pork, 6 dried mushrooms, 8 water-chestnuts (or substitute 1 stalk celery), 1 onion, 1 bunch Chinese vegetables, 1 piece green ginger, salt, 2 tablespoons oil, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 cup stock, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, little cornflour blended with water, 4 bundles rice noodles, oil for frying, parsley.

Slice pork into lengths of 2½ in. by ½ in. Soak mushrooms until soft (approximately 20 minutes) in hot water. Squeeze dry and slice. Cut water-chestnuts into rounds, and slice onion. (If using celery, cut into matchstick lengths.) Wash Chinese vegetables, cut into lengths approximately 3 in. long. Slice green ginger. Heat pan, add oil, salt, ginger, Chinese vegetables, and sugar; sauté until limp. Remove. Fry together mushrooms, chestnuts, onion, and pork, return Chinese vegetables and heat through. Pour in stock and soy sauce; thicken with blended cornflour; correct seasoning. Serve with noodles and parsley. Deep-fry rice noodles by loosening bundles and dropping into hot oil. The noodles take only seconds to cook; do not brown.

STEAMED WHOLE CHICKEN

One chicken (3½ lb. in weight), salt, 2 cups oil, 12 medium size dried mushrooms, 2oz. Chinese Golden Needles, 12 Chinese red dates, 1 cup chicken stock or 1 chicken bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons white wine, greenage plums, watercress. Prepare chicken, rub salt inside and outside. Tie neatly with string, leaving long loop. Heat oil in deep pan and, holding chicken by loop of string, baste with hot oil until golden brown. Soak dried mushrooms. Golden Needles and red dates in warm water 20 minutes. Squeeze dry, then soak mushrooms and Golden Needles in stock and white wine. Place chicken on deep dish and surround with red dates, mushrooms, and Golden Needles; steam gently 1 hour or until chicken is tender. Serve garnished with greenage and watercress.

DRAGON SEED APPETISER

One can Loong Nam, ½ cup very dry white wine; strawberries, cherries, or preserved ginger for garnishing. Drain Loong Nam and pour white wine over fruit. Chill ½ hour. Serve about 10 pieces of fruit in small bowl, top with strawberry, cherry, or preserved ginger.

STEAMED SNAPPER

One whole snapper (about 2½ lb. to 3½ lb.), salt, 1 teaspoon green ginger, 2 cups fish stock (or water with onion and carrot rings, piece celery, and peppercorns added), 1 cup rice wine or white wine, 1/3rd cup vegetable oil, 1 clove garlic, 3 tablespoons soy sauce, several lengths of shallots, extra green ginger. Score fish on both sides at thickest part, sprinkle with salt. Poach gently in stock and white wine, with shredded ginger. When just tender (approximately 20 minutes), take off heat and allow to stand in liquor 5 minutes. Drain, keep hot on platter. In small pan heat oil with garlic clove; when garlic

browns, remove it. Pour soy sauce over fish, then hot oil. Serve with lengths of shallots and shredded green ginger.

LETTUCE WITH IMPERIAL DRESSING

One stalk celery, 1 small green pepper, 1 small red pepper, ½ boiled egg, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sesame oil, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 or 2 teaspoons chilli sauce, 2 tablespoons cream, lettuce hearts.

Cut celery, green and red peppers, and boiled egg into fine dice. Mix into mayonnaise with remainder of ingredients. Serve over lettuce hearts.

FISH WITH PINEAPPLE SAUCE

Two pounds fish fillets, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon sesame oil, salt, 1 piece crushed ginger, 2 tablespoons rice wine (or substitute

white wine or dry sherry), 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon soy sauce (extra), 2 tablespoons cornflour, oil for deep frying.

Pineapple Sauce: One small can pineapple pieces, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons arrowroot.

Cut fish into lengths 3 in. by 1 in. and marinate 15 minutes in 1 tablespoon soy sauce, sesame oil, salt, crushed ginger, and rice wine. Beat eggs together lightly, add the teaspoon soy sauce and the cornflour to make thin batter. Dip fish lengths in mixture, deep-fry until golden brown. Drain, keep hot.

Pineapple Sauce: Boil together pineapple juice, sugar, and salt; thicken with arrowroot (blended with a little water) until pouring consistency. Add pineapple pieces, and heat. Serve over fish lengths.

Continued overleaf



STEAMED whole chicken is first basted until golden, then steamed. The garnish is Chinese Golden Needles.

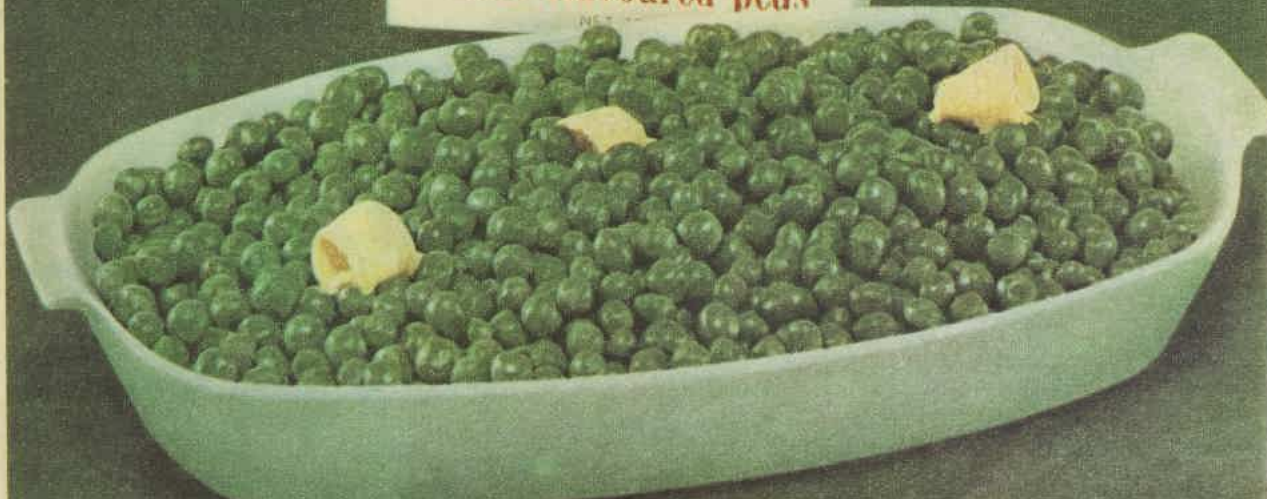
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CHINESE PARTY FOOD . . . Continued

MINCED MEAT OVER FRIED NOODLES

One pound minced meat, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon peanut oil, 1/2 teaspoon sesame oil, 1 stalk shallot or small onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons oil, 1/2 cup stock or 1 bouillon cube, 2oz. Chinese transparent noodles, oil for frying, extra shallots.

Mix minced meat with soy sauce, salt, pepper, peanut oil, and sesame oil. Chop shallot or onion finely, add to meat. Mix in curry powder. Heat pan, add oil and garlic. Fry meat, add stock, and simmer until reduced. Serve over the fried

noodles, sprinkle with chopped shallots.

To Fry Noodles: Heat oil in deep pan. Loosen noodles on plate, but still retain round shape. Drop into hot oil, where almost instantly they will puff out. Turn over to complete frying; drain. Place on platter.

CHICKEN AND ALMONDS

Two large chicken breasts, salt, 1/2 egg-white, 1 teaspoon sesame oil, 1 tablespoon cornflour, oil for frying, 2 stalks celery, 4 dried mushrooms (prepared by soaking in hot water 20 minutes), 1/2 lb. green beans (par-boiled), 5 fresh water-chestnuts (or use 1 small onion), 1/2 cup chicken

stock, 1 teaspoon each cornflour and soy sauce.

Cut breast of chicken into small dice. Mix with salt, egg-white, sesame oil, and cornflour. Dice vegetables similar size. Deep-fry chicken until it just turns golden; remove and drain. Take out excess oil, lightly fry the celery, mushrooms, water-chestnuts, and par-boiled beans. Pour in stock, simmer until vegetables are tender. Return chicken, cook further 2 minutes. Thicken with 1 teaspoon blended cornflour and 1 teaspoon soy sauce. Serve with toasted almonds on top. Garnish with cooked, crushed Chinese transparent noodles.

LYCHEE ORANGES

Six oranges, 1 small can lychee nuts, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon orange curacao, 1 tablespoon arrowroot.

Strip oranges in 4 places at intervals from top to bottom. Turn down remaining orange rind to fold over inwards. Remove remaining membranes, loosen orange segments. Top with lychee nuts, and before serving spoon over lychee syrup.

Lychee syrup: Measure 1 cup lychee syrup from can, add 1 cup orange juice. Mix in sugar and cook over low heat to syrup stage. Blend in arrowroot (which has been mixed with a little cold water), stirring constantly until thickened. Add orange curacao.

FISH ROLLS

One pound fish fillets, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 stalk shallot or 1 small onion, few sprigs parsley, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 4 to 6 lengths of ham or pork fat about 1-8 in. thick, 1 egg, bread-crumbs, oil for frying.

Chop fish fillets into fine mince. Sprinkle with cornflour, bread-crumbs lightly. Chop onion or shallot and parsley finely. Add to fish mince. Season with salt and pepper, soy sauce. Spread out lengths of ham or pork fat, place some of the fish mixture in centre of each, roll up securely. Fasten with toothpick, if necessary. Dip into beaten egg and bread-crumbs, deep-fry in hot oil until golden brown. Serve hot, sliced in oblong pieces.

LUCKY RICE

Three cups cooked rice (boiled), 2 tablespoons oil or lard, 3 eggs, salt, 1/2 lb. cooked ham, pork, salmon or other cold meat, 1 red pepper, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, few toasted almonds, parsley.

Heat pan, add oil. Beat eggs and salt together lightly, pour into pan. When almost set, put in rice and salt, continue to fry about 5 minutes. Dice cold meat and pepper, add to rice, turning over frequently. Sprinkle over soy sauce, fry another 5 minutes. Serve with toasted almonds and sprigs of parsley.

HONEYED DUCK

One duck (4 lb. in weight), salt, 1/2 cup soy sauce, 1 cup honey, 1 cup oil, 1-8th cup warm water, fried rice.

Clean and prepare duck. With butcher's pumping needle, pump air through neck cavity to lift skin. Tie neck securely so air cannot escape; or plunge duck in hot water to plump, then drain. Mix soy sauce, honey, oil, salt and water together and brush over duck. Cover with aluminium foil. Cook in moderate oven (about 1 1/2 hours) in moderate slow oven. For last 1 hour cooking time, remove foil in crisp skin. Serve on bed of fried rice.

SESAME SEAFOOD FRITTERS

Fritter Batter: One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons vegetable oil, 1/2 teaspoon sesame oil, 1/2 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 cup water, 3 tablespoons white sesame seeds.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into bowl, stir in egg, oil, sesame oil, and soy sauce. Pour in enough water to make thick batter. Allow to stand 1 hour or longer if possible. Before using, stir in sesame seeds.

Filling: Cooked crab, prawns, scallops, abalone, tuna, oysters.

Put selection of fillings in batter, mix together. Heat tin of oil in pan until moderately hot, pour in 1 tablespoon of mixture, cook until golden brown both sides.

BARBECUED PORK FILLETS

One pound pork fillets (about 3 pieces), salt, 1/2 cup vegetable oil, 1/2 cup sesame oil, 4 tablespoons red soy bean jam, 1 piece ginger, 1 tablespoon honey dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water.

Lay pork fillets in deep tray, sprinkle with salt; pour over vegetable oil and sesame oil. Brush with red soy bean jam and sprinkle with crushed ginger. Allow to marinate 1 hour or longer if possible. Lay on wire rack over deep tray. Cook



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hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat slightly for remainder of cooking time (approximately 30 minutes). Baste continually with honey and water and juices in tray.

Note: If red soy bean jam is unavailable, make the following substitute: Mix together 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 dessertspoon brandy or dry sherry, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 3 tablespoons of a good fruit chutney (push chutney through sieve to remove any lumps). Combine all ingredients well, use to baste over pork.

SWEET-SOUR EGGS

Four eggs, 1 cup vegetable oil, 1 green onion, 1 small onion, 1 cup vegetable stock, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 small can Chinese mixed pickles.

Boil eggs until hard; when cool, move shells. Fry eggs in oil until golden brown; remove, cut into quarters. Pour out excess oil from pan, fry green onion and sliced onion until soft. Add stock, vinegar, lemon juice, soy sauce; boil 2 minutes. Thicken with blended cornflour, allow to simmer until cornflour taste has cooked out. Pour sauce over eggs and serve hot with shredded mixed pickles.

TUFFED WHOLE CUCUMBER

One large cucumber, 4oz. pork (minced), salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon vegetable oil, 1 piece shallot, 1 egg, 6 prawns, 1 cup stock, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon Chinese oyster sauce.

Cut cucumber lengthwise, scoop out seeds. Season minced pork with salt, pepper, soy sauce, and vegetable oil. Add chopped shallots and beaten egg. Mix together, fill one half of cucumber. Place prawns on top in a line; fill other half of cucumber the same way. Place halves together, tie securely with string. Steam 20 minutes with stock; before serving, thicken stock with blended cornflour, soy sauce, and oyster sauce. Garnish with shallot flowers.

SHARK'S FIN SOUP

Quarter pound prepared shark's fin, 2 chicken breasts, 1 egg-white, 1 quart chicken stock, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 3 egg-yolks, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 water, strips cooked bacon, oil for frying.

Soak shark's fin 30 minutes in hot water; drain. Cut chicken breasts into fine strips. Mix with beaten egg-white. Fry lightly in little oil until the meat changes color. Bring chicken stock to boil with shark's fin. Simmer with chicken shreds, beaten egg-yolks, and monosodium glutamate. Add soy sauce, correct seasoning, thicken with blended cornflour and water. Cook further few minutes. Serve hot with strips of cooked bacon on top.

OXTAIL AND PEANUTS

One oxtail (about 3 to 4lb.), 1 piece dried mandarin skin, 1lb. raw peanuts, salt and peppercorns, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, shallots, extra soy sauce, hot vegetable oil.

Chop oxtail into sections, cover with cold water. Bring to boil, pour away first lot of water. Cover with hot water, simmer with mandarin skin, shelled peanuts, salt, peppercorns, and soy sauce. Continue to simmer until oxtail is tender, adding more hot water if necessary. Serve pieces of oxtail in soup with lengths of shallots on top and accompanied by dish of soy sauce mixed with hot vegetable oil.

BEEF CHOP SUEY

One pound fillet of beef, 1 piece green ginger, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 3 tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 piece bamboo shoot (or substitute 1 cup chopped onion or celery), 1 small cauliflower, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup stock, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon Chinese oyster sauce.

Slice beef in diagonal lengths; shred green ginger, add to beef with salt, pepper, soy sauce, and oil. Allow to stand 20 minutes. Cut bamboo shoots in water-thin slices. Break cauliflower into flowerets, boil with sugar and salt until just tender; drain well. Heat enough oil in pan to deep-fry cauliflower to light golden brown. Remove excess oil, saute beef slices. Add

bamboo shoots and cauliflower, mix together. Mix stock with cornflour and oyster sauce, stir into pan to cook further 2 to 3 minutes.

WRAPPED FRIED RICE

Three cups cooked rice, 2 rashers bacon, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons oil, salt to taste, 1lb. cooked prawns, 1 piece shallot (chopped), 1 tablespoon soy sauce, lotus leaves (dried).

Shred bacon and cook until crisp; discard drippings. Heat pan, add oil, and pour in beaten eggs. Before eggs set, add rice and salt, turning over quickly to fry. Add bacon, prawns, shallots, and soy sauce. Continue to fry until golden brown. Soak lotus leaves in hot water until limp. Wrap portion of rice in leaves, envelope style. Steam 10 minutes to allow flavor of lotus leaves to penetrate rice. Split leaves and serve. Discard leaves.

SALAMI RICE MOULD

One pound rice, 3 cups water, 2 pairs Chinese salami, white ends of shallots (chopped), parsley.

Wash rice, cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and, when excess water has evaporated, put in sliced salami and shallots. Steam 15 minutes. Wet serving-mould and pack in rice. Unmould and garnish with parsley.

Note: You'll see Chinese salami in almost every Chinese food store. It is available with 2 fillings—liver-wurst or pork. They're about 5in. long, 1in. in diameter. Because these are fresh sausages, be sure to cook thoroughly. Simmer or steam 15 minutes or until the fat part of the sausage is transparent. Cut into segments or thin slices.

Continued overleaf



BEEF CHOP SUEY is an easily prepared dish of steak and vegetables, with a delicious blending of flavors.

simple sustaining summer meals Golden days Salad!



GOLDEN DAYS SALAD
INGREDIENTS: 15oz. can Golden Circle Sliced Pineapple, 8oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese (cut into cubes), 1 lettuce, 4 medium tomatoes (cut into wedges), 6 radish roses, Kraft French or Italian Dressing.
METHOD: Tear lettuce into bite-size pieces and place in salad bowl with tomato, roses and cheese. Garnish with radish roses and chill.
Just before serving, pour over French or Italian dressing and toss lightly.

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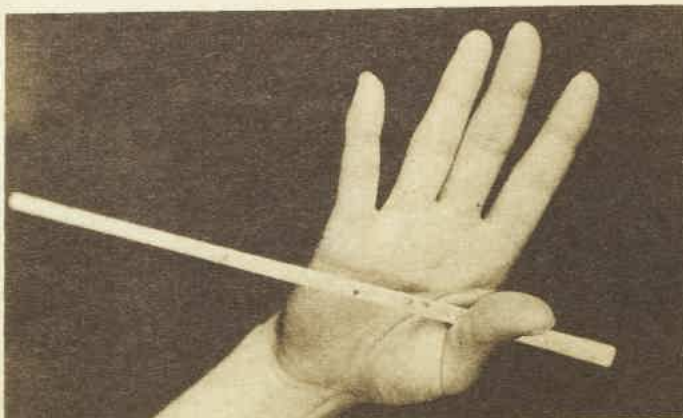
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CHINESE PARTY FOOD

... concluded



POSITION 1 shows the basic hold for the bottom chopstick, which is placed firmly in the hollow between the thumb and first finger. This bottom chopstick remains stationary.

HOW TO EAT WITH CHOPSTICKS

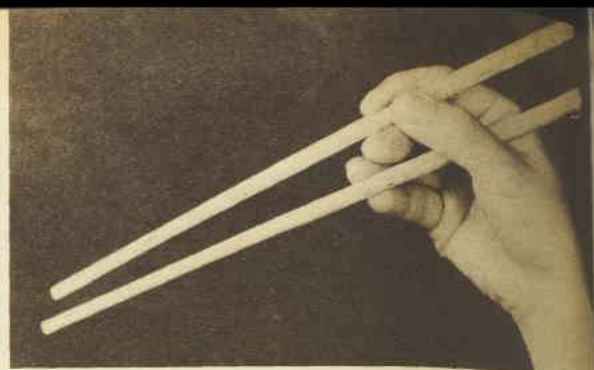
WHEN dining-out at a Chinese restaurant, you may have envied the expert way in which some other diners managed chopsticks. Study these photographs, and you will soon get the hang of it.

With practice, you'll soon be able to eat chop suey, chow mein, and many other Chinese foods. Don't expect to be able to pick up individual grains of rice immediately; that comes with long experience.

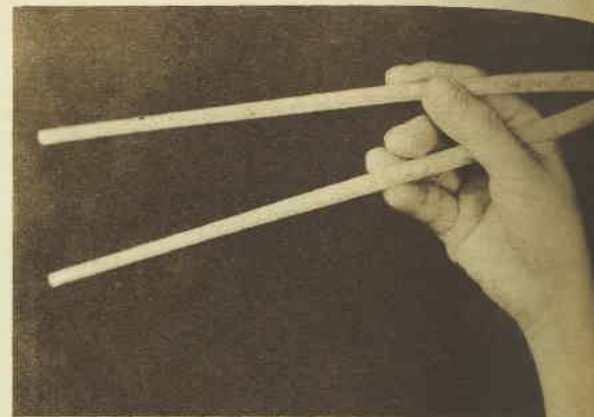
Chopsticks average 10in. to 11in. in length. Fancy ones are made of ivory, but attractive, inexpensive sets of imitation ivory or bamboo can be bought.

The important things to remember when using chopsticks are:

- The two lower ends must be even — one must not protrude over the other.
- Hold chopsticks a little above centre; to get good leverage don't let more than one-third of the chopsticks extend above your hand.
- Hold chopsticks with a relaxed grip — don't hold the fingers rigid.



POSITION 2. The top chopstick is placed between ball of thumb and first finger, lying parallel to first chopstick. This top chopstick moves to manipulate food.



POSITION 3 shows chopsticks in movement. Be sure chopsticks are on the same plane — the two ends should meet when they are in use.

£5 prize awarded for unusual cake-biscuit

- A Tasmanian reader wins the £5 main prize this week for an unusual cake-biscuit with a lemon-flavored filling.

THE main prizewinning recipe, Almondettes, is perfect for afternoon tea or supper.

ALMONDETTES

Filling: Four ounces ground almonds, 4oz. sugar, 1 small egg, grated lemon rind.

Cake Mixture: Eight

ounces flour, 3 oz. castor sugar, pinch salt, 4oz. butter, 1 slightly beaten egg, whole blanched almonds.

Prepare filling by mixing well together the ground almonds, sugar, lemon rind, and egg. Allow to stand 2 days (it can be used before this if desired).

Mix flour, castor sugar, and salt in a basin; coarsely rub in butter. Mix in half the egg. Form into pat with hands; roll out to 1in. thickness. Cut into rounds, place dessertspoonful of almond mixture in centre of each round. Wet edges, place another round on top; press edges together. Place whole almond on top, brush with remaining beaten egg. Bake on lightly greased oven-tray; 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven.

First prize of £5 to Miss L. Price, Taranna, Tas.

FRENCH POTTED CHEESE IN SAUTERNE

One and a half pounds Australian cheddar cheese, 1/2 cup thick sour cream, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch mace, 4oz. unsalted butter (softened), 1 cup sauterne, extra melted butter.

Grate cheese and push through strainer, add cream and mix to thick paste. Season, then gradually heat in softened butter and the wine. When mixture is well blended, pack tightly into small decorative containers. Coat surface with melted butter, cover containers with round of buttered white paper. Place lid on securely, tie with a narrow cord or ribbon.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar Street, Annandale, N.S.W.



ALMONDETTES are an unusual type of cake-biscuit with a lemon-flavored filling between the rounds. See recipe above.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives some interesting information about antique porcelain cups and saucers (shown at right).

I would appreciate any information you could give me about my cups and saucers, which I believe are of Lowestoft china. — Mrs. G. Woodrow, Heathcote, N.S.W.

The English Lowestoft porcelain factory opened in 1757 and closed in 1802. The factory specialised in cottage tableware and teaware, and the porcelain body was of an artificial nature (frequently described as "soft-paste"). On examining the shapes of your

charming hand-decorated cups and saucers I cannot agree with a Lowestoft attribution. I think the cups and saucers were made during the first quarter of the 19th century, because the shape of the cup and especially the shape of the handle was not generally fashionable until well into the 19th century.

I suggest your specimens were made at the New Hall factory, which opened at Shelton, Staffordshire, in 1781 and ceased production about 1834.



● Hand-decorated cups and saucers.

HOME HINTS

● Each of these household hints sent in by readers wins £1/1/-.

PACK one half of a tennis ball with steel wool and use to rub down paintwork. It protects the hand from splinters and makes access to crevices easy. — Miss B. Alford, 59 Lodge Rd., Kalinga N16, Qld.

When next mashing potatoes try using mayonnaise instead of butter, pepper, and milk. It gives a delightfully different flavor, color, and appearance. — E. J. Sutcliffe, Sellicks Beach, S.A.

An effective and inexpensive way to revive a carpet is to vacuum it well first, then sprinkle it all over with bicarbonate of soda. Brush soda well into the pile with a small, clean scrubbing-brush, leave 24 hours, then take up dirt and soda together with vacuum cleaner. — Mrs. E. Moss, 47A The Corso, Parkdale, Vic.

To make an appetising trifle without wine, mix well together juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon, 4 passion-fruit, and 1 teaspoon sugar. Add 1 tablespoon hot water. Saturate cake with mixture, then make trifle in the usual way. — Miss C. Jamieson, 43 Akala St., Camp Hill, Qld.

Rolling pastry in hot weather is easier if you use a smooth bottle filled with ice-cold water. It also helps to make the pastry flaky. — Mrs. Helen Wrightson, 190 Flinders St., Albion Park, N.S.W.

Preserve mint when it is plentiful: Take 2 cups finely chopped mint to 1 large cup white sugar and put in alternate layers in large glass jar. Shake well, store in refrigerator. It will keep for months. For mint sauce, add 2 heaped teaspoons of the mixture to 1 dessertspoon hot water and 3 dessertspoons vinegar. — Miss G. F. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

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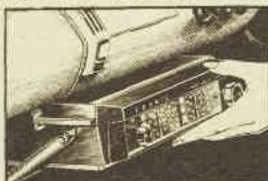


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AMPLEX



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Continued from page 45

"I'm sorry. I've always been like this. Feet and hands too big."

Maggy was full of pity and friendliness, which emotions were admirable enough but didn't make for a romantic evening.

"Like to dance?" Angus said.

It was as they moved round the tiny dance floor that Maggy saw the fork sticking out of Angus' pocket.

"Hey!" she said. "Are you getting away with the establishment's cutlery?"

His face was a study. "Must have happened when I bumped into that waiter."

Maggy's lips twitched. His did the same. Suddenly they were rocking with laughter. Maggy began to tell him about the episode on the train when she had got locked in the washroom. They laughed more than ever, and finally had to sit down, wiping their eyes. They were fellow sufferers. A glow of friendliness and sympathy filled them. They felt like old friends—as if they had known each other from childhood.

But that was all. No romance, Maggy thought resignedly as they said a casual goodnight in the doorway of her flat. It was very late when she heard Perry going upstairs. She had been lying awake listening for him.

The kittens grew. Five pairs of milky blue eyes opened, paws began to bat in clumsy attempts at play. Smith purred incessantly, having faith in life. Perry's beautiful friend from the country went home, and Perry (according to Angus) breathed a sigh of relief, and said that fortunately he knew other girls with less expensive tastes. The house-keeping money was short, and the menu was baked beans and spaghetti for a week.

Serve him right, Maggy thought vindictively. He had to learn that you couldn't live your life on champagne. Angus got a little more hollow-cheeked, she thought, but that was his own fault. Being a medical student he should learn more about a nutritious diet.

The filing job was all right, but poorly paid. She didn't have any money to spare herself, and buying food for Smith and her increasingly hungry family was becoming a problem. Soon Angus would have to keep his part of the bargain. She would miss the silly staggering creatures, but this was life—a series of meetings and goodbyes. Perry must have forgotten she existed. She had never been invited to his flat again.

Then one morning Angus tapped at her door just before she was leaving for the office. "I say, Maggy. Will you be coming home for lunch?" "I hadn't meant to. Why?" "Perry's got flu. I thought you might be the ministering angel and heat up some soup from a tin for him."

"Can't he do it himself? Is he dying?"

"He's pretty poorly. He should have frequent nourishment."

"I suppose I can," she said, hiding her leaping excitement. She was good at nursing. Here, at last, was her chance to shine.

She was late for work, because she had stopped to make a tasty bowl of Scotch broth. She rushed home at lunch time to heat it and carry it upstairs.

In a hoarse voice Perry answered her knock. "Oh, it's you," he said. "I've brought you some soup. How are you feeling?"

"Terrible."

"I expect so. But this will do you good."

TWO OF A KIND

While he sipped indifferently, propped up in bed, his hair wild, his face flushed and remarkably handsome, she quietly tidied the room, washed dishes in the kitchen, and refilled his hot water bottle. When she had finished she found that he had pushed the soup bowl away, rolled over and gone to sleep.

"I'll look in again this evening," she said, not knowing whether he heard her or not. Angus would have to eat out tonight. She couldn't have him there clattering about and disturbing the patient. She was in charge now and supremely happy about it. It didn't matter whether her hair was red or gold or green, or whether her twenty-eight inch waist had miraculously become twenty-two. She was needed.

"Fancy giving him soup out of a tin!" she said reprovingly to Angus that evening.

"Well, I haven't your skill as a cook."

"I haven't skill, just common sense. Is he any better?"

"He's all right. He won't be sociable for another couple of days, but from then on, watch it, nurse."

Maggy colored. "There's no need to give me that sort of advice."

"My dear girl, with Perry all is grist to the mill. Even —"

HE stopped abruptly, and Maggy said, "You mean, even me!"

"Well, face it, Mag, you're not his type."

"Nor am I yours either!" said Maggy, flaming. "Get out of here, you great clumsy oaf! If you think you can give me advice, when you don't even know when to take spaghetti off before it burns — just because you think you know about medicine, you needn't think you know what makes a person like another person." Her lip was trembling violently. "Oh, get out. Just get out!"

It was precisely two days and four hours before Angus' advice was needed. And then it was completely forgotten.

Maggy, bending over Perry to see if he were awake, found herself being watched by bright, tender eyes.

"Maggy, you look like an angel! Why didn't I notice before?"

"You've been rather ill."

"But before that. When you cooked that fabulous meal, and sat there looking adorable with flour on your cheek."

From that moment their friendship progressed rapidly. If Angus noticed he made no comment. He seemed very busy with his studies, and began staying late at the university. When he came in he looked hungry, Maggy thought, with a slight pang. But he always looked hungry. And he was an adult, able to look after himself, whereas Perry — But Perry was ill no longer. He was up and restless and longing for life.

"Let's go out to dinner tonight," he said.

"Where?" Maggy breathed, saying an inward prayer. Let it be where he takes his expensive women . . . Then I'll know he's sincere about me. "The Blue Lantern, if it wouldn't bore you."

It was her lunch hour, and she had just ten minutes to get back to work. She shamelessly rang to say that she had come down with a bad migraine, then rushed off to blow her entire capital on a slim low-backed black dress and a hairdo. She intended to look as smart as his other girl-friends.

"Good heavens!" said Angus, coming in as they were going out.

"Are you looking at the transformation of our little Maggy?" Perry asked smugly. "You didn't see her potentialities the way I did."

"No, I was looking at you. If you have a relapse tomorrow, don't think I'm going to nurse you."

"But you never did, Maggy did. Didn't you, pet?"

The evening was perfect. Perry behaved with exquisite courtesy. He said that Maggy, after all her care of him, deserved only the best. Naturally they must have champagne and the finest food the Blue Lantern's chef could produce, since in Maggy he had a rival artist. The orchestra must play Maggy's favorite tune.

There was, of course, no tripping over doormats, no accidents with the cutlery. Extraordinarily enough, with Perry's aura about her, nothing awkward and silly happened to Maggy either. She could hardly believe it was herself, this svelte girl in the slinky black dress, drifting round the dance floor.

Even when they reached home Perry didn't make any sort of excuse to come into her flat. He was behaving impeccably. He kissed her at the door and thanked her for her charming company.

Anyway, she reflected, there was scarcely any need for a passionate farewell since they would be seeing one another the next day. She was vaguely surprised that she was a little relieved about the lack of passionate farewells, even a little relieved to be alone in her own flat. The entire perfection of the evening had been a little —

What was that? There was a strange muzzling, grunting sound coming from the kitchen. Maggy dashed in alarmed to see Angus twisted in a convoluted attitude beneath the sink.

"Angus, what on earth are you doing?"

"I've found a home for one of the kittens — came to see which one — the little beggar escaped me." He grunted and tugged again. "Why the devil do you have these large hooks in the wall? I'm caught."

"Keep still!" Maggy began to giggle. "They're for towels. Keep still. I'll fix it."

"You can't fix it, I've ripped my trousers!"

She grabbed his shoulders and tugged. He gave an almighty wrench. Smith and her kittens sprang hastily in all directions as the two fell in a heap.

He held her round the shoulders. His face was very close to hers. Startlingly close.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said, and then his lips were on hers, giving her the kind of passionate kiss she realised she had wanted.

How ever had she thought the hollows in Angus' cheeks were not interesting and romantic? She felt wonderful. Who but Angus would have to fall over a girl before he could kiss her?

"Do you know," she said reflectively, "absolutely nothing went wrong when I was out with Perry. I could hardly believe it was me."

"So it was a success," said Angus gloomily.

"A success?" Maggy frowned. "I suppose it was, but I've just realised I didn't laugh once. It was rather boring."

"Well," said Angus, woodenly. "We are two of a kind. To love, honor, protect and rescue. And, or, laugh with . . ."

"It's just a little matter of a fellow feeling," Maggy murmured.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

He could not take his car, although the distance he must traverse was perhaps two miles. Quite apart from the fact that a car was noisy, noticeable, and treacherously easy to identify, his must be here in the garage if anyone should look.

Leonard Whelk was relieved at the mere fact of being out of his pyjamas and into old slacks, a woollen shirt, and sweater; he had felt as incapable of action, previously, as a woman in her nightgown.

At one time, before he met and killed the girl at the bridge, flight would have been possible. Not practical—the certainty in the caller's voice would have followed him tirelessly—but still possible; the busy packing, as though this were a sudden, imperative business trip; the disappearance into a large city under another name. He would have been a hunted thing, fearing every strange face, every official pause at banks or department stores, every ring of the telephone at whatever company he attached himself to. But it would have been possible.

It was not possible now. The old jeopardy was swallowed up in the new. Mrs. Mannering, the menacing identity he had managed to filter out of the night, had only to hear the radio, walk to the telephone, call the police. They would certainly want to talk to Leonard Whelk, and, in spite of whatever calm he might maintain, they would lift his personality from him, layer by layer. They would get down to Foxy Burcoff, and then he would be lost.

Mrs. Mannering must be silenced, permanently, before he could speak and destroy him.

A part of Whelk's business success had been the ability of his mind to run on independently, seeking solutions to problems even while his immediate attention was occupied elsewhere, and it did that now. It informed him that Major Fingaard, with whom physical fitness was a religion,

Continued from page 29

owned a bicycle; further, that he kept it in his open garage.

A bicycle was surprisingly quick transport; it was soundless. Perhaps the most valuable asset of all, a bicycle glimpsed in rainy darkness suggested a boy and not a man.

He left his house by the back door and walked rapidly up the road to the Fingaards' house. Headlights round a curve sent him back under trees once, but that was the

mouth of the garage, but he did that with care. Although the house had its curtains drawn, he did not dare light a match, but he had driven by so often that he thought he could locate the bicycle without trouble.

And he did. Like other dense personalities, the Major was governed wholly by habit. Having crossed the garage silently in his crepe-soled shoes, Leonard Whelk put out his hands and encountered the

and feet began to pound heavily from the house.

Leonard Whelk was younger, and lighter, and desperate. The rainy night sucked him into itself and he was at the road edge and running under trees while the Major was still plunging down the drive and emitting baffled shouts.

He gained the safety of his own kitchen and, breathing hard, snapped on the outside lights. Then he stood still, willing himself to attain some kind of steadiness.

Fingaard must not be allowed to call the police, which would be his first impulse. One report had suited Whelk's purpose perfectly, but he did not want attention brought to this road again tonight; above all, he did not want policemen cruising about.

When his breathing was normal again and the slanting view from his living-room windows showed him the frustrated vanishing of the Fingaards' front light, he walked to the phone and dialled rapidly.

"Fingaard? Was anybody loitering round your place just now?"

"Damn right there was," said the Major, panting with indignation and exercise, "and I nearly caught the fellow, too. Would you believe it? He was trying to make off with my bicycle. But after all this business earlier tonight, I booby-trapped it to be on the safe side. I tied the front wheel to my tool-box on a shelf, and I imagine that gave him a start."

With a slight laugh, Leonard Whelk said: "I should think it would." His fingers clenched on the receiver at the satisfaction in the Major's voice. "I heard somebody out in my garage and I got him just in time."

"Good!" said Fingaard happily. "I'll phone in my complaint right now, or do

you think I'd better go to the Sheriff's office myself?"

"As a matter of fact," said Leonard Whelk very gravely because, in spite of the Major's broad streak of sentiment, this was extremely thin ice, "I know the boy. His father does gardening for me occasionally."

"Oh."

"It's a bit difficult. The mother died several months ago and there are younger children. . . I feel badly, you know, about having this go down on an official record."

"It would make it hard on the father," pointed out the Major with his usual perspicacity.

"That's right. He has troubles enough. What I did," said Leonard Whelk, staring steadily at his Degas reproduction, "was to give the boy a thorough talking-to and a warning. Tomorrow I'll go and see his father and I don't think we'll have any trouble from that quarter again. I suppose you think I'm a fool."

"Very charitable of you, Whelk," said the Major warmly; predictably, he had lost sight of the fact that it was his bicycle which had nearly been stolen. "I daresay that'll do the trick without causing a lot of trouble for the family."

"Well, I hope so," said Leonard Whelk, allowing himself a small, vexed laugh. "I've got a bad tooth and I'm full of pain-killers so I'm going to bed and staying there."

The major clucked sympathetically, suggested a toothache remedy of his own, the chief component of which appeared to be brandy, and hung up. He could not have imagined Whelk's fury at his chit-chat.

Because the very necessary, spur-of-the-moment invention had given Whelk an idea. Swiftly, he darkened the house, locked the front door, let himself out at the back and locked that. A man in the grip of sedatives would not be expected to hear the

To page 59

CHILD'S PLAY

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



only car that passed. He slipped into the total obscurity of the Fingaards' long drive and assessed the house.

The half upper floor, one of the few in the neighborhood, flared with light; the long, low first floor was lit by what seemed to be a single lamp. Major Fingaard upstairs, doing deep-breathing exercises while his wife made sure he had not left a single cigarette ash below?

Whatever it was, the house had a preoccupied air, and Leonard Whelk advanced on it rapidly.

He had to leave the silent grass for gravelly dirt as he approached the dark, open

handlebars of the bicycle exactly where he had expected them to be. He released the brake, still in silence, and began to wheel the bicycle out.

With no warning at all, a positive hell of sound burst loose around him. Clattering, banging, rattling, scraping — if the garage itself had suddenly collapsed it could not have made this din.

Shock and bewilderment held Whelk paralysed for a valuable second, and then he was running. Barely in time, because a floodlight came flashing on and nearly caught him in the rim of its flare. Major Fingaard's voice roared: "Stop there! I see you!"

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ring of his telephone, or the summons of his doorbell. He set off running across the field.

Susan Webb, knowing that she would not be able to close an eye until her husband was safely home—his plane was overdue, she had been informed by the port—and exhausted by the very thought, had fallen asleep in her chair. Her head was tipped at an angle which would give her a stiff neck in the morning, her book had slid unheeded to the rug.

She did not dream of planes, or babies, or Kit, or anything related to her own immediate fear. For no reason at all there was a chained elephant in the house, a pet until now, which had suddenly realised its ungovernable size and strength and was rising rumblingly to its feet.

She opened her eyes panically on the gold-and-dark living-room, lifted her head, remembered Gregory. He might... while she slept, be might... The doctor's warning returned to her: to watch in case the sick child lay on his back which might harm him as he had whooping cough.

He hadn't. If he had coughed in that time, the effort had not turned him on his back. Susan tiptoed out of his room again, badly shaken by her own defection, and started for the kitchen to make coffee. And heard the sound outside the house.

A footstep—was it a very quick cough? It came again, a footstep, cautious and guarded. Susan stood paralysed in the middle of the living-room. She thought: The drugstore would have sent a car. And: Why is he walking like that? until she realised that the elephant could have been a car and she had turned off the outside light, plunging the approach to the house into darkness.

RELIEF gave her the courage to cross the room and flick the switch, and at once the footsteps grew brisker. When the door knocker fell it sounded open and confident, the very epitome of a drugstore delivery man's knock; still, she called out: "Who is it?" "Grewe's Drug," a voice called back, and a second later Susan was taking a small packet from a large, freckle-faced boy whom she had never seen before.

He said amiably as she signed for the prescription: "Everybody's asking me who I am tonight. I guess it's that murder, huh?" "Well, it wasn't the most cheery thing to happen," said Susan a little tartly, handing back the slip.

"Nope," said the boy, "especially as he's still running around. If you ask me, they'll never catch him." This boy could do with a little strangling himself, Susan thought.

"Of course they'll catch him," she said coldly, and the boy shrugged, pocketing the slip. "All he does, see, he hides in a ditch while the police are running round in circles and then he goes home

Continued from page 57

and tells his wife he's in trouble, maybe a hit-and-run accident, so she's got to say she never took her eyes off him all evening if anybody asks. Then when he gets the urge again he... Goodnight," he said weakly to Susan's steady glare.

"Goodnight," said Susan, and closed the door.

Perhaps because of the boy's enthusiastic tones, Gregory had begun to cry. It was just as well, as she would have to give him some of whatever this was. Susan unwrapped the little packet and went into his room with some of her distracted fear rushing back.

But that was unreasonable. She did not have to open the door again until her husband, Bill, came—indeed, she would call the police at the first suspicious sound she heard and Kit was safe at the Mannings. A sister in charge of young children would be doubly careful about doors and windows. And besides Susan had asked the Sheriff's office to check on the Mannering house since she had received the engaged signal all the evening when she had tried to contact her niece.

("He hides in a ditch...") There was an irrigation ditch behind the Webb's house. ("When he gets the urge again—") To Gregory's red little face Susan said: "Damn that boy!" with such fierceness that he stopped crying instantly.

A quiet that Mrs. Mannering would have recognised as false and to be investigated at once had fallen over the Mannering house.

Kit had temporarily abandoned the telephone, and she and Libby, having barricaded the door of their room, had changed into mu-muus and were putting up their hair on fat, pink curlers, their faces absorbed.

Tess was working on the lock of her parents' bedroom door which she had set into motion while playing with the door, ruining her mother's tweezers. William, back in his saintly mood, was earnestly saying his prayers while Harry, in their bedroom, plastered his hair with lotion and brushed it carefully into a Gay Nineties arrangement. He left the water running, so that the teeth of the broken comb slid slowly into the drain.

Daniel was making a trap. The wonder was that nobody had thought of making a trap earlier in the evening; they provided considerable sport and were a very handy springboard for fights.

Simple traps consisted of balancing a plastic bowl or pot of water on the top of someone's bedroom door, left just enough ajar so that the occupant had to push it and thus get drenched and usually struck by the utensils, too. More complicated traps—Daniel's type—involved string, tin cans, marbles, and occasionally pancake mixture.

All of them, however occupied, heard the eerie sound that presently split the night, something in between a tomcat's howl and a small child calling "Help." They all, even William from between his fingers, said urgently: "The peacock's out!" and went on with what they were doing, except Libby, who went hideously curled into the boys' room.

"Daniel?" she peaced. "Will you boys get the peacock in? We're not dressed."

But with considerable foresight, Daniel had concealed his trap by whipping his covers up over his head. From under them he said: "If I look at you, I'll turn to

CHILD'S PLAY

stone. Don't look at her, William."

William said "Amen" to the ceiling and, still on his knees, turned to regard his sister. He said: "Oo, you look awful."

"I know," said Libby with self-conscious emphasis, raising her eyebrows until they almost disappeared under a curler, "I do look awful. If you had to put up your hair you wouldn't look so pretty, either."

"He doesn't have to. He's lovely just as he is," said Daniel, quaking with laughter under the covers.

Libby shifted her bare feet in annoyance. She said to the bathroom door: "Harry, will you?" and Harry said jauntily without appearing: "What's this, Tuesday? I never put in peacocks on Tuesdays."

Libby looked at William, but was fair enough to pass him over. She said: "Daniel Mannering, you haven't done a single thing to help tonight. I put the peacock in before and now it's your turn."

"Then if he got out it's your fault," said Daniel, smothered and pedantic.

"It is not. There is a broken window in the chicken-house."

"Then what's the sense of putting him in again?" asked Harry practically from behind the bathroom door. "If he'll only get out again?"

"Well, you could put a stick across the window. You could stuff an old cloth into it. You—"

Tess was suddenly among them, her face prim with triumph. "I did it," she said. "I got the lock open."

There was a concerted rush for the scene to see if she

really had. Harry stepped heavily on the fork William had bent in his earlier efforts to open the door, and hobbled away with cries of pain, but the door of their parents' bedroom, now safely and widely open on to the darkness inside.

Daniel said with respect: "What did you do it with, Tess?" and Tess pounced on the tweezers.

"This. Wait—" She-picked up nail clippers instead, frowned confusedly, and examined a lime-squeezer which could have had no possible part in the operation.

LIBBY said sensibly: "Well, never mind. You're a good girl, Tess, but put all that stuff away and nobody go near that door again. Now I suppose I will have to go and get the peacock in."

"I'll go," said William meekly, but it was too late.

Libby said with virtuous anger: "No, I will and why shouldn't I? I have to do everything in this house anyway. You kids want pocket money and you want Dad to take you out and you're all as lazy as—"

"Pigs," said Daniel softly. "My foot," said Harry piteously—but Libby ignored him.

Grimly, in her own room, she stamped her feet into flat shoes, swept a sweater out of a drawer—almost no one, in this climate, owned a raincoat—and said to Kit, who was fiddling with a troublesome curler before the mirror: "I won't be long."

"I'll come with you," offered Kit.

"No, I'll take the torch, and something to stuff in that window—" Without compunction, Libby seized a flannel shirt of Harry's which had no business on her floor.

Normally the peacock was a quiet, contented bird, trailing his immense shimmery-eyed tail with dignity, so tame that, when night began to fall, he sought the shelter of the chicken-house as anxiously as a child who did not want to worry its parents. But dust-pneumonia had killed his mate in the September storms, and at every opportunity now he escaped and tried to call up another.

He shrieked metallically again as Libby, armed with her torch, went out the back door and into the dark.

Leonard Whelk, preventing Major Fingard from calling the police by a hastily invented tale, had realised the elements of truth in the story. He did have an occasional gardener and the man's son, a thin, dark boy with a face like a depraved weasel, did have a bicycle. It was not the calibre of Fingard's heavy one, but if it could carry two half-grown youths, as Whelk had seen it do at weekends, it could carry him.

He ran now through the shorn fields, unworried about the darkness, because, with three alfalfa cuttings each year, there was nothing to impede a mower, much less a man. The rain swept against him on the wind, but he did not worry about that, either. He was committed; he had been committed for hours.

His gardener's old house,

with rickety wooden sheds about it, was only round the corner and up the road from Whelk's forty-thousand-dollar home. But this way he would not have been seen getting to it, nor heard.

Whelk approached the house from the back. Even before window lights showed him a confused winking of car hoods and fenders, strains of music and bursts of laughter told him that there was a party in progress.

All the better. He let himself with difficulty through strands of barbed wire, circled a blackened dustbin, and went cautiously among the dimly seen accoutrements of small children: a tricycle, broken little trucks, the heaped canvas remains of a wading pool.

He remembered the bicycle as being left somewhere in front, leaning against a tree or the door of a shed so that it was visible from the road, a rusted blue...

Out of nowhere, like a streak of lightning, there was a black dog, barking hysterically. Even with his little knowledge and great dislike of dogs, Leonard Whelk knew that this was the biting kind. He froze and when, in a patch of light from a window, the dog threw up its small, spaniel-like head to yammer again, he slid into the open mouth of a shed.

The dog started forward and stopped; behind it, a back door of the house had opened and a man came stumbling out. He grunted something at the dog, which fawned

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happily round his ankles, said something else in incomprehensible Spanish, and came weaving toward the shed where Whelk had flattened himself. The dog, following, began to growl until the man kicked at it and it cowered away.

Whelk stood as stiff as one of the rotting planks at his back; he hardly dared to breathe as the man's unsteady progress brought him closer. He could press himself no deeper into hiding; he was trapped here, penned by a drunken fool who would still not be too drunk to let out a hail at the house—

The massive shoulders came stooping in at him, blocked against the window lights, and Leonard Whelk had tensed, ready to kick viciously upwards when the man made a sound intelligible the world over and was violently sick all

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over the tips of Whelk's shoes. The process seemed to last forever and Whelk could not even quiver with the fury that possessed him. He was Foxy Birucoff again, subject to indignities and humiliations, but he could not swing his foot smashing; he could do nothing but stand there and endure it.

A cold portion of his mind informed him, however, of what he would do to the bicycle belonging to the yard man's son when he was through with it.

The shoulders gave a final heave and straightened, and the man, who was invisible because of his very nearness, backed out and staggered away. One of the more finicky

guests, Whelk thought icily, who had not cared to sully this charming yard. Would he start staggering back? Would he realise that there had been another presence in the shed?

No; he wove his way to the back door, crashed heavily into it, found the knob, and lurched through. Whelk was instantly out of his noisome shelter, but he had forgotten the little black dog.

It streaked at him from some patch of darkness and he felt a deep, searing flash of agony just above one ankle. When he whirled round it hacked off, the white of its teeth visible, and Whelk stooped for a stone and threw it venomously.

CHILD'S PLAY

He threw another as he began to run soundlessly past the side of the house, and behind him he heard the door open and a woman's voice called, "Come in, you hear?"

The dog must have obeyed, feeling its mission privately accomplished, because there was no further pursuit. Leonard Whelk leaned gaspingly against the rough trunk of a cottonwood. A pure effort of will told him that the pain in his leg was not unbearable, and that the bicycle was now all the more essential. But how to find it?

The sounds of merriment in the house continued. Whelk wiped his shoes as well as he could on the rough stubble that passed for grass, and was cautiously still as the head-

lights of a car lit the road briefly as it passed. He saw the dripping, green on either side, the bushes above him — and the spokes of a bicycle wheel, not ten feet from where he stood.

The car vanished. Whelk ran to the bicycle, leaning against it on the tottering porch posts of the house, and wheeled it to the road and mounted it. After a wobbly moment or two he was pedalling swiftly and silently along in darkness.

The Valley was wrapped in easiness tonight, a mood compounded by the unfamiliar echoes of rain. Women did not want to drip out alone, nor be left alone by their husbands, and there were few cars on the roads. What few there were might have glimpsed in their headlights a boy on a bicycle, when they reached the point where he ought to have been he had turned off into a lane, or a driveway, he wasn't there.

Mrs. W. Webb's request for police car to check up on the house where her niece was spending the night remained firmly at the bottom of a growing pile of reports.

A few were of possible interest most were calls from jittery women like Mrs. Webb who had been prowling at their windows, glimpsed mysterious figures lurking on their lawns.

Even in normal circumstances, would have been impossible for the Sheriff to investigate all these complaints promptly; he had not the large a force at his disposal. Tonight, the deputy at the phone had been instructed to say: "Yes, ma'am as soon as a car gets back here. Which would be, from the present look of things, never."

Logically enough the search for Elsie Janicek's stranger had turned up a number of smaller fry. A youth caught rifling a public telephone booth confessed, in fear of being accused of murder, that at the time of the killing he and two companions had been holding up a street

A CAR stopped by speeding turned out to be a stolen vehicle; the driver it seemed, wanted in Santa Fe for a previous offence. A brother-in-law of one of the Roddy Cafe employees, long routinely questioned at his home was discovered to be in possession of marijuana cigarettes.

None of which helped at all in the inquiry into Elsie Janicek's death, but caused a whole lot of time-consuming work.

And they had nothing, no comparative factor to go on.

The Sheriff had been resentful all along at the helpful man who had scrambled over the killer's last prints at the bridge; in an unconscious way he began to resent the fact that Elsie Janicek had managed to scratch her assailant. Most victims of strangulation die thereby providing a blood type and sometimes an even more valuable clue.

Why hadn't she? Because she had known and trusted him? But the aunt had said she was shy and had no men-friends — although aunts did not necessarily know everything that went on — and the people she worked with at the cafe believed the same thing.

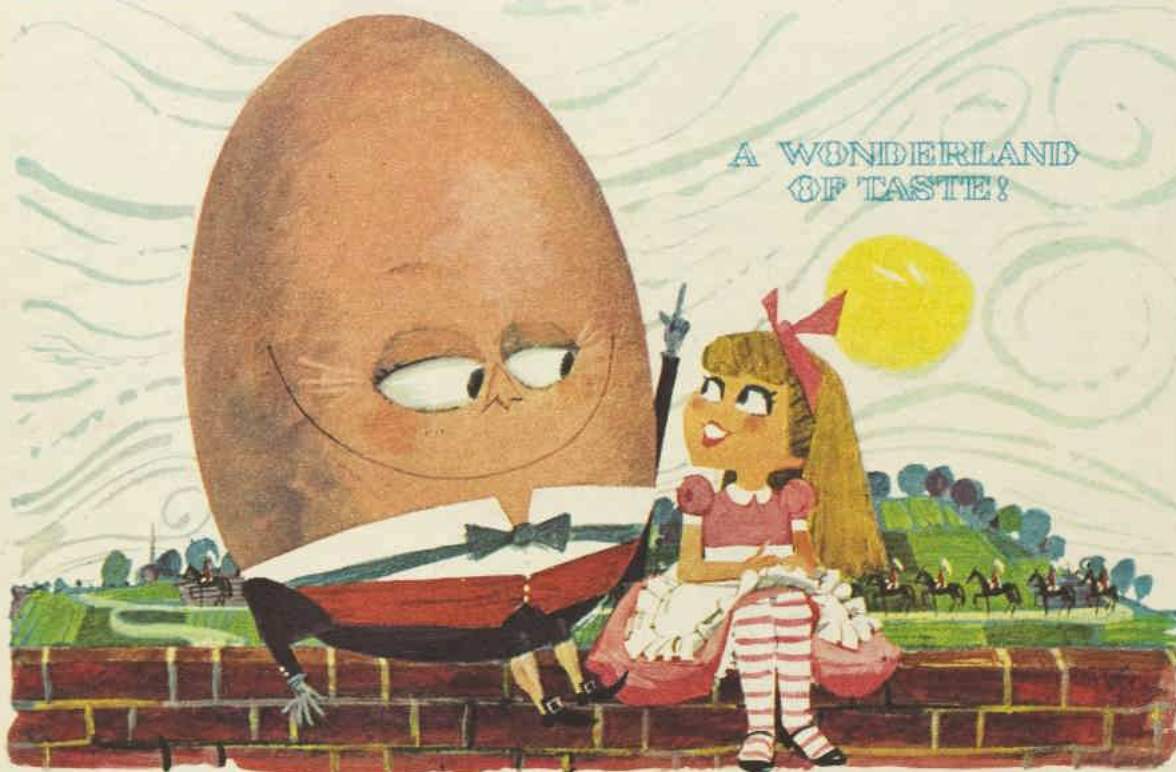
Certainly when she left the cafe the hour when she might have arranged to meet some man without her aunt's knowledge, she had instead been picked up by a woman driver.

Why, then? Normally you would expect a young, foreign girl, speaking only two or three words of English, to start like a hare from a strange man, particularly such a man as this one must have been, disarranged or drunk or drug-induced. You would expect her to be busy with her nails at his first close approach.

The Sheriff might have pondered this more deeply if these had not been a sudden rush of telephone calls. He told the Santa Fe police that he would hold their man for them until morning.

He said coldly to another call the fourth of its kind received, that yes, they were aware that Poor Sam was wandering the roads as free as usual. They had established

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Humpty: How many birthdays have you in a year?

Alice: Only one.

Humpty: It follows then that you must have 364 un-birthdays.

Alice: Well, yes, I suppose so.

Humpty: Therefore you'll need 364 un-birthday cakes. It's simple arithmetic.

Alice: It's simply nonsense! The best answer to un-birthday celebrations is Arnott's Cream Biscuits. They're such wonderful un-birthday flavourites.

Humpty: You mean flavourites?

Alice: I mean flavourites. There's scrumptious Monte Carlo with its jam and cream centre and so many other

tempting textures and cream centres to choose from like Orange Slice and Custard Cream and...

Humpty: LOOK OUT! I'M FALLING...

Alice: Falling in love with Arnott's Cream Biscuits, and no wonder. They make any occasion special. Even un-birthdays!



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that he could have no connection with the crime at the bridge... that's right, ma'am. Don't worry. But even while he said guardedly, in answer to an inquiry from the local radio station, that they believed the capture of Elsie Janicek's killer to be only a matter of hours, he was angry with Sip.

If only for the appearance of things, the old man ought, on this night of all nights, to be safely bedded down at his sister's house.

Frightened people — and the Valley seemed to be full of them — did strange and brutal things that they would have been ashamed of at any other time.

Poor Sip lurched worriedly along the dimly gleaming roads. He walked mostly in the middle, waving his arms at an occasional pair of headlights which slowed, veered widely, and went on again. But in spite of the calls he gave he could not seem to communicate his concern over the little cow. Drenched, it would be, and the nights were getting cold now even without the wind.

From time to time he spoke reassuringly to his friend, the white rat. He said: "Warm enough?" or thrusting his fingers gently down to the small, furry body: "Be home soon."

But he knew in the same, unclear way that the man who had given him the money, the bearded man, was not the little cow's owner. Because the man would have looked out into the rain for her; he would not have shut the door so sternly. Besides, there had not been a wall before.

Concerned about this problem, Poor Sip walked unsteadily on. Out of nowhere, familiar to him because he watched schoolchildren on them so affectionately, came a bicycle.

He had no flowers now, no cunningly made slingshot, nothing to give except a greeting. He flung up one arm and called, not knowing his voice to be unintelligible and, from under the blackness of trees, its rider invisible, the bicycle rushed squarely at him.

Sip was too bewildered to make any attempt at dodging, even if it had been possible. The impact of the bicycle sent him, like an abandoned scarecrow, into the deep weeds at the edge of the road.

Mrs. Mannering said in a sad, firm voice: "I think we ought to go home, Richard."

Her husband gazed sadly back at her. "It's going to be a long time between champagne breakfasts."

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"I know, and it was going to be so nice to wake up in a bed I could just walk away from and forget. No need to worry about making it."

They contemplated each other unhappily, knowing it would be only moments before they collected cigarettes and handbags, sought out their host, and went upstairs to pack. Already the party, one of those rare ones which early reaches and maintains a peak of gaiety, had dimmed and died for them in the operator's report that their telephone, engaged before, was now out of order.

"It's out of order half the time," said Richard Mannering, not really arguing, and this was true.

CHILD'S PLAY

Due to some mysterious vagary, they could often receive calls but not make them, or use their telephone to communicate with baffled friends who had been told that that number had been disconnected. In the daytime this was annoying; at night, in their absence, it was unnerving.

With all Mrs. Beale's remarkable efficiency there was always the spectre of fire or sudden illness; there was also the possibility that the rain and wind were more severe in Albuquerque and that the Valley lines, which possessed all the holding power of yarn, were down. In that case, the house would be deprived not only of light—not serious, because there were torches and

candles—but of water, with the ceasing of the electric pump.

Worry once admitted was like the dyke with the finger removed. Mrs. Mannering, who had learned in self defence to forget her home on her few holidays away from it, now began to think of all kinds of things. Mrs. Beale could not be everywhere at once, and what if one of the children had done something to a wall heater before going to bed?

What if Daniel, resourceful in any emergency, was about to be electrocuted in trying to restore the lights?

It was dreadful enough when you read about such tragedies appended by: "At the time of the explosion the children's parents were at work," or visiting a dying relative,

or absent on some other necessary errand. But to be at a party...

Simultaneously, and without consulting each other, the Mannerings began to explore the people who lived nearby and with whom they were on close enough terms to call — and possibly wake up, although it was not quite eleven o'clock — and ask a favor.

Not the Hazeltons; he had had a heart attack only a month ago. Not the Bishops, who had complained austere last week of a crack in their living-room window from a catapult coming from the direction of the Mannering house and Harry.

"I'll give George Mayhew a ring," said Richard Mannering with sudden relief, and rose, touching his wife's hair lightly. "Don't sit there and worry now."

To page 62



Some cupboards have Tupperware

Open the door of some cupboards and you're faced with confusion. Food spills out of squashed boxes and torn packets. Lids don't fit. Small items get pushed to the back and can't be found.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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And, briefly, while he was gone, Mrs. Mannering didn't worry. They had not known the Mayhews long, but long enough: an older couple, almost wistfully concerned about younger children, as their own were grown, and with poise enough to face an avalanche.

Mrs. Mayhew, beautifully dressed and manicured, seemed capable of coping with any eventuality; her husband was the taciturn but helpful kind of man who knew shortcuts round difficulties. And a telephone call at this hour would certainly not wake them up; they entertained a good deal, and did not keep the usual early Valley hours. The Mannering's troubles were over.

This comfort lasted for almost five minutes, until Richard Mannering came back to the table.

"There's no reply, so I suppose they're out," he said; there was a faint, unreasonable note of indignation in his gloom. "Well, we'd better

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go. I'll explain to Charles and Len and then take care of things at the desk, if you want to go upstairs and start packing.

For Mrs. Mannering, as she walked toward the lifts time for her had already taken on a runaway quality.

How long before Richard could detach himself suitably, make it clear to the desk that they had taken a room for the night and would pay for it although they wouldn't be sleeping in it, get through all that muddle? And after that, there was the drive down to Albuquerque, an hour by daylight, certainly more than that on a rainy night.

Not, of course, that there was anything really wrong she kept trying to assure herself.

Leonard Whelk's leg hurt badly above the ankle as he bicycled. It gave him a savage pleasure; she would

pay for this, too, he vowed. In another and colder cell of his brain he remembered that he had seen the dog, and it had looked healthy and certainly lively. A rabid dog must surely bear some mark of its own disease.

The bite would have to be treated, however, but not to-night and not by any local doctor; there was always the chance that the woman at the gardener's house would discover the theft of the bicycle and recall the dog's barking.

Any bite would throb like this, thought Leonard Whelk, pedalling, and if it were still bleeding—and he felt that it was—wouldn't that carry away any possible infection?

He had not paused to examine the wound; the sight of his own blood had always terrified him. If he cut himself he applied a wet paper napkin, blindly; if he nicked

his face while shaving, he used a styptic pencil by touch, without looking. Any welling spurt of blood, however tiny, was his life itself taking a sly peep at eternity.

He had felt extremely mortal, without realising it, from the day of the swift, simple ending of his foster-mother's existence.

The rain softened as he bicycled through the night, but the wind was still cold and freakish.

He was all at once possessed of an extraordinary exhilaration, which might have been the subjugation of pain or the knowledge that shortly he would silence the woman. She would not phone him again, on her own mocking terms, and she would not dial—and ask for the police.

There were a few lighted houses; most of them were dark. And suddenly there was a weaving figure in the middle of the road, arm flung up, voice shouting... the idiot, the pet of the police, who would have answered matters so nicely.

Whelk was impelled by a sudden viciousness. It was too dark for the drunken old fool to recognise him, if he were capable of recognising anything, and there was time enough to duck cautiously under the trees until the man staggered by.

With all this in mind, Whelk increased the speed of his pedalling and rode deliberately at the waiting figure;

he felt with satisfaction the impact of the front wheel, and then the handlebar.

The bicycle staggered cruelly and tipped over, in spite of Whelk's thrust-out leg, but he was on his feet in an instant and the old man was nowhere to be seen.

Let him lie wherever he was, let the police take care of him. Whelk bicycled on calmly, as though a valve had been opened on a dangerous pressure.

He reached Hermouille on the silky hiss of the tyres. A glistening letterbox near a street light said 593, and presently he could make out 652.

And here was 793.

Whelk took a long and deliberate look at the house before he pedalled into the drive. Now that he was actually here, he recognised it; a very long house, distinguishable even on this black night because it was a pinkish-lawn with a blue front door and another lacy, iron grill-work door on a glimpse of courtyard. A wide crescent of lawn in front, with Chinese elms and a staggery magnolia. At the back, cottonwoods sending a deeper fringe over everything.

Tonight there were two curtained windows lit at the front of the house. The garage which formed one end of the courtyard was empty, just beyond it, under more elms, was a light Volkswagen, drawn up with an unmistakable air of residence: it was bumperless, and a silver curve of metal leant near it against a tree trunk.

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Persil washes whiter..

..and it shows!

Persil has an exclusive "Colour-Safe" bleach to get clothes that important shade whiter!



***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Feb. 12

- ARIES**
MAR. 21 - APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, red, orange.
* Lucky days, Thur., Monday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21 - MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, black.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21 - JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22 - JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.
- LEO**
JULY 23 - AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, mve., yellow.
* Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Thur., Friday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23 - NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, yellow.
* Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23 - DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, orange.
* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21 - JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20 - FEB. 18
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, pink.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 19 - MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, mve.
* Lucky days, Thur., Saturday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 19, 1964

From the makers of Lactogen, the trusted infant formula...

New Nestlé's Strained & Junior Baby Foods

PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS



Better-balanced nutrition for your Baby

As makers of the most famous infant food of all, Lactogen, Nestlé's know all about Baby's nutritional needs! So new Nestlé's Baby Foods are better-balanced nourishment... better protected in hygienic glass. You can re-cap jars and be sure of freshness and flavour.

Nestlé's select Nature's very best: farm-fresh vegetables and fruits, choicest meats, poultry and dairy produce. Their technologists control all cooking... test Foods to ensure natural vitamins and minerals are retained.

STRAINED FOODS: Nourishing "first solids" for the younger baby. Smooth in texture, and bland in flavour, to teach him to enjoy new tastes, and help him graduate to Junior Foods.

JUNIOR FOODS: Ideal nutrition for older babies' healthy growth and development. Tender, "chunky" pieces encourage chewing and help develop strong teeth. Larger 6-ounce jars for growing appetites!

Ask your supplier for the free Nestlé's "key-opener." Serve and warm enough for one feed each time. Leave rest of food in jar, re-cap and store safely in 'fridge for up to 2 days. When Baby eats a whole jarful at once, feeding from the jar is more convenient.

NLS102/63

SAFETY-SEALED GLASS JARS
PROTECT NATURAL FLAVOURS
AND PURITY





MRS. P. HOGG OF HAWTHORN, MELBOURNE, SAYS:

"No hostess wishes to chance offending a guest by having unwanted odours in her home. But a modern hostess knows unwanted odours can escape her notice.

Despite her most careful cleaning precautions, they can hide in such places as fabrics and draperies and then reveal themselves at the inappropriate moment. That is why I use Air-wick air fresheners. They dissolve undetected odours that might be unpleasant to my guests.

I trust Air-wick every time I entertain in my home."



you can trust Air-wick
(every time you clean . . . and in between)

There is an Air-wick air freshener for your every need. Air-wick in the bottle with its 125 odour-killing elements, plus chlorophyll, provides day and night freshness. Air-wick sprays—Floral, Orange Blossom or Natural Mist—give instant results.

Continued from page 62

As Whelk had thought, the woman was trying something on her own. Her husband was out—witness the empty garage—and there was no expectant outside light burning.

He left his bicycle deep in the shadow of the courtyard wall. He would get into the house or he would coax the woman out; he had no immediate plan for either, but he had found her, and for the moment that was all that mattered.

There was one thing he could attend to instantly; it was why he had slid a small, sharp knife under his belt, concealed by his sweater. Crepe-soled shoes making no sound above the drip of rain and the rustle of trees, he prowled the dim soaking of light at the front and found what he wanted: the telephone wire where it entered the house.

It was much easier to cut than he had thought it would be.

"I've simply got to have it," said Harry pleadingly. "Well, you can't," said Libby.

"Please, Lib!" said Harry pitifully. "Just for a minute?" He was too sturdily built to have William's choir-boy earnestness, but he could look very wistful when he chose and Libby wavered.

"Why do you need it?" asked Libby, weakening, and Harry said firmly: "I have to get something out of my tomb."

All the boys had tombs. They were Daniel's invention, prompted originally by the discovery of a mole's skeleton which cried out for ceremonial burial, and consisted of arched mounds of mud with cunning entrances, sometimes through the top, sometimes tunnelling through the front.

To his mole, Daniel had added a snakeskin and a bird killed by the departed cat. William kept odd things in his tomb: rubber bands, shot he had stolen from Harry, an occasional tin of chicken soup.

Tess had a tomb, too—a ramshackle affair compared with her brothers'—which she filled with a shifting collection: guinea-hen eggs garnered from the field, an old chair leg, free soap coupons. A terrible cry among the children, answered with each other, was: "I'll wreck your tomb!"

"What do you need out of your tomb?" asked Libby suspiciously.

"Something I can't tell you," said Harry with an air of virtue. "Please."

"Well," said Libby, producing the torch, "just for a minute. You're not going out like that, are you?"

Harry inspected his pyjamas and bare feet. "I'll only be a second."

He opened the back door, went out of the kitchen by way of the pantry, and disappeared behind a cone of light. Libby went back to her room, where Kit was dreamily listening to records with the door partly open, and encountered a taut length of string. Instantly, marbles and flour rained down upon her, and a plastic cereal bowl ricocheted from her shoulder to the floor, where it settled.

Kit burst into laughter, and was penitently sobered. "I'm sorry, Lib, but if you could see how awfully funny you look—"

Libby could, in the oval mirror over her dressing-table, and she inspected the damage with grimness. Her tortuously wrapped curlers were as iced as cupcakes, and the top of her head looked as if she had been out in a snowfall.

She said: "You wait and see—" and, at the sound of a nonchalant progress toward

the door, whipped it to and put her finger to her lips.

She said loudly: "Do you like 'I Just Can't Wait'? I think it's dreamy," and Kit responded: "Oh, I just love it. What's on the other side?"

The cat-like footsteps, unmistakably Daniel's, tiptoed away again. Libby sprang after the marbles and the bowl. She said: "I'll fix him," and went to the kitchen, where she broke two eggs in among the marbles, gave them a careless whip with a fork, and proceeded into the innocently darkened dining-room.

The boys' room with its open door was also dark—falsely, as they knew. Harry had gone out to his tomb. Nobody seemed to breathe. Libby said in a musing voice: "I guess Daniel won't mind if I taken his pen."

Suddenly there was a wild flurry of bed-clothes, and Daniel shot militantly out through the bedroom door.

Libby, waiting against a wall, placed the bowl neatly over his head. The gluey marbles cascaded at once, but the egg was more leisurely in descending, and a few stunned seconds went by before Daniel wiped his eyes with his pyjama top and then sprang at his sister.

"Kick her," advised William keenly from the doorway, but, although Daniel tried to put this into effect, Libby held him off easily. "You started it, and look at my hair! Now I shall have to wash it!"

THE back door slammed echoing and Harry came in with a rush, leaving a path of muddy footsteps behind him. He was out of breath and he looked frightened, as though his tomb, in the darkness, had had a sinister inhabitant. He said excitedly: "Hey, you guys, I think there's somebody out there!"

But, then, Harry always thought there was somebody out there; although he denied it indignantly, he was afraid of the dark. It did not occur to Libby to wonder what powerful lure had sent him out tonight. She said impersonally: "You ought to change those pyjamas; you're soaked."

"There is so," insisted Harry, but a doubt had entered his voice.

"Well, lock the back door; you came in last," said Libby, and Harry did, backing away from her in order to conceal a jar of instant tea which he had removed from the groceries the day before.

Daniel departed to wash the egg out of his hair, to discover a minor flood: the basin, stopped up with comb teeth, had overflowed.

Harry and William prepared furtively to make tea. Tess, uncovered on the cot, had slept through this latest excitement, one small hand flung out helplessly.

In Libby's room Kit, who was neat by nature, had cleaned up the remains of the flour, and Libby went gratefully into the bathroom to wash her hair. At the end of the hall the door of the Mannerings' bedroom still stood open.

They had already forgotten Harry's silly scare.

Harry, in fact, had nearly collided with Leonard Whelk in the forest.

The forest, the children's term and so much a part of the family language that the Mannerings found themselves calling it that, was a

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

CHILD'S PLAY

band of thickly growing elm saplings perhaps 60 feet from the house, bounding the property to the north.

Leonard Whelk had decided to circle the house. His key was pounding badly, and although the pain was like a goad he walked carefully. He would need speed and strength later on, and he did not want to make any incautious movement which might tear the cloth of his trousers away from the wound and re-start the bleeding.

He was reasonably certain that there was no dog here. The woman could not have heard his careful manoeuvres with the telephone wire, particularly over the rain, but a dog probably would. And householders had a habit of letting barking dogs out at night.

Whelk passed the light Volkswagen; on impulse, safely protected by the end wall of the empty garage, he lit a match and looked in, but the key was not in the ignition.

He passed from elm to cottonwoods, feeling his way, stepping with care, and froze at a sudden, low grunt to his right. Straining, filtering darkness from deeper darkness, he was presently able to see the outline of some kind of shelter, and within it a blaze of white swung in his direction. The calf—the helpful calf.

He was on grass now, and he could walk with more confidence. The back of the house was dark except for two curtained windows. One, smaller and high-set, was probably a bathroom; through the other, as he approached, came a sound that turned him cold. Music—a radio.

How long before the local news would come on with the latest bulletin about the killing at the bridge? Whelk's flash of panic passed, leaving him with a faint worry that he had experienced it at all. With the telephone line cut, there was nothing the woman could do even if she heard the news—or yes, there was.

Afraid for her life, unable to call the police, she might very well come out of the house to use a neighbor's telephone. Although there were no very near neighbors; none near enough to hear, for instance, the start of a scream.

Whelk passed the window. Rounding the far end of the house he found the back door.

This was presumably the kitchen. No sound came from it, although a long bank of high windows was still lighted. People sometimes forgot to lock their back doors, and if he could get in under cover of the music . . .

Carefully, Whelk tried the knob. The door was locked.

A sudden sound—a voice in the kitchen or something on the radio?—sent him running for the shelter of trees, the resulting pain in his leg wet his forehead more than the rain.

He pushed aside knife-like branches and stood completely still as the back door opened. He had no way of knowing that he had one foot on Harry Mannerings' ornate tomb, which had a withered bean plant growing out of the top.

A boy came out of the house, a boy with a torch. Whelk registered the fact that he was perhaps eight or nine, barefoot and in pyjamas—and that he seemed to be heading for the trees.

With as little sound as he could manage, Whelk reached behind him, released imprudent branches, stepped deeper, and then to one side in the undergrowth. He was helped by the fact that the boy was shining the torch beam at the ground directly in front of him instead of ahead.

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CHILD'S PLAY

The inevitable progress came on. Something, a night insect of some sort, adventured under the neck of Leonard Whelk's sweater. He bore it, although it was a subtle agony to him, because now the torch was less than four feet away, its beam picking up a grey wilderness of twigs, dead leaves, and a curious mound of earth.

And then, horrifyingly, the child spoke to him: "I have to get my tea out of my tomb," he said confidently.

Again, Whelk could not know that Harry Mannering always talked to himself in this nonchalant way when he was out in the dark. He held his breath, willing himself to look like a tree, and the boy squatted down, the torch beam almost buried under leaves and grass, and began some probing at the earthen mound.

He straightened finally and said airily: "I've got my tea out of my tomb," and started away.

The insect which had worked its way intimately inside Whelk's shirt now bit him fiercely. He slapped at it uncontrollably, and at the fiery impact the boy stopped dead, threw a frightened glance over his shoulder, and ran for the house. The back door slammed behind him.

Would he tell? Whelk waited tensely among the trees for outside lights to spring on, for the boy to guide him—mother, obviously—to the spot where he had heard the sound. And he could have no witness; he must get the woman alone.

Nothing happened; the house maintained its silence. Presently Whelk realised that, in the impetus of his re-entry, the boy probably had not locked the door. And what had he said—something about tea? But the woman would surely not let him make tea at this hour of the night? She would have heard the door slam and she would put him to bed.

Cautiously, Whelk began to approach the door. He was halfway there when he heard the metallic sound of a bolt.

Very well; he would go round to the front again. She would have to turn out the lights there, and by listening close to the walls he might be able to determine, in spite of their thickness, exactly who was in the house with her. The fact of the child had startled him; might there be someone else?

Whelk did not think of his quarry as Mrs. Mannering, although he knew her name. She was a voice, a threat, a woman, and he knew what kind of woman she was. Sly, waiting until her husband was out before she phoned him, planning to keep the black-mail money for herself. Careless and indolent, letting her child wander about the garden while she lounged on her bed and listened to the radio.

Made insensibly bolder by his very contempt, Whelk rounded the house and went, for the first time, into the courtyard. Its wrought-iron door locked in front, so that it looked impregnable from the street, it could be entered from an archway where the garage wall ended. There was a lighted window here, too, with bamboo curtains that provided more of a view than the muffling folds of material at the other windows.

The diminishing sound of the rain was louder in this enclosed place: it seemed to have gathered in all the gurgles of the night. Corner fireplace, some white iron furniture, devil masks from Mexico grinning silverly from a beam: Whelk took all this in at a glance and then concentrated on the bamboo cur-

tains. From his plotting of the house, with bedrooms at the back, this would be the other end of the kitchen.

He watched and he saw her.

She was tallish, taller than he was (one more item to feed his hatred) and she wore some kind of sloppy, shapeless garment. The outline of her head was so distorted by curlers that she looked like an African native. She was doing something, moving about, at the far end of the room.

This creature—this, with the curlers—contained his doom. For an instant Leonard Whelk had to restrain himself from smashing the window and leaping in at her. There was a door here, too, but while he considered trying it, headlights wheeled blindingly into the drive.

Whelk left the courtyard for the darkness behind the wall.

What was this? Had the woman called the police earlier, after all, or a friend who was going to drive her and the child to sanctuary?

At the thought, all Leonard Whelk's blood seemed to rush to the wound in his leg and pound viciously there. Although the night was cold, his body was clothed in a sudden dampness that had nothing to do with the rain. He waited and heard two car doors slam and then a voice.

NOT the police; it was a woman's voice, and immediately after it, faint but clear and hideously reminiscent of the sound at the bridge, the tap of high heels. Hardly the woman's husband returning with a female guest, because in that case he would have driven into the garage.

Whelk went on waiting and listening; he did not realise, until the lower part of his face began to ache, that his teeth were clenched like iron and not against pain.

"I'll get it, Lib," called Kit to the closed bathroom door, and walked rapidly and importantly through the house to the living-room while the echoes of the chiming bell still hung on the air.

Any of the Mannering children would have inquired the caller's identity before opening the door at night; this had been drilled into them so thoroughly by their parents that obedience had become automatic. Kit did not; she flipped the outside light switch, twisted the lock, and turned the knob.

The front door came open with a heavy shudder, the result of Harry's having removed two screws from the top hinge, and there stood a couple whose cordial smiles faded slightly at the sight of a stranger.

Kit dismissed the woman instantly as a frumpy little thing, but the man was a darling, tall and dark-haired.

They were, they said, stepping in hesitantly, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder; were the Mannering's at home?

Kit said that they weren't, invited the Wilders to sit down, and introduced herself with ease. "I'm staying with Libby tonight to help with the children. She said her parents would be back about midday tomorrow."

This was the Kit who arched Susan Webb's back so effortlessly: gracious, airy and yet demure, the picture of well-brought-up helpfulness. The Wilders seemed taken with her.

Kit, who had forgotten her grotesque headful of large

pink curlers put in so tightly that they gave her face the nudeness of a shelled egg, went on politely: "I don't know whether you know my aunt and uncle here, Mr. and Mrs. William Webb?"

No, said the Wilders in an apologetic but fascinated way, they were afraid not. They had really come—the man dipped a hand into his pocket and brought out a small volume—to return this with their thanks; they had enjoyed it very much.

"And to borrow some cigarettes if possible—everything's closed. It's all right," said Mrs. Wilder, and her kind smile would have made Kit's hair bristle if that had been possible. "Mrs. Mannering and I are old friends."

You can say old again, thought Kit spitefully, but she said: "Oh, of course. Excuse me," in her courteous voice and left the room with dignity. She had seen a carton of cigarettes in the pantry and she opened it. She would have given the woman one packet, but she did not want the good-looking man to think her unfamiliar with the habits of smokers and she took two. As she passed the door of the boys' room, it whisked expertly and soundlessly shut.

The Wilders tried to refuse the second packet of cigarettes, finally accepted it with thanks, and said gravely how pleasant it had been meeting her, and would she give their regards to the children?

"I will, and I know Mr. and Mrs. Mannering will be sorry they missed you. Good-night," said Kit politely with a last, lingering look at the man, and held the door as she had been taught until they had gained their car.

When it was in motion and she had caught a dim wave from the rear window, she closed the door, locked it, switched off the outside light, and went righteously to the boys' room.

There was a soft scramble of sound as she approached, but when she opened the door all she could hear was the near-silence of sleep. The darkness was not quite complete; the torch which Harry had secreted on his return from his tomb was switched on in the bottom of the wardrobe.

"Honestly!" said Kit in a loud, testing voice, and the innocent, oblivious breathing went on from three beds and a cot.

Speechless with disgust, Kit slammed the door, switched off the living-room and dining-room lights, and went to look for Libby, whom she found drying her hair.

"Who was it at the door?" said Libby.

"The Wilders. He must have married her out of pity or something, because she's creepy and he's just sweet. Want me to turn out the kitchen light?"

"In a few minutes. I have to get a drink of water. Oh," said Libby, raking hopelessly at a gold snarl, "I could kill Daniel . . ."

In the car, after a short bemused silence, Mrs. Wilder said to her husband: "Did you ever . . ."

"Never."

"How old would you say?"

"Roughly Eve's age," said Wilder.

There was another meditative pause as the wet roads went by; the Wilders, who had dined with friends in the Valley, were on their way back to the Heights. Then: "I thought she was going to eat you," said Mrs. Wilder meditatively, "but she would have been content with just biting me."

Wilder laughed

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

BETTER LAWNS

● More lawns are spoilt by careless and over-close mowing than by anything else. Never mow the grass shorter than an inch and a half, and leave some of the mowings, except when they are long and heavy.

TOPDRESSING is not well understood by many amateur gardeners, and is often done each year whether the lawns require it or not.

Actually lawns should only be top-dressed with loamy soil when they become loose and spongy and the open texture needs filling and feeding.

Topdressing is, in any case, a much-overworked term, for actually it means feeding and filling where heavy rain, erosion, and strong winds have caused the grass to become thin and unthrifty.

Grass grows best when the soil is not too acid. Lime and dolomite (lime containing magnesium) counteract the acidity and furnish calcium and magnesium. Ground limestone is better for lawns than hydrated lime, which is inclined to become lumpy when moistened.

Commercial fertilisers mostly contain superphosphate, potash, and nitrogen in varying quantities, and grasses need these elements if the lawn is to retain its health and good color.

Old lawns often need prodding over with a fork to break up bare patches and allow new grass laterals or rhizomes to wander at will and develop



WEED-FREE lawns are rare, but there are ways of keeping weeds at a minimum.

roots. Where big patches have to be treated it often pays best to take turf from somewhere else.

If the lawn is of couch or bent grass, the bare patches should be sown in spring and be given regular waterings until the seed has germinated and is showing through evenly. Thin stands of grass usually indicate a need for plant food and proper care.

The presence of big trees near lawns

Gardening Book — page 260

often results in the starvation of grasses. This can be overcome by digging out a trench near the tree, cutting off the invading roots, and putting down a thin concrete wall (about 4 to 6 in. will do) several feet deep and along the whole affected area.

Spring weed control is necessary, particularly if they happen to be broad-leaved species like dandelions, cat's ear, capeweed, cudweed, or pests such as Chilian whitlow and bindii. That useful hormone known as 2,4-D will wipe all of them out.

Old lawns are often infested with clovers, which may be white or the troublesome burr clover. Spraying the patches with 2,4-D is the usual control. Sulphate of ammonia was recommended for many years but the hormone mentioned is preferred by most greenkeepers.

Sedge pest

Mullumbimby couch, a small plant that is a sedge but looks like a grass (it has creamy tassell-like seed heads), is one of the most troublesome lawn pests in New South Wales today. A new preparation known as Passtox will kill it and will also control Parramatta grass, paspalum, and many other weedy lawn-infesting grasses.

Winter grass can be controlled by spraying with Dowpon, but the troublesome summer grass, often called crabgrass, needs to be sprayed with a chemical known to the trade as Summerkill.

Onion grass is difficult to control. Digging out squares of infested turf to a fair depth is one way of cleaning it up. Weedazol is said to kill it, but don't use this in buffalo lawns or the grass will go, too.

During September-October new lawns

can be laid in most parts of Australia. Couch is one of the best grasses for coastal and good-rainfall areas inland, and is much used. It can be sown from seed during the two months mentioned.

It is sometimes sown with bent grass in suburban gardens. Normally bent grass alone is sown in early autumn, as it requires cool conditions to follow its sowing.

Kentucky blue grass, fescues, perennial rye grass, and many of the lawn mixtures should be sown in autumn, although sowing can be done in spring where the water supply is good.

Buffalo grass does not go to seed in this country and lawns can be made of it only by planting runners during spring and summer. With bits of wire, peg down runners about 12 in. long, and leave the grassy parts protruding above the surface, but cover the runners or rhizomes. Water frequently.

Kikuyu is a rampant grass that will make good lawns if in the hands of an experienced gardener, but novices should avoid this vigorous grower unless they have plenty of time to trim the edges and to remove the runners which burrow underground and may reach 10 or more feet if unchecked. It is only grown from runners.

Turf can be laid any time in September or October, and care should be taken to get the turves from a reliable source, as much weedy rubbish is sold in most big cities.

There are many diseases affecting lawns, the worst being brown patch, dollar spot, black or green scum (an algae), and toadstools or fairy ring. It pays to get advice as to their treatment from the Publications Branch of the N.S.W. Dept. of Agriculture, Farrer Place, Sydney. Pamphlets are free.

Gardening Book — page 261

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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"Well, she would. And it's new to me to have a child that age making me feel as though my slip were hanging all the way down to my ankles."

At that moment Susan Webb stood trembling in front of her locked door. She said through it in a voice that she barely managed to hold steady: "If you don't go away I'll call the police."

Poor Sip had waked laboriously with no immediate recollection of having been knocked unconscious.

He managed to get to his feet and to feel anxiously in his right pocket. His friend, the white rat, was gone. Had he rolled on him, crushed him? Sip went unsteadily down on his knees, fingering at the weeds and the mud, and began to speak in an anxious voice.

"You'll catch cold," he said to the dark, extending his hand.

Continued from page 65

After a small eternity of waiting, tiny ice-cold feet scampered into his palm. Sip closed his hand gently, caressing the wet fur, and placed the rat carefully in his pocket. Then he rose to his feet and began to walk.

He had at the moment no recollection of the little cow, nor of the bicycle; he was not even worried about unbelievers. He had found his friend, the small, undemanding creature who loved and trusted him, and he was thoroughly at peace.

He had a vague idea of returning to his sister's house, although he had no clear idea of where he was, but in this section of the Valley, nothing would harm him.

Something touched his mind troublingly but went away. Erect

even majestic with his flowing hair, Sip set out for his sister's house.

One car passed him, swinging exaggeratedly to the other side of the road, and then there was a long interval of dark. Sip shouted into it, waving an arm he didn't know he used, and presently another pair of headlights passed him, brake-lights sprang on, a truck backed. A driver called: "Sip? Give you a lift?"

And indeed Sip was tired of walking, which was unusual; he had never had this peculiar pain in his right hip and shoulder before. It felt almost as though something were broken.

He tried to climb into the truck and failed, and the driver, presuming this to be either wine or the

old man's vacancy, hoisted him in with an energy that made Sip groan. He could not sit straight on the seat; he crouched over on his left hip, breathing in gasps.

But again, the driver expected nothing but strangeness from Sip. He said in a one-sided conversation: "Lousy night, but we need the rain. Did you hear about that kid who was strangled at the bridge? I tell you I'd keep off the streets tonight, you never know with these nuts. I'm going as far as Cordova, that do you any good?"

"Thank you," said Sip, and with a great effort.

Normally he knew where Cordova was, and could plot his way from there to his sister's house without

difficulty. Now he sensed it to be some distant bothersome point, but he could not quarrel with a free ride.

"This O.K.?" . . . Take it easy, Sip," said the driver tolerantly, and was gone in a wet buzz of tyres.

It was darker than Sip could remember its being, or perhaps he had never been in this place before. The houses seemed closer together than they should be and, instead of cottonwoods, there were spruces of poplars.

Muttering, he set off to find a lighted house and some one who could direct him to his sister's.

It was not easy to find a lighted house in this peculiar place. Presently there was one, with a great many cars parked along its white rail fence, but he could not make himself heard above the din inside.

After a long interval of darkness, there was another, whoever was in there would open the door to his knock. A voice called to him: "What do you want?" and Sip called back hopefully, "Mrs. Rose Baca, on Vanderanda?"

"This is Whiting, on Mainclair."

For the first time in his life, Sip was frightened of the Valley, curtained and locked against him when he was lost, and so frightened that it hurt him to walk. It might have been the very fright that cleared a portion of his mind.

Mannerling, he thought. A lady named Mannerling had been kind to him once; she had given him a cup of coffee and the coat he was wearing and she had let him pat her little cow. The people in these houses might not know his sister, but they would know someone who lived in a big house like Mrs. Mannerling. And Mrs. Mannerling knew him and helped him.

ENCOURAGED, he started off, and he found another lighted house.

Susan Webb had switched off the single living-room lamp the instant she heard the footsteps lurching up the path. Skin burning with terror in the sudden blackness of her own familiar house, she thought: This couldn't happen to us, it just couldn't!

But in any tale of horror there had to be a victim, someone who refused to believe even in the last second what was happening to him. Like the girl at the bridge.

The knocking began, not even a rational knocking, but more a pounding with a kind of demonic eagerness. Susan clenched her hands in panic because what if, in this obviously maddened state, he began to try all the windows?

She went to the door; she called steadily to its blankness: "Go away."

She received something intelligible by way of answer — "muh" came through it — and another pounding. "Reeng," said a part of the muddle, but Susan was past listening.

Behind her, Gregory had wakened at the noise and begun to cry, and now he would know that she was helpless here with a baby!

She called with the savage edge of fear in her voice: "If you don't go away I'll phone the police," and at once there was silence.

Her heartbeats collected in a sprinkle that hurt her chest and then the footsteps began to recede.

Susan stood tensely close to the door, isolating herself deliberately from Gregory's growing shrieks until something about the quality of the night and the silence told her that he had gone. For now.

Rapidly, switching on a lamp again, she went into Gregory's room, plucked him out of his crib, and although he was still roaring and it was time for his aspirin, she walked straight to the telephone.

She said distractedly to the lady against her shoulder: "Yes, in a minute, I have to phone the police."

The line was busy. Gregory began to cough. It's all right, thought Susan wildly, patting him. I'll give him his aspirin and then I'll call the Sheriff again and the line will be busy, and this will be one of those stories you tell people for years.

She took a long, steady breath and burst into tears.

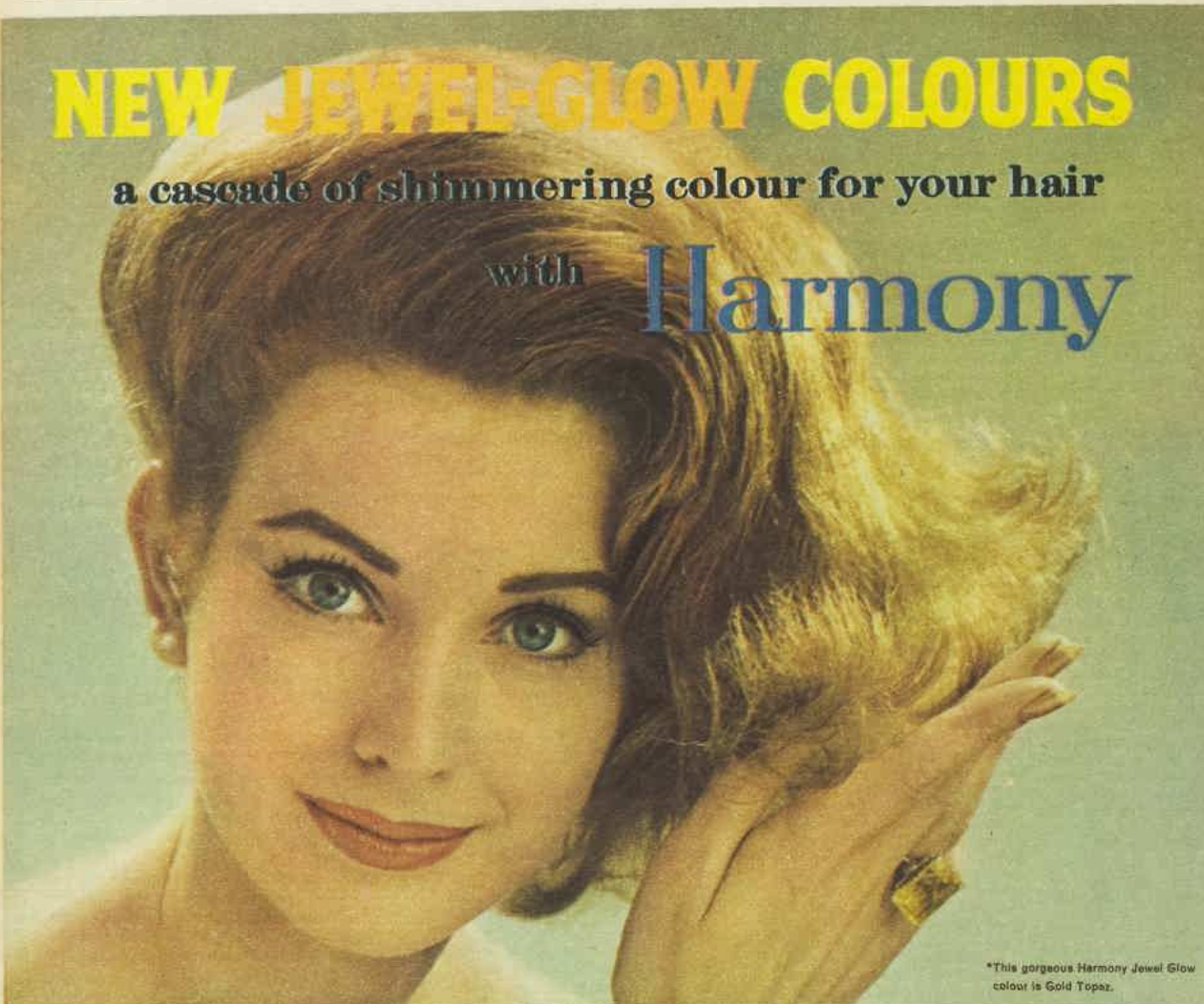
To be concluded

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE has refused a plea by two officials of a foreign country to temporarily pose as their president (the magician's "double"), who is too ill to fight his political enemies. NOW READ ON...



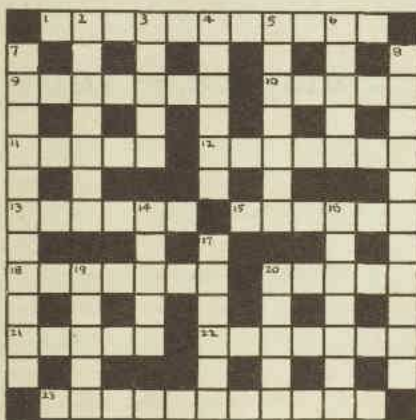
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Tunes in late for subordinates (11).
9. Such doctrine never can be right (7).
10. Sequence of direction to supply commodities (5).
11. Relay in good time (5).
12. Circumvents starting with a swell (7).
13. Statesman of Egypt (6).
15. Peninsula in the N. Adriatic Sea (6).
18. A deed in a slab of baked clay is pertaining to the sense of touch (7).
20. A graduate's is the groundwork (5).
21. Cover seriously using a metrical line (5).
22. Thoroughly imbued in single seed of a plant (7).
23. Our name must be in these combats of skill (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Communicates knowledge (7).
3. Onions hiding an insect egg (5).
4. The Henry one was written by Thackeray (6).
5. Microscopic organisms with continuously changing shape (7).
6. Such wave is following the sun and the moon (5).
7. Change the aboriginal by offering a choice of two things (11).
8. Going somewhere without having the permit, though you have it inside (11).
14. Omit a slangy hat in ease (5).
16. Begin again an interval of silence with skill (7).
17. Town in Arabia north of Mecca (6).
19. The shipload to go with a vehicle (5).
20. Military trumpet (5).

Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.



9975.—Button-through dress (below) cut in larger sizes, with scalloped shawl collar, set-in below-elbow sleeves, self belt. (B) Short sleeved version, purchased belt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46in. bust. Butterick pattern 9975, price 5/3 includes postage.



2835.—Pretty front-buttoned dress (above) with bloused bodice, softly draped shoulders, slim skirt. Purchased belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2835, price 5/9 includes postage.



2505.—Maternity wardrobe. Dress or tunic and skirt or pants. (A) Shallow-necked, cap-sleeved, cone-shaped tunic, side slits. Long pants. (B) Tunic and straight skirt. (C) Dress length, with patch pockets, closed side seams, saddle-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2505, price 5/3 includes postage.

2855.—Easy-to-make lingerie (below). Side-wrapped robe in two lengths, self-tied at shoulder, short or elbow-length kimono sleeves. (A) Tied inside at waist. (B) Tied outside below waist, patch pocket. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2855, price 5/- includes postage.



9913.—Girl's lace-trimmed princess slip (below) (B) With lowered waist, full skirt, self ruffle. (C) With self straps, lace insert, and edging trim. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest) Butterick pattern 9913, price 5/- includes postage.



2813.—Pretty blouse. (A) Draped front, three-quarter length sleeves. (B) Draped front, sleeveless. (C) Cowl collar, short sleeves. (D) Shallow neckline, short sleeves, self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 2813, price 5/- includes postage.



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